

Chatelaine

NOVEMBER, 1943
TEN CENTS



Make Her Future Secure
BUY VICTORY BONDS



ARE YOU HELPING HIM TO BE A GOOD SOLDIER?

What kind of letters is your man getting overseas?

Remember this . . . *nothing is wanted as much* by the boys overseas *as letters from home*. The kind of letters they get can make them happy or sad, good soldiers, or bad. All their courage can ebb from their hearts through getting unhappy letters.

No matter what your part may be, no matter what personal sacrifices you have to make, *he* is making a great sacrifice, too.

He is far from his home and friends, from all that is dear to him. It is no less than a duty to write to him cheerfully; to make your letters gay and newsy; to send him the kind of letters that give him a lift, and make him feel how much he is fighting for.

Send him those letters, often. Do not worry him about the things you can manage. Make him feel that you are with him, for him, proud of him; and send him all the love and happiness that your heart can give.



WRITE TO HIM TODAY... *Cheerfully!*

...and we have some Thrilling Ideas

VICTIMS OF THE TORPEDO now have a much better chance, thanks to an amazing new "lunch box" that comes from Canada. The slim, watertight container protects food and drinking water for United Nations seamen who are forced to take to the life rafts. This scientific "life saver" is one of *many* war products now keeping General Steel Wares plants going at top speed.

But when our fighting men return with Victory in the bag, General Steel Wares will swing over to making some wonderful new equipment for your "dream kitchen" . . . shiny new utensils, ranges and other products which are now merely ideas tucked away in our designers' note books.

When that day comes, you may be sure the familiar "GSW" trade-mark will still be your guarantee of Canada's best in style and craftsmanship.

**FOR THAT NEW
KITCHEN OF
YOURS**

**Keep your
WAR
SAVINGS
piling
up . . .**



Keep your eye on **GENERAL STEEL WARES**
LIMITED

Makers of the famous GSW line of ice refrigerators, farm and household utensils and equipment.....McClary stoves, furnaces and air conditioning equipment.

and Footnotes

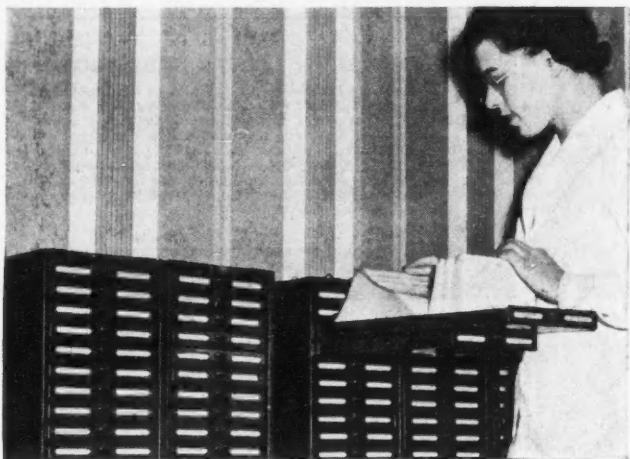
hospital gives her both a richly varied background of experience and a unique opportunity to observe and participate in important medical research for the future. This month her first book, "Fundamentals of Health" (Copp Clark, publishers), comes off the press. It will be used as a study text in Ontario high schools, but we predict it will also have a place as an important reference work on many family bookshelves.

P.S.—We almost forgot to mention that Dr. Robertson is a home-body too, even as you and I. She likes to run her own household and help her two daughters with their mathematics after dinner.

★ ★ ★

"So nice to come home to" is one of those nostalgic song phrases likely to stick. It was probably loitering about 'way back in the subconscious mind of Allan Wells while he worked on that piece which Chatelaine presents under the title of "Home is Where the Heart is," on Page 9. Allan, now a member of Canada's armed forces, has stored his own *lares* and *penates* for the duration, but keeps his hopes fixed on the day when he'll be hanging his collection of watercolors again, arranging his favorite chairs and French Empire ornaments in a way that will spell "home" to him. He is no idle dreamer, mind you; for seven years, after intensive study in New York, Paris and Italy, he was a successful decorator in Toronto, and has a thoroughgoing practical knowledge of the organization of livable interiors.

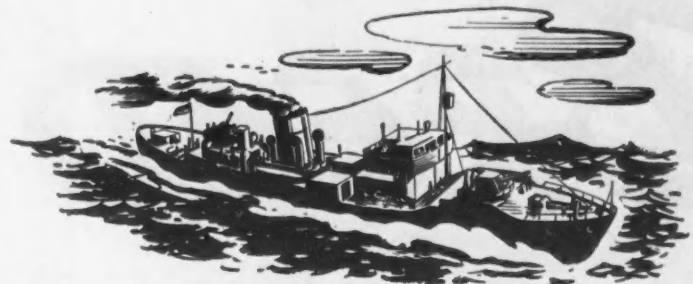
★ ★ ★



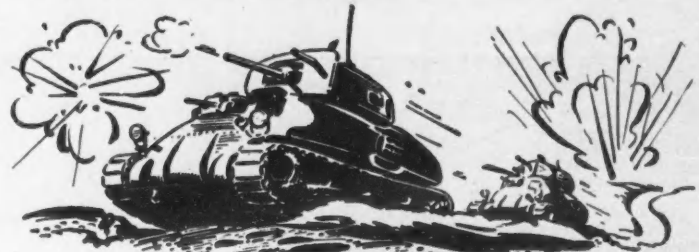
Looking at this businesslike setup of filing drawers, you'd never think it represented what might be called The Best Eating in Canada, would you? But it does—honest! It's the Chatelaine Institute's safety-deposit-vault of tested recipes, which now number more than 5,000 and which are constantly being added to, week by week, as something new and tempting comes out of the Institute's kitchen nearby and gets past the judges. This last is no mean feat in itself. The judges are Helen G. Campbell and her Institute staff; marking is done on the star system, which being interpreted means that a four-star dish is extra-special in every way—economy, ease of preparation, flavor, texture, appearance; three stars indicate a good recipe; two stars, fair; one star, not good enough and out it goes, pronto, into limbo!

In our picture Lois Clipsham is shown reading the stars in the Apple section; she will note the comments made after previous testings of each recipe, check on present availability and cost of ingredients, and her final selection of apple dishes will aim at variety of uses and news value. (Nothing "queer," however; the Institute says Canadian families don't like "queer" food.)

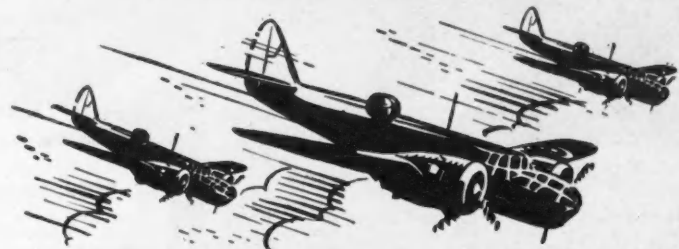
Now turn to the Housekeeping pages and see what good things Lois found, and tested, for you.



**THE NAVY NEEDS
DEPENDABLE LAMPS**



**THE ARMY NEEDS
TOUGH LAMPS**



**THE AIR FORCE NEEDS
EFFICIENT LAMPS**

EVERY one of Canada's fighting services—in every theatre of war—is using reliable, durable Edison Mazda Lamps! You'll find them on planes, tanks and ships. You'll find them "standing the gaff" of active service conditions on thousands of punishing war jobs! For every Edison Mazda Lamp, whether it's built for duty on the war front or the home front, is built for dependability, toughness, efficiency—built to stay brighter longer!

USE

**EDISON
MAZDA
LAMPS**



LM-343

**CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.
LIMITED**



*His lifelong friend
from the day he arrives*

In his diaper days he'll first appreciate its cool, antiseptic action to relieve chafing.

A few years later he'll learn about it when a little finger is cut or a little toe is skinned and Mother adds an additional kiss to "make it well".

Then, in his school days, he'll probably discover—and remember all through life—how useful Listerine Antiseptic often is in helping to halt a sore throat or head off a cold.

And, equally important, when he becomes "girl-conscious", he'll realize what a pal Listerine Antiseptic can be in keeping him in the good graces of his Lady Fair . . . how often it guards

against offensive breath when non-systemic.

By the time he's twenty-one he'll be a lifelong member of a club that numbers millions . . . men and women who feel that home isn't quite home unless this safe antiseptic is handy to meet the countless little emergencies that so frequently arise. Lambert Pharmacal Co. (Canada), Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

SIXTY YEARS IN SERVICE

**LISTERINE
ANTISEPTIC**

MADE IN CANADA

FOR COUNTLESS LITTLE EMERGENCIES



ON THE AIR

Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z

THE **GREEN HORNET** See your local newspaper for time and station

Foreword



POSTWAR dreaming is the universal diversion at the moment; it goes well with the pleasant crackle and rustle of Victory bonds being folded and put away in strong-boxes. A great many of us have hopes of building or buying a home, come Victory; in fact, a recent survey showed that 15.6% of the war-saving population of Canada plan to put their money into a home, while another 10% will use their nest eggs for house furnishings and equipment.

Well now—the question arises, what sort of home? Will it come in a package from the nearest mail order company? Will there be transparent plastic walls so that we can watch the children but not have to hear them (O happy day!)? Will it be a house the like of which was never seen before?

To help us get a firmer grip on our dreams, *Chatelaine* asked W. L. Somerville, pictured herewith, to discuss the postwar house, and you'll find it a steadying experience to follow his line of thought, on Page 8. Mr. Somerville is one of this country's best-known architects, a member of the Royal Canadian Academy, and Past President of both the Royal Architectural Institute of Canada and the Ontario Association of Architects. His duration job as vice-president of the Government-sponsored Wartime Housing Limited, which has built thousands of units for single family accommodation in many communities across the Dominion, has brought him into close touch with all the important trends in new materials and rapid assembly methods, both here and in the United States.

★ ★ ★

Margaret Duley, author of one of our stories, is Newfoundland's only contemporary novelist, so far as we know. She lives in St. John's, and the memorable atmosphere of "Sea Dust" was captured direct from the waterfront canteen where she is a volunteer worker. And once she went calling (with some fish and a bottle of milk) on a black cat twice saved from torpedoed ships; a warm-hearted sailor told her Puss's story. Hence "Sea Dust."

★ ★ ★

Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D., Ph.D., director of our Child Health Clinic, is one of those rare busy people who have time for everything and who never seem rushed. Here you see her at work



in the chemical research lab. of Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto; other days she serves in the neurological clinic where nervous cases and others handicapped by behavior problems come under her purview. Her daily work on the staff of this world-famous children's

It Might Have Been

Yesterday

"If you think," Jean said bitingly, "I'd be such a skunk as to weep and wail to him, you have even less understanding than I gave you credit for."

By ELIZABETH INSKIP WYE

ILLUSTRATED BY MACHTEY

IT WAS just as she remembered it. At first glance nothing seemed to have changed at all. The perennial convertible coupé still lounged in the dormitory driveway with its immortal young man in the driver's seat, its girl sitting smugly beside him and the other girl, less favored, standing with one dirty black-and-white saddle shoe on the running board. The same warped ping-pong table stood bow-legged on the terrace. The fan-lighted door, now hospitably open, was the same that had closed so irrevocably at ten o'clock to all without keys. Even the maid was the same, sitting behind the high reception desk to one side of the entrance, two old-fashioned telephones at her elbow. Those important

telephones! How well Marcia remembered them.

But she felt like a trespasser. It didn't seem possible that ten years ago she had possessed this hall, this building, this maid, with the arrogant possessiveness of youth.

Bags were stacked in the hall, now. Good-bys carolled up and down the stairwell. All but the seniors were leaving. And Carrie sat on at her desk, eternal high priestess of the bells.

"Hello, Carrie," said Marcia, in a voice which was absurdly unsure. "Is my sister in?"

"Why, Miss Bartlett!" Carrie never forgot a face or a name. The polite blankness of her expression, assumed for the benefit of the house mistress, softened.

Her closed-in soul peered kindly and curiously through the portholes of her glasses. "Why, Miss Bartlett. It's good to see you again. What are you doing now?"

"I'm a working girl, Carrie. In charge of a movie producer's New York office. Swell job."

"Well!" said Carrie, thinking it over. "Married?" Marcia shook her head.

Carrie twisted around, her finger accurately tapping the button for room 36 on the studded board behind her. Two floors above a buzzer sounded faintly. "Whatever became of that young man who was always here?" she went on. "The tall one with black hair who played tennis . . . Mr. Cox!" she concluded triumphantly.

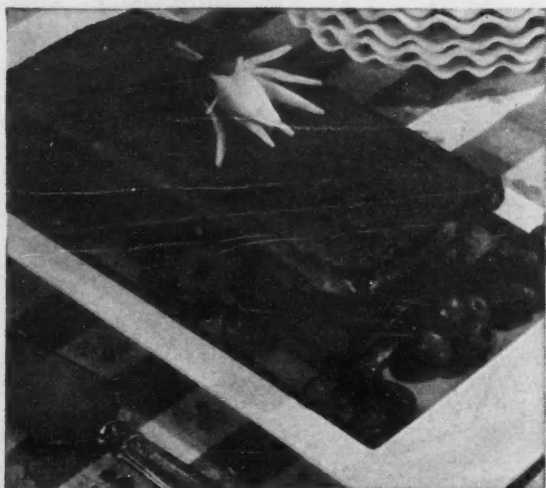


BREAD will help you through the meat shortage!

Try these delicious meat-and-bread
STRETCH-HITS!

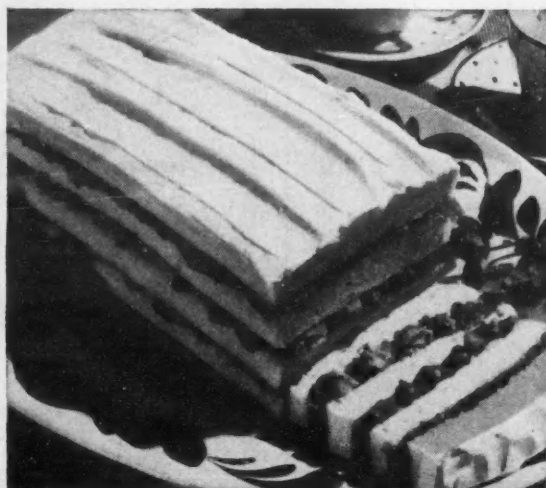
Here's the ideal way to *stretch* the good meat flavour and still make a hit with your hungry family . . . use BREAD.

Combined with meat, bread makes main-dishes your family will heartily enjoy. Tasty, satisfying, rich with good meat flavour! Every one of these recipes is so delicious you'll call it a real Stretch-Hit! Clip them, save them . . . try them all—soon.



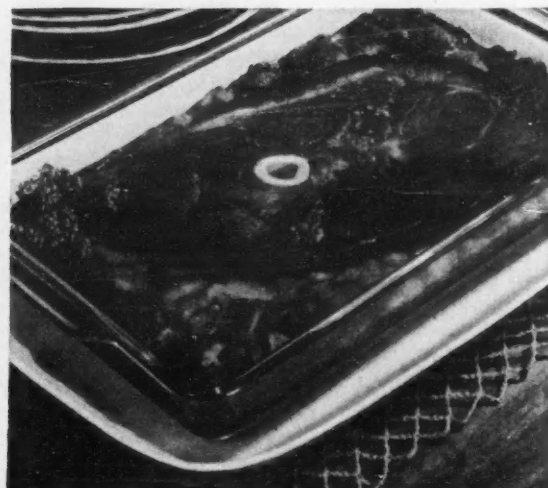
LIVER LOAF

Four boiling water over $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. sliced beef or pork liver, and drain. Season with salt and pepper. Sauté lightly. Toast 3 slices of bread *cut length of loaf*. Dip in sauce made of 1 egg, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup catsup, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, 1 grated onion. Form loaf of alternate layers of liver and toast; fasten with skewers or tie in place. Dot with drippings and bake at 350° F. about 25 minutes basting occasionally with catsup.



FULL-MEAL PARTY SANDWICH

Remove crusts from day-old unsliced sandwich loaf. Cut lengthwise into 4 thick slices. Spread 3 slices with butter. Spread 1 layer with a meat or fish salad, the second with mixed vegetable salad, and the third with pepper relish or a sweet filling. Place spread slices one on top of another, and cover with the plain slice. Wrap tightly in waxed paper and chill. Just before serving, spread loaf with moistened cream cheese and garnish. Serves 12.



HAM WITH FRUITY DRESSING

To 4 cups toasted bread cubes add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup melted butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water, 2 diced oranges, 2 cups cubed tart apples, and 1 cup raisins (if desired). Place in baking dish, top with 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. slice of ham cut 1 inch thick. Bake in mod. oven (350°) about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hr. During last 15 min. of baking, glaze ham with honey, marmalade or molasses and brown at 400° F. Remove ham and spoon dressing onto a hot platter; top with ham. (Serves 6 or 7).



MEAT ROLLS ON TOAST

Mix 1 lb. ground beef with 1 teaspoon salt, dash of pepper and 2 tbsps. water. Shape into rolls. Roll in milk and then in dry bread crumbs. Brown in a little fat in hot skillet until done. Serve on toast with tomato sauce.

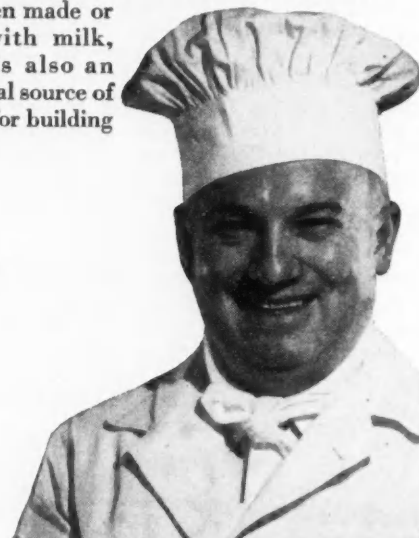


FRANKFURTER LOAF

Remove skins from 1 lb. frankfurters and put through food chopper. Add 4 or 5 chopped carrots. Add 2 cups bread crumbs, 1 beaten egg, salt and pepper to taste. Mix well, put in greased baking dish and bake at 375° F. about 45 minutes.

Your Baker— More Important Than Ever . . . Today

The good bread your local baker makes for you is your richest and cheapest source of wartime energy . . . an ideal meat-stretcher. And when made or eaten with milk, bread is also an additional source of protein for building muscle.



Prepared by the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast
as a contribution to Canadian wartime nutrition

Have you ever been in love, Marcia? Do you know how I feel?"

"Yes, I know how you feel." A sharp blade of envy stabbed her, shaking her detachment.

One side of her was experienced and emotionless, seeing Jean's problem as touching but certainly nothing that time and the wisdom of added years wouldn't straighten out. That was probably what Andy's parents felt and—looking back on it calmly—the way Greg's parents had felt about Marcia. Jean was just a kid, after all.

And another side of her was saying, incredulously, "Is it possible that I was just a kid like this, too?" Because her twenty-year-old self was still a part of what she was at thirty.

Even the feeling that was sweeping Jean now, still swept over Marcia in unguarded moments, taking her breath away with the intensity of remembrance. That Spartan boy who was killed by a fox in his blouse got off rather easily after all. It was soon over. But Marcia's pain kept on gnawing and gnawing. And

what was this stuff about an aching heart, anyway? Her ache was in the pit of her stomach . . . Yes, it was still a part of her. It didn't belong exclusively to a kid of twenty who had ceased to exist.

Marcia heard her own voice, miles away. "But Jean, dear, if Andy is going into the Air Force, do you think it would be wise to marry now?"

Jean grasped a cushion in both hands and thumped the bed with it. "We're in love! You know that thing that makes the world go round, love."

Marcia went on coldly. "Yes, but what is love, Jeannie? Not the kind of thing you've had so far—necking in parked cars, the excitement of football games and proms and walks together. And talking on the terrace hour after hour. You talk about the future, don't you? The job Andy is going to get and the money he's going to make . . ."

Jean raised her smudged face from the cushion.

"Well . . . yes, in a way."

"Well, there isn't any future for you two right now."

"You don't have to tell me," said Jean bitterly.

"Then there's companionship. That's love too. What companionship will you have when Andy's away? You'll never know such loneliness. No boy friends. No dates. And no Andy."

No, you'll never know such loneliness, she thought. And when Andy gets leave will there be more joy or misery in those brief meetings?

"How much time is there left, darling?"

"An hour."

"Only an hour!" and then, "What time is it now?"

That is the worst part, Jean. Those last minutes. Pity the man in the death house who knows the day and hour he's going to die. ♦ Continued on page 18

"There are a lot of things I can't forget," Marcia said enigmatically. Greg twitched restlessly. "There you go again. Playing it heavy. I want to take you in my arms. Can't we go somewhere where we can be alone?"



MACHTEX

There's nothing like young love, if you want it enough to fight for it. But it took ten bitter years and a college reunion to show Marcia why she and Greg had foundered

Such questions were inevitable, Marcia realized, when one returned to the scene of the crime. "Oh, I don't know," lightly. "He took the high road and I took the low road."

"He was over here a few times after you left," stated Carrie, as if it were something Marcia ought to know.

An ancient resentment stirred in Marcia, and then she laughed. What did it matter now if Greg had dated other girls after she had left? That was ten whole years ago. "Did you fix him up, Carrie?" she asked.

"Now you know I wouldn't get another date for your boy friend," said Carrie, adding reflectively, "I thought sure you and he were married long ago." She bent her head to the mouthpiece. "Miss Bartlett, a caller. Your sister . . . You can go right up, Miss Bartlett."

As Marcia turned from the comparative luxury of the carpeted first floor to the airy bareness of steel stairs and linoleum-floored halls, she saw that girls were now smoking in the living room. Well, that was certainly new! How much nicer than herding into the small stuffy smoking room which was all 1933 had conceded to modern habits. And this was new too. She paused by the bulletin board on the second-floor landing.

Air-raid wardens . . . First-aid course . . . Notice of summer session for those wishing to take their degrees in February . . . Degrees in February! No frills, no June dances. Hurrying to get out into a world busy with war—a grim world, but one that needed them. In 1933 they had hung on, taking degree after degree—if they could afford to. Or they had gone to the cities, young and desperate, and fought for jobs at \$10 a week—if they could find them. Marcia closed her eyes tight and shook her head to obliterate the memory.

THIRD FLOOR. Her floor. Room 36. Her room. But not her room, she corrected herself. Jean's now. Not even Jean's much longer. Next fall somebody else's curtains would hang at the window. Another portable would adorn the battered desk.

Marcia walked into Jean's room upon squeals of laughter. Jean jumped to her feet and fell on her. "Marcia! Hey, gang, this is my sister." She wheeled, pointing them out to Marcia. "Jonesy, Wags, Sally. All cum laudes. Everyone, except me."

Jean was so obviously proud of her in spite of her advanced years that Marcia felt a humble thrill of gratitude. The gang, too, regarded her with respect. They had heard about the marvellous job, the fabulous salary. But these girls, who had majored in physics and chemistry and math, were not looking for advice. They knew just what they were going to do. They were going into defense work or the uniformed services. They were less self-centred than Marcia remembered being, yet more assured.

Was this crop of girls different? Marcia asked herself, as she listened. Did they grow up sooner, nowadays? Were they better able to cope with a chaotic world than she had been? It was a disturbing thought, and Marcia was reluctant to admit it. Surely no one could have tried harder than she. If things had turned out the way they had, it was certainly not her fault . . .

"Clear out, girls," Jean was saying. "We have something to talk about." The girls nodded sympathetically, mysteriously and tramped from the room.

Marcia raised her eyebrows enquiringly at Jean. She walked toward the plain bureau and removed the ultra fashionable turban that coiled on top of her head. She had been proud of her appearance up to this minute. The smooth face framed by a soft roll of dusky hair, the slim figure in the tailored suit. *If I should meet him again, she'd thought, I'd look better than I ever did.*

But you had to hand it to youth. In her simple dress Jean was alive, glowing, appealing. And she

was so thin! Jean looked smarter than Marcia had at twenty-one, Marcia decided. Jean's light swinging bob was more attractive than her own bushy one had been. They knew more about thinning and cutting and waving now.

"Why didn't you tell me when you were arriving?" demanded Jean. "I would have met you."

"I didn't know until the last minute whether I'd get away or not. It is good to see you, kid." Marcia squeezed her arm. "Now what are the plans? I don't have to take in my reunion if it's going to interfere with your commencing . . ."

"My festivities will be on the slim side," said Jean. "Class Night will be indoors because of the dim-out. No Japanese lanterns, of course. And the food won't be lavish. But the main thing is"—she drew a deep breath—"that I'm going to be married!"

"Well . . ." Marcia let herself slowly onto the bed. Deliberately she picked up a cushion and tucked it behind her. She felt that her response was inadequate and yet Jean's grim expression did not seem to call for squeals of joy. "Tell me about it."

Jean moved restlessly toward the window, her face half-turned from Marcia. "This is confidential. Nobody is to know. Not even Andy's parents."

"Then why are you telling me?"

"Because I need money, Marcia, and you can give it to me. Please, please, say you will."

"Give me a chance to think!" Marcia cried. Her mind was whirling.

A secret marriage, and Jean was her responsibility now, she told herself. Strange that Marcia who had once turned to her mother with just the same plea should now assume a mother's role. It was important to think clearly.

What would their mother have said now? It was hard to know, for her mother had never had a chance to consider. The decision was wrested away from her when their money vanished in the stock market collapse.

That money might have helped Marcia. But there was more to it than that. There was, for one thing, the dusty humiliation of hole-in-the-corner love. "Are you going

to tell Andy's parents, as soon as you get married?" she asked carefully.

"I don't know. There'd be an awful squawk. They don't understand how we feel at all. They don't even want me to announce our engagement. I hate them!"

How familiar that sounded! Marcia took a package of cigarettes from her large envelope purse and glanced around for an ashtray. "Is smoking allowed here?"

"Oh, go ahead. I'll have one too," Jean moved swiftly across the room, closed the door, and handed Marcia the lid of a cold cream jar. "Half the dormitory's gone and the bars are down."

Marcia lighted her cigarette with a match flame that danced for an instant before she shook it out. *I must go slowly,* she told herself.

It wasn't as if they were contemporaries. They had never been close. She had been ten when Jean was an infant. Twenty, when Jean was a pig-tailed ten. Only now the gap was gradually narrowing. She mustn't spoil it.

But Jean was still so terribly young. She seemed such a kid to Marcia. Would Marcia ever get over that feeling? When she was sixty and Jean was fifty, if they lived that long, would she still consider Jean a youngster rather than a person in her own right?

"They're so old and hard," burst out Jean. "They want us to wait, wait, wait—"

"And can't you wait?" asked Marcia.

JEAN WHIRLED and flung herself on the bed beside Marcia, her thin body strained, her fingers clenched. "Andy's going into the Air Force any day now. How do we know what will happen? If we don't have each other now we may never get married! Suppose he was wounded, Marcia. I wouldn't have any claim on him. They could keep us apart. Oh, I'm so miserable and so happy, too, now I've decided.



One of Canada's leading architects contributes a frank discussion of the postwar house, and helps you find answers to those leading questions: How, where, when and what will we build?

affected the plan of a house only. We will probably have more of them, too. Judging from recent developments, the dining room is doomed in the small house and possibly in those not so small. It is the least used and, consequently, the most costly room in the house. Furthermore, almost any Hollywood production with a modern setting shows the open type of planning, and we all know the tremendous influence Hollywood has on public taste. The "open" plan was quite popular in England and the States before the war and no doubt will be in postwar days.

In time the basement is going to disappear. It is no longer required for a heating system. There are numerous ways of heating satisfactorily without a basement. In rocky ground a basement is very expensive. In wet ground it is not only expensive but an ever-present worry. The Rumpus Room was an expedient to justify the basement. Few have been successful and its popularity is waning. The time will come, as it has already in the States, when the basement will disappear and the floor slab will be laid on properly prepared ground surface. This will also affect the plan of the service portion of the house. Additional storage space will have to be provided as well as a laundry. But how much better to have a bright sunny laundry and a dry, well-ventilated storage space!

This open type of planning with or without a basement will be slow in developing. It cannot be fitted into Westmount Georgian or Forest Hill Tudor. It calls for an entirely different type of design. Larger window apertures and more of them, which in turn will require different types of windows. Life was simple when you only had two to choose from, casements or double-hung. Today there are dozens, all for a particular purpose or condition. Only those with cash on hand can hope to indulge in these modern amenities. The mortgage companies cannot risk their clients' money on houses that are not likely to have a popular appeal. Canadians are a very conservative people. Mortgages cannot be obtained on ideas until they are no longer new.

PREFABRICATION! The mere mention of it usually starts a flow of questions. The idea of prefabrication for houses, no doubt, grew from the thought that if motor cars can be produced at a lower cost by mass production, why not houses? So far so good, but—the market for houses is a quite different one from that for the automobile. It differs in two very important respects. The automobile is not so personal or intimate a commodity as a house. It is complete in itself. We all use a motor car in much the same manner. We do not inherit the motor from Uncle John's old car. We add nothing personal to it. It is merely a means of getting from one place to another. A house is a quite different affair. It is more than a "machine for living." People live in different ways, although we all ride in a car in a similar manner. Some people take pleasure in accumulating furniture. Some entertain more than others and consequently require greater accommodation in the service portion of the house. The site and orientation call for variable plan treatment. If the best view is to the south, that is where you want your windows and your rooms most lived in.

The other difference is in the demand. A study of building construction statistics shows that the house-building market is much more variable than that of automobiles. The latter is more or less constant and

Continued on page 63

Home is Where the Heart Is

By Allan Wells

TO A lot of people their surroundings are pretty important factors in a happy life. After the war these things are going to be a lot more important, because they will be that house so many haven't had, they'll be rest and security and well—just home! It's a big word that, to the boys in the desert, in the Arctic, in the air and on the sea, and they are the ones who will set the postwar pace in home planning.

Yards of typewriter ribbon and gallons of printers' ink have been used to describe what the future is cooking up in the way of wonders for the home. If we believe all the scientists tell us, our surroundings are going to be, to say the least, unusual. Me, I'm a sceptical kind of guy, and although I'm not averse to having a rug made of milk or a plastic pot to cook in, I have yet to meet the scientist who can turn out anything half so satisfying to the eye as a find old Sheraton chest of drawers or a simple Louis Seize chair. Nonetheless, the scientists are still with us, praise be, and after this war we are going to see some startling developments in every sphere.

The contribution science will make to our after-the-war-homes will be mechanical comfort and efficiency. We will have plywoods, plastics, perfect air-conditioning, true insulation, wondrous kitchens and bathrooms, in fact everything that makes a house run smoothly. These will be the wonders of the age, but we must be careful that this idea of complete mechanization does not intrude too far into the living part of our house. The idea of absolute functionalism can be a Frankenstein, and Frankensteins are notably difficult to live with!

Great strides have and will be made in house construction—in fact to a point where, I hear to my horror, you will be able to order the little home right out of a catalogue. That's just dandy, but tell me, Mr. Scientist, how am I going to know it's my house? No thanks, Bud, I'll do it the hard way. Mind you, I think prefabrication is great, swell, terrific, but keep it in its place like Frankenstein. Unit kitchens, laundries and all the workings will be a boon to everyone, installed complete in one piece, but unit living rooms—how are you going to know when you visit the Joneses who is in whose house? It could be a horrible situation.

OUR POSTWAR home should be a nicely balanced whole, with the best of mechanics and comfort tempered with a dash of the past to give it life.

Design in everything related to the home has gone through a lot of stages since the last war. In so many words they have been Modernistic, Moderne, Modern and today's

nicely balanced Contemporary. That one spelled "Moderne" was a lulu. The writer personally went through that period with black and silver furniture covered with a design frighteningly reminiscent of lightning. That, dear reader, was a horror one tries to forget!

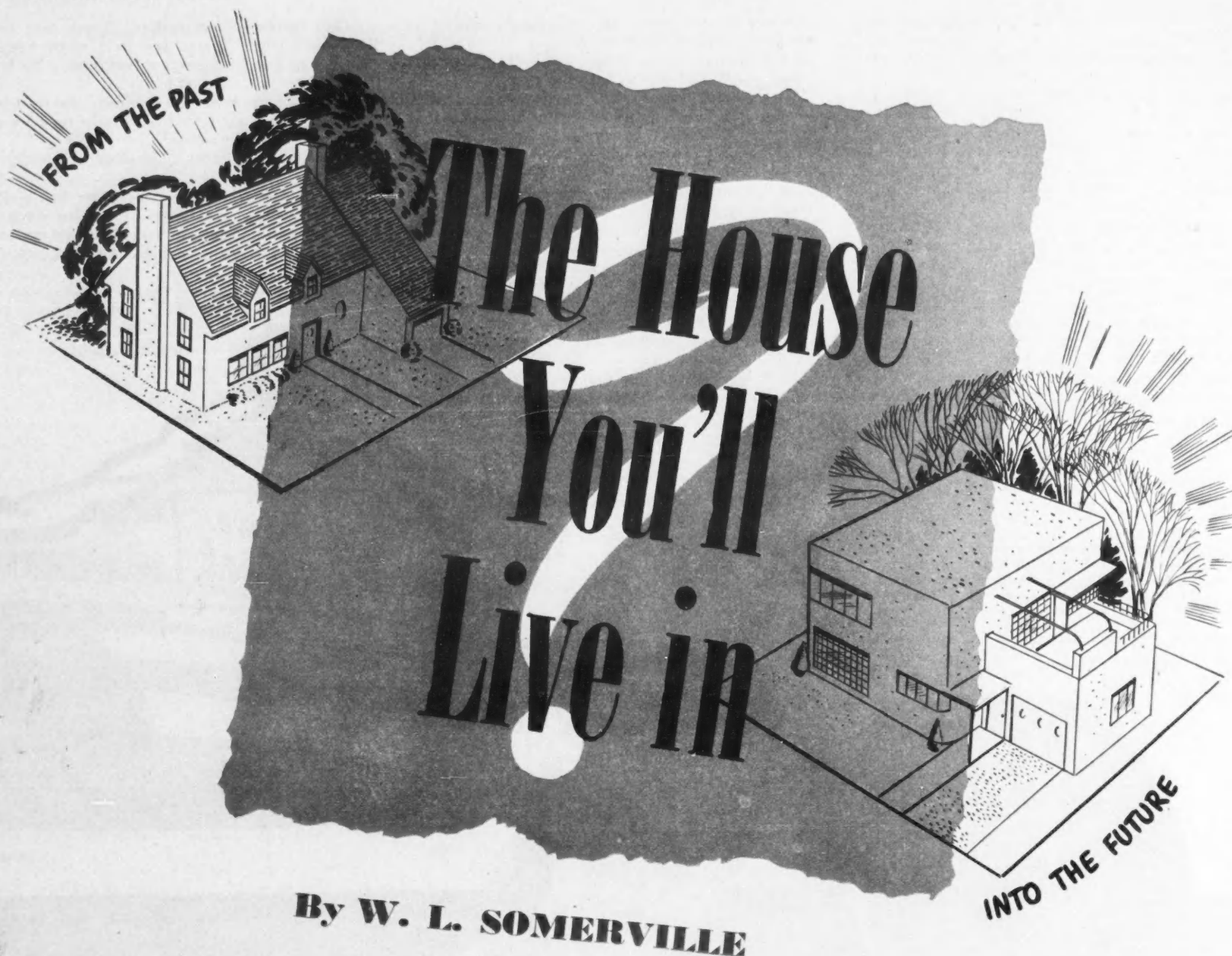
Of any previous era in the past hundred years, Contemporary Design seems to approximate most closely the sensible. The theory behind this, shall we say, period, is that we are people living today, not 200 years ago or 200 years hence, but now. And so it follows that we choose the things from the past and the future that are most suited for contemporary living.

From the past we get fine proportions (the architects of Ancient Greece haven't been beaten yet); from the future, scientific wonders. With these we set up our perfect home. Classically scaled, with little exterior ornament, it will never become old-fashioned (the Parthenon never has).

The interiors will have the same everlasting quality, with color, texture and form used instead of excessive ornamentation. The furniture will be 75% comfortable. This is important after the double-decker bunks of an army hut and the stripped-to-essential living on a corvette. Our "sitting" furniture will be simply designed and scaled upholstered pieces covered in materials yet to be woven of everything from soup to nuts, literally. The remaining 25% of the furnishings will be the things that mean home to us, the books, the pictures, the good Hepplewhite table that Aunt Martha gave us, and all the little things that we set such store by. And that, dear friends, is our postwar house. It is clean-cut and efficient as tomorrow. It's comfortable because we like comfort—it's ours because, strange as it may seem, we are creatures of tradition and can no more live in completely "store bought" ♦ Continued on page 62

Who wants to come home to a harsh, mechanical-looking place, no matter how perfectly "functional?"





By W. L. SOMERVILLE

Sketches by Salla Studios.

AS LONG as we do not have to decide immediately, it is rather fun to speculate on the sort of house we might build "some day." Just so we may not be disappointed, in the event of taking our speculations too seriously, it would be well to take off the rosy glasses and consider a few facts seriously.

Recently there has been an epidemic of fanciful tales of what we might expect in the near future in the way of improved construction, materials and equipment. They are very stimulating and amusing, but should be taken with the proverbial grain of salt. We are not going to suddenly produce ideal homes, full of push-buttons for washing dishes, changing the baby, etc. Nor will we be able to have a house delivered, wrapped in Cellophane, by helicopter, ordered by thought wave and charged to our Social Security account at Ottawa.

The stress of war has undoubtedly speeded up the development of new techniques and materials, many of which may be applicable to house construction. Some experimentation has been done already, but in a very limited field and under very abnormal market conditions. We have had to substitute this for that regardless of cost or satisfactory performance. This does not indicate that such substitution would be desirable or economically possible under normal conditions. Such substitutions and experimentation have opened our eyes to new possibilities and in time will undoubtedly lead to many improvements, but not to any great extent in the immediate postwar period. It takes time to develop a market for new materials. Advertising is a powerful influence. A reliable manufacturer cannot afford to advertise his product extensively until he is sure it will fulfill the

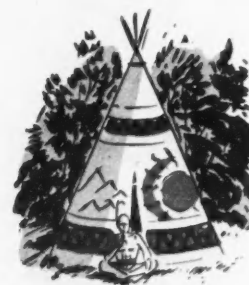
claims made for it. The postwar period is going to find us very short of houses and it will be a case of getting those materials most easily obtainable in the shortest time possible. Under such conditions the materials and methods of construction with which we are familiar are likely to be those used the most extensively. That sounds rather stuffy and a bit pessimistic. But after all, "Art is long and life is short," and it applies particularly to the art of building.

EVEN THE most conservative student of the history of architecture will consider that we are in the midst of a transitional period. A glimmering of what we are headed for can be seen; or "we think we can see," might be a better way to put it. We hope we have passed the depths of the so-called Eclectic Period of architecture—a period where the public taste wandered from style to style. The architect, a man of extensive knowledge of archeology, and with little initiative, whether he favored one style or another, was merely a copyist in any case. Whether he was a McGill Baronial Gothist or a University of Toronto Early Ontarioist, he had the same approach. In the late pre-war period nearly all our younger architects "went modern." Unfortunately, a great many have gone modern in the same manner as they had previously "gone" something else. They were merely copying but using a different source of inspiration. We have at least been shaken out of a rut, and

the future development of architectural design seems to promise more freedom of thought and the application of sound logic rather than the rules of antiquity.

However, the development of architecture is not altogether the result of the efforts and ideas of our architects. An architect cannot build without a client, who, as he furnishes the cash, is entitled to some say as to how it is spent.

After the last war we had a huge crop of French Provincial houses, particularly in the United States, the direct result of the sojourn of the young architectural students, and their future clients, in France as members of the armed forces. They were only there a few years. Will the long stay of our Canadian lads in England, and possibly Italy, bring them back with some romantic ideas of architecture and the kind of house they hope to build? Will they have been impressed with the so-called modern architecture of these countries, or will they prefer "stockbroker's Gothic" with a good bomb shelter substituted for the dungeon?



The only successful pre-fabricator of a portable house to date is the Indian.

ALTHOUGH the public is slow to take up new ideas, the mortgage and loan companies are even slower. New ideas do creep in, however. We have gone through numerous fads in planning which almost date a house. We had the Sunroom Period of the early 1900's; the Breakfast Nook Period followed by the Basement Rumpus and Bar Room period. These were fashions in living and

... by Margaret Duley

There is poetry in this story from Newfoundland... the rhythmic turbulence of dangerous seas, and the firm beat of two hearts who could understand each other with the pure love of friendship, and who could attain a new stature of the spirit because of it



EVE. She could hardly remember a time when her activities had not included dishwashing and frying bacon and eggs in the canteen.

pressed buttons, as her mind raced doing little sums for men who asked for tickets in terms of food.

"Shepherd's pie, miss, coffee and cake."

"Twenty-five cents."

"Bacon and two eggs. Ice cream and pie."

"Forty cents."

"And bread and butter, miss." Then Eve would repeat with unwearied courtesy that bread and butter accompanied every dish.

She worked swiftly, within walls covered with placards warning against the listening ears of the enemy and the discussion of ship's movements.

Suppertime was always rush hour, and during that period she scarcely looked up, but so much experience at the desk had made her conscious of the hands belonging to the navy, the merchant marine; or the ones that had been frost-bitten, burned, or torn with days at the oars in an open boat. It seemed impossible to meet a sailor whose ship had not been torpedoed once or twice.

Some hands had a strange seaminess. Others were young, fresh and fine-skinned. "Sailors' hands," she thought continually, knowing that it was raining

outside, because often the money they tendered was wet and cold.

As Eve handled their money her sensitivity recorded which men were happy, depressed, tired, homesick, or only concerned with finding food. Often she wished for time to let the lonely ones talk about themselves, and to reach a place in their confidence when they would show her the snapshots of the girls they had left behind.

When the men had passed on to the food counter there was a lull. Eve became conscious of the seaminess of her own hands from the handling of money, and she thought there might be a minute to wash them, when she was arrested by a voice with a deadpan quality in its English tones.

"Do you—could you take this—I got in too late to go to the bank—"

There was a tentative pause, and Eve examined a hand tendering half-a-crown.

"Quite all right," she said reassuringly. "We take all sorts of money here—half-a-crown for fifty cents."

"Thank you," murmured the voice, but Eve had to go the whole way to take a coin that felt cold and

damp, as if it represented the sailor's state. "He's miserable," she thought, looking up to give him friendly consideration.

There was something incongruous about the sailor's jaunty cap above a face with eyes like clear water unable to conceal their darker depths. Eve thought he stared unseeingly, as if he had no link with the present because of a painful past. Experience told her not to rush him with curious questions, but to sit restfully until the glazed look left his eyes. Then she smiled like a kindly hostess welcoming a lost-looking guest.

"How are you? This is your first time here, I think?"

The sailor gave a brief glance around the canteen. "Yes," he admitted vaguely. "I left—it was all right in the morning—we were ordered back—"

His voice gathered acute misery before it died completely.

"I knew I hadn't seen you before. What is your name?" she asked gently.

"Scott, miss," he said.

Wondering from what + Continued on page 50



SCOTT. There was something incongruous about the sailor's jaunty cap above a face with eyes like clear water unable to hide their darker depths

JET. Black as coal and a beauty: a ship's cat, signed on for the duration. But it was hard on her always getting wet.

THERE WAS no need to tell Eve Bowman that there was something about a sailor. Her heritage was salty, for Newfoundland had always been a source of manpower for the British Navy. After months of canteen work on a North Atlantic waterfront Eve's mind held many traditional pictures of jaunty men wearing the gold-lettered caps and blue suits of the navy.

Scott was not jaunty, and when he ceased to appear in the canteen Eve remembered him as the sailor with the eyes like bruised violets, the man who had given her Jet. She thought of Scott as the salt of the earth, as sea dust, while her inner eyes saw him going with a wave of his sea-soaked hand. Then after she had learned how to give up, how to love without fear or anxious possession, the source of her own personal happiness returned. Don Raynham, the flight-lieutenant of her own world, came home, as the one survivor of his class.

Eve learned how to keep a foot in two worlds while she walked steadily forward, but she scarcely remembered a time when her activities had not included dish-washing, tray-carrying, the frying of bacon and eggs

and a crunching walk over sugar spilled on the canteen floor. It seemed to her that her habitual gesture was the reaching for a broom, to sweep up sugar and cigarette butts day after day.

When Newfoundland was spotlighted as a point of North American defense, and St. John's became a war zone, there was more work than people could manage. The girls who had been the gay time-wasters of the capital city offered their services, at first in a carefree way. Then as the war worsened, they settled into a capable routine.

Like many of her kind Eve's development was forced. She dropped her youthful quirks and the first concerns with herself. Her shoulders became gallantly straight, and without losing any femininity she began to walk like a clean-cut boy looking the world in the face. Her voice softened, and her smile welcomed many a sailor to the canteen after his battle with the North Atlantic. Eve became an efficient waitress whose hands were unselfish, and whose heart beat with a passionate kindness for the whole cross-section of servicemen streaming through the canteen. Larger living made her comprehending, and as her life con-

tinued to touch many other lives, she developed a faith in everlasting things. She believed in the sustaining power of love; that Don Raynham would return if he did his part, and she did hers, without fear, tears, worry or resentment, and if they thought of each other when their energies flagged and their spirits drooped. He wrote to her, and she wrote to him; that they could bridge distance, tune in on the ether and be together in the hour of their greatest need. Already Don had written from England that she came to him during all his hairbreadth escapes. Then Eve worked harder, blessing the men, wishing them well, feeling that the invisible mantle she threw over them made one that extended to Don.

Her heart was with the airmen, but because she was in Newfoundland the canteen was always full of sailors.

WHEN THE sailor with the eyes like bruised violets appeared, it was raining outside, but Eve had little time to glance from the windows toward a harbor full of ships. Her dark head, with its shoulder-length hair, was lowered toward a cash drawer. Her fingers

The Future of Being a WOMAN

THE FUTURE of being a woman is brighter right now than ever before. In other words, your daughter and the little girl next door are growing up at a time when science is planning to make life healthier and therefore happier for women.

All through the ages women have suffered physiological handicaps. It's true that pioneer women performed remarkable feats, such as producing a child one day and being back at work in the fields a few days later—but have you ever walked through an old church graveyard and noticed how many young mothers died in their twenties, in those days? Although the mortality rate is much lower now, the female population must still endure a whole series of minor ailments which are associated with menstruation, child-bearing and menopause.

We all know how womanpower has come into its own since the war, but one fact stands out about women in industry. They cannot compete on absolutely equal terms with men because of absenteeism caused by these physiological handicaps. Insurance companies have found women to be a much greater risk than men in Sickness and Loss of Time policies. One Canadian insurance company paid out 150% of its premiums during the month of August, 1943, to women holding this type of policy.

So that's how the situation stands today. But owing to intensive research of the past few years, medical science holds out the promise of a happier future for women.

Formula For Femininity. One of the most important developments is the discovery of sex hormones. Hormones are chemical substances made by certain glands of the body and secreted in the blood stream in infinitesimal amounts. They are unbelievably potent. For example, whether the doctor announces "It's a boy," or "It's a girl," depends on whether one or another of these hormones is present as the child forms and develops before birth. And from then on, hormones control physical development and psychological outlook. As a girl reaches puberty, hormones are responsible for her feminine curves, the timbre of her voice, the fine texture of her skin and her womanly point of view. The

whole mystery of femininity can now be written to a chemical formula, just like writing the formula for common salt—only a lot more complicated.

Hormones Control Menstruation. Menstruation is a natural function and shouldn't, under normal circumstances, cause undue discomfort. But a vast number of girls feel "unwell" for several days before and during this period.

Backaches, headaches and nervous tension disrupt their lives for seven or eight days, which is a lot of time to sacrifice each month. It has been found that female sex hormone (oestrogen) and another hormone (progesterone) control the menstrual period and are responsible for the contractions of the uterus. A disturbance in the balance of these hormones allows the uterus to contract too vigorously, thereby causing pain. With this knowledge it is only a matter of time and further research before a new therapeutic treatment will be devised so that the worst features of menstrual and pre-menstrual discomfort may be eliminated.

A Hormone Test For Pregnancy. Medical science is making great advancement in safeguarding the health of mothers-to-be. Due to present-day knowledge of hormones, pregnancy can now be diagnosed right from the start, because special hormones are manufactured by the body, in large quantities, as soon as pregnancy occurs. By injecting the urine of a woman into a young female mouse, these hormones, if they are present, will cause specific changes to take place in the ovaries of the mouse in a few hours time. This method of detecting pregnancy, called the Ascheim Zondek test, is of great importance in enabling a diagnosis to be made at an early stage, and especially in the case of ectopic pregnancy, when the fertilized ovum starts to grow outside the uterus—a condition which may lead to serious illness.

Painless Childbirth. Another important development in medical science is Caudal Anaesthesia—a method of giving injections at

the time of childbirth so that all sense of pain is eliminated from that part of the body.

For the past hundred years scientists have been struggling to find the perfect childbirth anaesthesia. The old methods, such as chloroform, ether, twilight sleep, have disadvantages—they cause the mother to lose consciousness or sometimes they may have a bad effect on the child. The improvement of Caudal Anaesthesia over other methods lies in the fact that it appears to be quite harmless to both mother and child, it can be continued as long as labor lasts and it enables the mother to retain consciousness, thus allowing her to help the delivery process by her own muscular effort.

Unfortunately, at the present time Caudal Anaesthesia is not available to the majority of women because it necessitates highly specialized training on the part of the operator and it must be given in a hospital under the constant supervision of a doctor and a nurse. Right now hospitals are so short staffed it isn't possible to give each woman such concentrated attention—but after the war there'll be a different story.

The use of sulphanilimide drugs is cutting down, to a remarkable degree, the dangers of infection after birth—the dreaded puerperal septicemia. First reports from England say that this postnatal complication has been cut by two thirds.

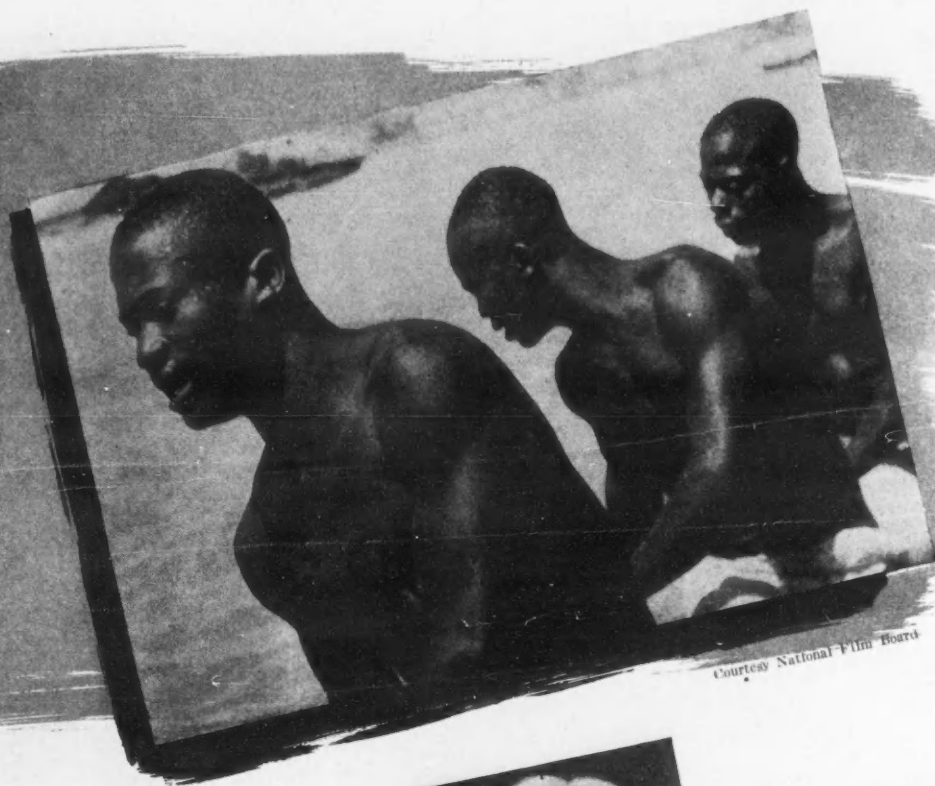
The Middle Years. One of the greatest triumphs of sex hormone therapy has been in the treatment of women suffering from physical and mental disturbances caused by the menopause. Middle-aged women who should be able to enjoy freedom from family cares as their children grow up are faced with another bugbear, the menopause, or change of life, as it is commonly called. The very fact that women look upon it as a "change of life" shows how severe are the reactions. Such reactions are caused by glands ceasing to manufacture and secrete the female sex hormone. The ovaries seem able to maintain an output for only a certain number of years, and then they fail. This abrupt stoppage, or the irregular manufacture of

Continued on page 48

Important advances in medical science promise to remove the familiar and peculiar handicaps incident to being born a female of the species. By Adele Saunders.

Question —

Do you believe in a revival of foreign missionary effort after the war? . . .



Courtesy National Film Board



Mrs. Ranie S. Sathianadhan, who is a native of Ceylon, a graduate of the University of Madras, and who came to Canada a year ago with her husband to take postgraduate work at the University of Toronto:

"No generalization whatever could be made about future missionary effort, for it would depend very largely on the needs of the field chosen for work. In many places in Ceylon and India foreign boards that have held onto the administration for over a century are still reluctant to give up, although there is a vast amount of indigenous leadership now available. We shall always want intercourse between the East and the West for the building up of a world brotherhood, but we want, from the West, Christian men and women who are specialists, like sanitary engineers, experts in rural reconstruction, agriculture, co-operative systems and dietetics—men and women who would be willing to be directed by indigenous boards that understand the culture and the background of their own people. Whenever possible we would like to finance them ourselves or work out their maintenance on an exchange system between the countries, or in some way that is not detrimental to our self-respect.

"We do not want, any more, the missionary who delights in exhibiting moving pictures of our most backward districts, but shuts his eyes to the riches of our vast cultural heritage, and the profound philosophies that have been evolved through a period of over forty centuries."

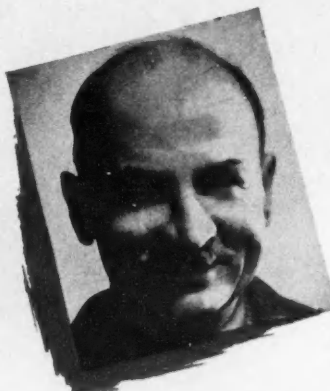


Mrs. C. C. Hayward, president of the United Women's Baptist Missionary Union of the Maritime Provinces:

"With the end of the war I believe will come to the Christian Church a new consciousness of its mission to make known to the world a Saviour which is

Christ The Lord. During the war the power of God has been seen, faith has increased, the Bible has

been read, the habit of prayer has grown, and countless lives have been surrendered in order that His truth should not perish from the earth. This spiritual force will not be lost, it will be used by God in working out His purpose. The mightiest missionary movement of all ages may now be undertaken if Christian leaders will proclaim Christ's last command, 'All power is given unto Me in Heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you and lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world.'"



Arthur L. Phelps, professor of English at United College, University of Manitoba, is a popular radio lecturer and authority on our Canadian scene as a whole. Professor Phelps is the author of a quantity of verse, and has become well known as a literary

critic. He answers Chatelaine's question as follows:

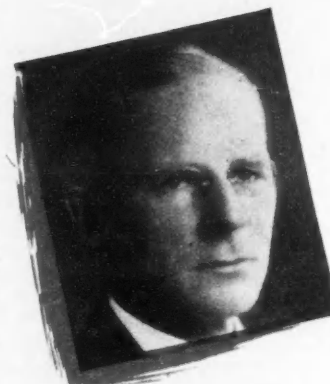
"The phrase 'foreign mission' in most of its old connotations is surely obsolete. To whom today dare any of us apply the word 'foreigner'? The world is one contracted world of distracted, wistful humans. After this war any revival of missionary effort that is respectable will be more personal and more communal than heretofore: the individual, of whatever race or color, must be acknowledged as an individual, and community planning for the more equitable distribution of food for body, mind and soul must be large-scale co-operative effort. 'Foreign mission' should be newly defined as 'friendly mission.'"



Canon P. S. C. Powles, a Church of England missionary in Japan for twenty-five years, returning to Canada a year and a half ago, replies:

"Firmly I believe in a revival of foreign missionary effort after the war both through invitation from foreign indigenous

churches and through compulsion of the Christian conscience, and Christ's command to go. The church is the greatest living organization for assisting men to an international outlook. If postwar reconstruction means anything fundamental, it is ultimately dependent upon Christ's plan of converting men from selfish desires to service for Him. 'I am among you as He that serveth,' saith Christ; and so His church must herald and demonstrate this slogan in words and action by individual nations."



Rev. Jesse H. Arnup, Secretary of The United Church Board of Foreign Missions:

"I believe the post-war world will see one of the greatest periods of reconstruction and re-creation in human history. The World Mission movement of the Christian Church

is one of the reconciling and redemptive forces of God. Its essential work is world reconstruction. Consequently it always flourishes in periods of upheaval and human need. The postwar period, offering many difficulties, will also furnish conditions favorable to a great revival of Christian missions. Otherwise, no safe and permanent world order will be built."

Chatelaine assembles a variety of opinions on a subject of immediate and future concern to all Christendom

Yick Wong, President and Editor-in-Chief, Chinese Times, Toronto, wants to see:

"1. Progressive modernization of the Chinese school system, particularly the introduction of advanced medical schools. + Continued on page 28



As the professor tried to pick up the step, feeling very stupid, the door burst open and a small dark man strode into the apartment. His eyes gleamed angrily. "So," he hissed. "So!"

The worst part of it was what was happening to Jane. She had gone steady with him for five long months—right up until he started taking Spanish from Miss Gomez. Since that time, Jane's actions had been appalling. She would pass him in the hall at school without speaking, and when he would speak to her, she would only shake her hips like a conga dancer and say sweetly, "One, two, three, kick!" It got on his nerves, because it was beginning to look as if Jane had a reason to be jealous.

A little cough told him, as he passed the study, that his father was home. One last effort to break through the professorial crust might not be amiss, and he really did believe that there was something wrong with his tutor.

HIS FATHER looked up at him for a moment and then quickly turned back to his page and clapped a finger on a line. A transitive verb had been jumping about in the text like a flea and he wished to nail it down. "Yes, what is it?" he asked petulantly. "Why can't you boys see me during my regular hours?"

"It's about that woman, sir," Ben rumbled, sounding a little embarrassed. When you said, "that woman," it made Miss Gomez sound even a little worse than he really thought she was.

Professor Blakely tapped his book with a pencil. "And what is your name, young man?"

Ben grinned in spite of himself. "It's Blakely, sir."

"Well, Blakely, I suppose you've come to complain about my marking or something, well, get on with it!"

Ben put his hand on his father's shoulder. "It's me, dad—Ben."

The professor swung slowly around in his chair and looked carefully over his glasses at his son. "Of

course, it is," he said, with mild irritation. "Don't you suppose I know my own son? Do you think I'm an imbecile?"

"No, father."

The professor gazed thoughtfully at the wall for a moment, running his sensitive fingers over the piping of his vest. "Then naturally you don't wish to consult me about your work, do you? If you are my son, you are in high school."

He bit his lower lip nervously and beat a devil's tattoo on his Adam's apple. "Ah, just what grade are you in?"

"I'm a junior, father," Ben said wearily, realizing that he would, in all probability, have to go through the same business all over again the next day.

"Good!" The professor beamed, "That means that you have another year and a half to go, doesn't it? Well!" The professor sighed in something akin to relief and went happily back into his book.

Ben kicked his foot across the rug and noticed that the sole of his shoe seemed to be worn through again. An edge of the leather stuck up and caught at the rug. "It's about my Spanish lessons, dad. I want to talk to you about my tutor."

His father closed his book with regret, threw his pencil down, and succeeded in looking like an early Christian chatting with Nero. "All right, Ben, talk about your tutor."

Ben's eyes narrowed as he planned his way through the situation. The drama of it began to appeal to him, he felt himself

being carried away with it. "I don't trust her, dad, there's something funny going on and I think you ought to know about it." He paused and waited for the professor to catch up with him.

"Something funny going on?"

"Yes." Ben colored a little, but went on bravely. Sometimes it was pretty hard to tell his parents about life. "She makes up to me!"

The professor pushed himself away from his desk, he groaned and wrinkled his nose. "Nonsense!"

He looked at Ben's ungainly height, his unpressed suit and his scuffed shoes. "That is utterly ridiculous!" The uncombed hair was the finishing touch. "I find you most unattractive, Benjamin, most unattractive."

Ben smiled knowingly and banged a fist into his open palm. "You, dad," he said emphatically, "are not el senorita!"

His father ran his hand over his chin and looked at him as if he were a new and dreadful variety of germ. "El senorita!" he said, almost in terror. "El?"

Ben shrugged nonchalantly, "Okay, dad, la senorita, but you are not her."

THE PROFESSOR looked intently at the picture of his wife on his desk. She was smiling in her sweet, happy, unknowing way. An interesting theory occurred to him. Was it possible that lightheadedness rose like heat, so that it always appeared in children born of lightheaded mothers and brilliant fathers? It might do for a quarterly paper before the Education Society.

Ben looked steadily at his father. "Now, dad, about this strange way that she's been acting. Last time I was there, the telephone rang, she answered it and kept looking at me all the time. While she was looking right at me, she said, 'No, don't come over now, He's here.' Doesn't that sound funny to you?"

The professor sniffed. "Sounds utterly sane and sensible to me. Why should she want anyone to know that you were her pupil? She has an excellent reputation as a teacher."

Ben licked his lips. "But, father, she plays rumba records and stuff, and makes me dance with her. She says that I ought to learn some of the customs and dances! Gee, you have no idea of the awful way the fellows at school kid me about it! I hate dancing."

"Her method of teaching is her own business, Ben, and so far it seems all right to me, although I will admit that she doesn't seem to have accomplished much." The professor swung around in his chair and twisted his eyebrows. "How did the boys at school find out about this?" + Continued on page 58



"Yes, he is here now," she said. "But he is only an innocent schoolboy."

STEP LIVELY, PROFESSOR!



The worst part of it was what was happening to Jane. She would pass him in the hall at school without speaking.

BEN COULD see the nice rich quality of the mud in his backyard through the little broken triangle in the stained-glass dormer window of his bedroom. It was good just to lie there and think about the thaw and about maybe taking off his shoes and stockings and feeling the soft caress of the ooze. Not that he liked mud any more than he liked the hard in-between-seasons ground that was pure waste, but when it mudded up, spring and baseball were most certainly coming and he felt like pounding something with his fists to prove it. He, being only sixteen and practically fresh from the cocoon, didn't know that it came every year.

He got up and walked stiff-legged across the room, the way it said to in the second chapter of his muscle-building course, and took the pictures of Frankie Sinkwich and Chub Peabody off the wall. He put them on his closet shelf and covered the blank staring spaces with a pair of pictures more in keeping with the way he felt. The one of Mel Ott said: To my friend, Ben, a good second baseman. The one from Hank Greenberg just said, simply: Hank Greenberg.

He made an attempt to straighten the pictures, partially succeeding, although Mr. Greenberg was inclined to lean a little toward Miss Dorothy Lamour, then he duck-walked back to the closet and got his baseball glove and a can of oil. His muscles knotted and quivered with the sudden burst of exercise and he sat in his armchair with a great deal of caution. Gosh, I can feel the sap rising in my limbs, he thought; it sure is spring!

He poured a little pool of oil into the centre of the glove and laboriously worked it out toward the edges with a degree of application and concentration that would have surprised his father, the professor, greatly.

Professor Blakely, in his position as head of the Romance Languages department, had come across a large number of blockheads, but he was convinced that Ben's head inclined toward cubism more than the average. He had been making secret plans to retire in the event of Ben's choosing to go to his college. He watched his son's slow, painful progress through high school with the burning intensity of a man tied to a bomb-laden bridge. When the fuse burned down, the bomb exploded, and through some freak of the educational system, Ben was blown into

What kind of a father would throw his son in front of an express train; or into the clutches of Dona Maria? That was the question Ben asked himself, and his parents; and thus began the amazing adventures of Professor Blakely, expert in the Romance Languages

By Philip Cyrus Gunion

Illustrated by
Jack Bush

college, he planned to retire and devote himself to his book on the veracity of Latin roots in romance languages.

BEN FINISHED his ceremonial polishing of the glove and laid it tenderly on his battered desk. He was just turning to go out and test the hardness of the ground when he saw the man staring at him with his black eyes reproachful under their thin brows. "What did I ever do to you?" Ben asked plaintively. Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra said nothing, he just looked up out of the Spanish grammar and his lips formed the words, "It's Friday. Remember Dona Maria Gomez?"

"I'm not going to go!" Ben said. He rolled himself out full length on the bed, grabbed the headboard and swung his feet up over his face. It was particularly good for the stomach muscles.

But it was no use. Even if he didn't need tutoring in Spanish, and even if he didn't trust Miss Gomez, his position on the bed reminded him that his father frequently forgot his son's age and turned him over his knee like a six-year-old. The professor was very strong for his age and well able to enforce his own laws. The humiliating memory decided him. He swung his feet down and groaned loudly and sorrowfully.

He already had on his oldest suit and he picked out a drab, spotted tie to wear. He was determined not to



give Miss Gomez an opening wedge of flattery again. He left his hair in its wild state, and walked sedately down the stairs, two at a time.

It seemed a crime to have to go spend a couple of hours sitting indoors soaking up grammar, when he had planned to go down to the woods back of the college and soak up a little of the spring rain. The deep wooded valley below the stadium was a wonderful place to go after school. You could lie on your stomach on the cold wet ground and dream of a thousand things, none of them being Spanish verb forms. Once, in the fall, he had spent a Saturday afternoon there, listening to the cheers from the stadium, and he had been able to figure out who was scoring from the direction of the noise. He felt like Philpides waiting below the field at Marathon before racing away to Athens.



The professor pointed across the table with the carving knife and sputtered: "You keep quiet, young man, I'll deal with you in the morning!"

FIRST AID

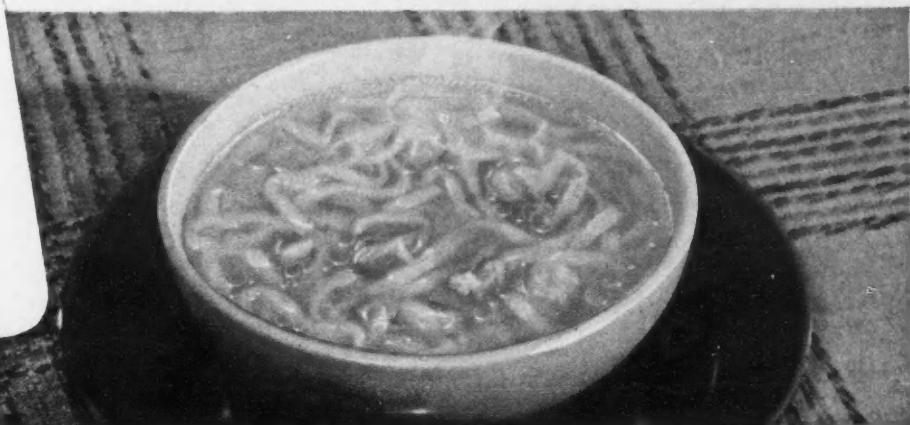
FOR HUNGRY FOLKS WITH JOBS TO DO



"I HAVE A MAN ON THE NIGHT SHIFT"

And when he gets home you should see him sail into a brimming bowl of Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup. He loves the deep, rich flavor of the slowly simmered broth, and those tempting pieces of chicken and good egg noodles. Yes, it's a soup made to order for a hard-working man with a stalwart appetite.

Campbell's CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP



BUILD WARTIME MEALS AROUND HOMEY, HEARTY CAMPBELL'S SOUPS.

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"I COOK FOR MY THREE YOUNGSTERS"

And I'm glad their favorite dish is Campbell's Tomato Soup . . . because, along with that tomato-rich flavor I know they're getting the kind of wholesome nourishment they need so much these days. This good soup is a standby food in my house. It's just the dish to round out a wartime meal for hungry people.

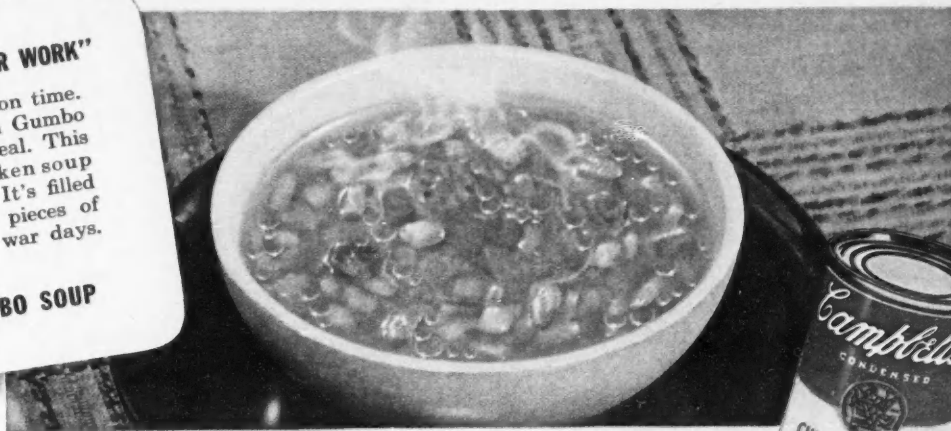
Campbell's TOMATO SOUP



"I'M BUSY ALL AFTERNOON ON WAR WORK"

But my family sit down to dinner on time. Often we make Campbell's Chicken Gumbo Soup the important dish of the meal. This excitingly different kind of chicken soup takes almost no time to prepare. It's filled with tomatoes, okra and tender pieces of chicken — hearty eating for these war days.

Campbell's CHICKEN GUMBO SOUP



Look for the Red-and-White Label

Campbell's SOUPS

MADE IN CAMPBELL'S MODERN CANADIAN KITCHENS

Soon they'll be racing the sun around the equator, maybe clipping a second or two off the world's own speed record. Why not? On the other hand, why? asks Mary wistfully

Ground Lubber and Glad of it

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

THE ARCHITECTS of the postwar world are having a difficult time these days. They have all sorts of fine things in store for us—helicopters, television sets, prefabricated houses that can be packed in your motor trunk, stratosphere clippers that will freeze ice cream, refrigerators that will sing "Happy Birthday to You"—all the splendid wind-up toys that are being reserved for the good children who have saved their Victory bonds. So far, however, they have only been able to hint at these wonders through the pages of the magazines. The wonders themselves are stored away in the laboratories and blueprints and even the imagination of their inventors, like presents in the hall cupboard not to be opened till Christmas.

The one thing they have been definite about, however, is Transportation. In the postwar world, they promise us, we will travel faster, farther and oftener than anybody has ever travelled before. More than that, they have recently been issuing actual estimates on the subject, including time schedules and clipper rates.

When the war is over you will be able to travel from New York to London, possibly in a converted bomber, in 13 hours and 48 minutes. It will cost you \$186.30. Paris will come a little higher (\$202.50) and will take an hour or so longer, but you will still be able to catch the late afternoon clipper and eat breakfast on the boulevards. Once the road is cleared you can go to Berlin in 15 hours (\$216) or to Tokyo in three days, three hours and 36 minutes (\$373.60). If you still prefer this side of the world, you can reach Bermuda in two hours and 40 minutes and it will cost exactly \$37.26. But if you have \$256.50 to spare you can go all the way to Rio de Janeiro and be back within 40 hours.

From Edmonton you will be able to fly to Bombay right over the top of the world; or straight as a zipper to Moscow or Hong Kong. Capetown or Sydney may take a little longer, but nothing to fret over. "No man on earth," say the airways promoters jubilantly, "is more than 60 hours away from your local airport." (I have been studying the map trying to discover the hideout of this last fugitive from the postwar era and I think I have located him on an atoll somewhere beyond the Malay archipelago; a Somerset Maugham, character who has fled to escape civilization and now finds civilization hurtling down on him at 400 m.p.h.)

Today, of course, is only the beginning. "Tomorrow the world will be shrunk still smaller," the



In the postwar world they promise us we will travel faster, farther and oftener than anybody has ever travelled before.

experts say breathlessly, "because of even swifter long-range planes to come." By day after tomorrow the aviators will be racing the sun around the equator, keeping pace with the earth's revolution, maybe even clipping a second or two off the world's own record. Why not?

On the other hand, why?

Space may have shrunk to next to nothing, but there's still all the time there ever was. In the postwar era there may even be a little bit more. So don't let's allow the postwar enthusiasts to sweep us off our

feet with the announcement that Yakutsk, Siberia, is only 28 hours away. Yakutsk will still be there in a month or even a year's time. We needn't get unduly excited either by the idea that less than 15 hours, plane time, separates us from the Alaskan Eskimo. The Eskimo won't mind waiting; he's been there since the beginning of time.

It's just as well to remember, too, that in the strict geographical sense the world is exactly the same size it ever was, and we won't get to know it any better by darting like gnats over its surface. We may even end by losing our sense of travel altogether. For travel takes time,

while flight eliminates it. We won't get to know Yakutsk any better by popping into it from the air, then whisking off ten minutes later for Hong Kong. We won't come to terms of simple human understanding with the Alaskan Eskimo between plane connections at Fairbanks. The Alaskan Eskimo is a stolid type and you can't rush his acquaintance that way.

IN ITSELF, of course, flying is a fine stimulating experience. You look down and the world beneath is laid out in precise rectangles or curved in calculated arcs about the flanks of the neat hills. The toy roofs cluster about the toy steeples, and human beings when they appear seem as insignificant and almost as stationary as twig insects. This is the bird's—or if you



"Only 60 hours away from you" the last refugee from civilization who now finds civilization hurtling down on him at 400 miles per hour.



Is it possible we can come to terms of simple human understanding with the Alaskan Eskimo between plane connections at Fairbanks?

prefer, the god's-eye view of the world, exhilarating, but a little meaningless in human terms.

Flying is fine. But when I go to a new city I like to approach it intimately, on its own level; through fields and suburbs and little back yards set out with the family wash. I like the fruit-and-vegetable stands by the wayside and the Bar-B-Ques, and the tourist homes with Laurentian chairs set out persuasively on the front lawn and rosy lights behind the windows, promising cheer and sanctuary and inner springs. The city itself has always a special exciting quality, at once recognizable and strange, like a familiar story in another language.

Continued on page 31

gas just for this. But perhaps you don't care to meet him at all."

"Of course I want to meet him," said Marcia warmly.

Jean's eyelashes flickered and she went quickly to the bureau, picked up her lipstick and smudged it on a tremulous mouth. She turned, forcing a smile. "Ready?" They went down the stairs together into the hall.

"Carrie," cried Libby, running behind the reception desk and holding out her hand. "Remember me?"

Carrie's face cracked dryly into a smile. "Indeed I do, Miss Briggs. What are you doing now? Whatever became of that nice Mr. Harvey?"

"I made an honest man of him, Carrie. And I have three bouncing boys to prove it."

"So you married him," said Carrie approvingly. "When?"

"Right smack after college."

"Well, that's good. There's nothing like first love, is there, Mrs. Harvey?"

"No, there really isn't," said Libby fervently. "What's a slight case of starvation among husbands and wives?"

"By the looks of you, it didn't do you no harm."

Marcia turned away uneasily, only to meet Jean's direct accusing eyes. Her own faltered, and she pushed open the screen door onto the terrace. Jean and Libby were right behind her as a tall young man untangled his legs and rose from a deck chair.

Marcia's instant, unwilling impression was that she liked him. He was young, certainly, but he wasn't callow. She felt strength in his handclasp, humor in his gay blue eyes. His hair was a bristling, startling thatch of red. When he grinned his mouth was lopsided, and his lower eyelids curved like half-moons over his eyes. No, you couldn't help liking him.

But how could you tell what circumstances might do to him? The Air Force insignia on his blue plaid jacket was more than a bauble. It was a symbol of the bitter test ahead. Jean was confident he would pass that test but she didn't have Marcia's memories. She and Greg had had large dreams too.

"May I be your chauffeur today?" Andy said. "When I'm not toting 'the thing' around?" His glance flicked Jean affectionately. Marcia closed her heart to the glow that suffused Jean's face.

"That's thoughtful of you," she said. "But aren't you graduating, too?"

"They got rid of me in February," he told her. "And I'm waiting until the Air Force has room for me."

That was the answer, Marcia tried to convince herself. Idleness. And what better occupation was there than making love? The thought acted like starch on her wavering resistance.

"Let's just prowl around until the luncheon," said Libby, taking her arm. "Visit our old haunts. We can walk to the hotel."

"Well, I'm afraid you're going to see more of me anyway," said Andy, grinning. He escorted Jean to the waiting convertible, waved his hand, and with a crunch of gravel they were off.

"NOW," SAID Libby. "We can let our hair down. You won't be betraying a confidence because it's only too obvious. Jean wants to marry Andy and you don't want her to."

"Is there any reason why I should?"

asked Marcia defiantly. Looking into Libby's enquiring eyes, she felt herself growing young and confiding again. Libby alone had the key to the patio behind her outer walls. "It was a nightmare, Libby," she added in a little girl voice. "I don't want Jean to go through it. The depression was against me. The war's against her, and that's so much worse. When the tide is against you, you can't beat it."

"I did," said Libby softly.

"But you and John were together," protested Marcia hotly. "You weren't in a hall bedroom in a strange city hundreds of miles away from him. You didn't live for letters and nothing else. You didn't count the days for his coming and then hear that he couldn't get away, he couldn't dig up the bus fare. You never scrimped and saved, toiled greasy trays and ate ten-cent lunches, and wore two-dollar shoes, and cut your own hair so that you could go to him—only to have a few snatched moments because his family didn't know and couldn't be told. He was dependent on them for every penny."

"We arranged it a little differently, true," said Libby. "Perhaps it wasn't just cruel fate, Marcia. Perhaps you and Greg had something to do with it."

"I don't know what you mean," cried Marcia. "What else could I have done? Oh, lord, why are we even talking about it?" She laughed a little shakily at her own emotion. "Let's give the ashes a decent burial." She linked her arm in Libby's and they crossed the hockey field and started down the shady street.

"Bricks," said Libby nostalgically, as her ankle turned. "Remember how we swore at these brick sidewalks when we had on high heels? Remember how we used to come up this way after the dorm closed at ten o'clock for a toasted cheese sandwich."

And remember how we used to pass these warmly lighted homes, Greg, and bade people with bouzouks?

"And remember the good old torch songs," Libby went on. "What year was this?" She broke into a husky contralto. "Too many tears, ta-dum ta-dum, ta-dum, ta-dum. And this, Say it isn't sooo . . . And remember, Marcia,

Let's call it a day

Let us say

It was just meant to be

A sweet memory

Love won't stay

Let's call it a day."

"Must you?" asked Marcia wryly. But already a wave of feeling was washing over her. Her body tingled with wretchedness and glory. The hard edge of her mind was blunted by longing and she walked in a daze. She was hardly aware that Libby had paused until Libby spoke.

"Just a minute. A landmark."

Marcia looked up. They had stopped before a dingy grey triple-decked house which looked down on them with bleary morning-after eyes. Grey diapers flapped from a pulley on the second story. A child's tricycle sprawled on the sparse grass. "I don't remember this," said Marcia.

"This is where we lived when John was in law school," said Libby. "Those might be little Johnnie's diapers. The washings I had! I did everything by hand, even the sheets." She smiled, a secret smile full of contentment.

Continued on page 38

He grows up faster when he eats his milk, too!



EAT RIGHT



LOTS of times a fellow's too busy—or too full—to drink all the milk he needs. Best way is to have him eat his milk, too, in extra-good dishes, made with extra-rich Carnation.

The very things that make babies thrive on this safe, pure milk are the things that make it ideal for your young man. There's the nourishing milk solids of fine whole cow's milk—all of them—for only part of the natural water is removed. Then there's Carnation's easy-to-digest soft curd. And extra "sunshine" vitamin D.

Use Carnation chilled and diluted half and half with cold water, for drinking . . . and "straight"—like cream—on fruit and cereals. Let your family eat it, in dozens of dishes they'll go for. Try them on the soufflé recipe given here—and you'll see!



Cheese Soufflé

Make a sauce of 4 tbsps. butter, 4 tbsps. flour, 1½ cups hot Carnation Milk, undiluted and 1 tsp. salt. When thick and smooth, remove from fire. Add ½ lb. cheese, sliced. Stir till melted. Add 6 beaten egg yolks. Mix well. Cool. Fold into 6 beaten egg whites. Pour in 2 qt. casserole. Bake 1¼ hrs. in 300° oven. Serves 6.

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"Want him to adore you? Try my*W.B.N.C."

DOROTHY LAMOUR, CO-STARRING IN "DIXIE", A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



says Dorothy Lamour:

"Men hover 'round the girl whose complexion is lush velvet. So take my W.B.N.C. Decoded that means...

*Woodbury Beauty Night Cap.

"All you need is Woodbury Cold Cream. And what grand things it can do. It's my every-night beauty ritual." Cleanse with Woodbury Cold Cream. How fresh, clean, your skin feels! Pat on more cream—wipe again, leaving a trace of the fine oils all night, for new morning glamour. Four special ingredients in Woodbury make your skin gorgeously softer, smoother. Another exclusive ingredient acts constantly to keep the cream in the jar pure to the last. Tonight take the W.B.N.C.—see his eyes adore you more tomorrow.

WOODBURY COLD CREAM



A Grand Surprise! You get so much Woodbury Cold Cream for your money—so many Beauty Night Caps. Generous jars at 50¢, 25¢.

Beauty Night Cap of the Stars

Dorothy's Powder Base is Woodbury Foundation Cream to give smooth finish, delicate underglow. Special Creams you may need are: Woodbury Cleansing Cream for oily skin; Woodbury Dry Skin Cream for extra dry skin.

Buy War Savings Certificates and Stamps

(MADE IN CANADA)

It Might Have Been Yesterday

Continued from page 7

Marcia moistened her dry lips. "A home is love too," she went on relentlessly. "You won't have any home. And suppose you had a baby, Jean? You wouldn't be able to work. Andy couldn't support you."

Jean's eyes flamed. "And you wouldn't lift a finger to help me either. You with your thousands in the bank. You, with your comfortable secure existence. Why you won't even jeopardize that to marry the swellest guy on earth. For the life of me I can't see why Ben fell in love with you in the first place. Keep your old money. I should have known you wouldn't understand. I was a fool to have told you."

A black mist passed before Marcia's eyes. Jean was utterly wrong about Ben Hutchinson and herself, wrong about everything. "Of course I'd help you, Jean, but I hope I won't have to. You think all you have to do is get married in order not to lose each other. Well, you can lose each other that way, too. It's never wise to come between a man and his job and the war's his job now. How do you think Andy is going to feel, reading your letters telling him how lonely and desperate you are? And how do you think you're going to feel when Andy gets into a man's world and regrets the whole sorry business?" She stopped short, appalled by the contemptuous expression on Jean's face.

"If you think," Jean said bitingly, "that Andy would let me down, no matter where he was, you just don't know him, that's all. And if you think I would be such a skunk as to weep and wail to him, you have even less understanding than I gave you credit for."

Brave words, thought Marcia. But not true. The thought that they could be true was for some vague reason too uncomfortable to face. Instinctively she locked her mind against it. "You don't know what you'll do until the time comes."

"Let's not talk about it any longer." Jean's manner was light and hard and pathetically adult. "Look, here's my commencement dress. Isn't it a fright? But it will be hidden by the gown so it won't matter..."

Marcia laid an arm across Jean's shoulders. *I do know, Jean*, she wanted to cry out. *I did just what you're going to do, that's how I know.* Married furtively at the city hall in Elkton. And divorced in Paris the summer she had gone abroad as a private secretary.

Only the three people closest to her knew—Greg, and Libby, and now Ben. Even if she told Jean it would probably do no good. She had said too much already. Now Jean would never confide in her again.

As Jean pulled away from her Marcia was touched by the cold fingers of loneliness.

A GAY voice sprang from the hall in outrageous mimicry of a simpering dowager. "Do you mind if I take just a little peek, girls? This used to be my room. My, my, it looks just the same. It might have been yesterday..." The door opened wider and a trim little figure stood on the threshold. "Didn't we think grads were poisonous?" she laughed. "And now here we are."

Warmth flooded Marcia again. "Libby!" she cried, running to hug her. "Yes, here we are." They clung together a moment before Marcia stepped back

to look at her dearest friend. She had seen Libby off and on over the ten years and Libby grew lovelier each time. The bosom that had cuddled three babies was gently rounded. Her grey eyes were clear and shining, her skin was fresh. An aura of sunlight and fresh air clung to her as to gleaming white wash dancing on the line on a windy day. Yet the simplicity of her appearance did not tell the whole story. For Libby had a delightful sense of the ludicrous, even an unexpected appreciation of the bawdy. "I look so darn wholesome," she was wont to complain. "Everyone expects me to be such a good girl."

Libby was regarding Marcia tenderly. "You look so cosmopolitan and chic."

"But not original," said Marcia, taking in Libby's embroidered peasant blouse, the braids wound around her head. "Not original like you. Gosh, it's swell to see you, Libby."

The buzzer above the door emitted a hoarse summons, and Jean scurried past them into the hall. Libby's eyes followed her shrewdly. "What's the matter with her?"

"Not now," said Marcia quietly. "I'm not supposed to say anything, but you may be able to help me. I have to think about it first."

Libby nodded and moved to the window. "The good old hockey field," she breathed. "Remember, Marcia, that English gym instructor?" Her voice soared half an octave. "Awfter eet! Awfter eet! Awfter the ball!"

They were giggling with the abandon of two foolish schoolgirls when Jean reappeared. Under Jean's cool survey they came to a stuttering stop. "Andy's here," said Jean stiffly. "He's taking me to Baccalaureate rehearsal, and he'll be glad to take you to your luncheon later, if you like. He's been saving his

Autumn in The Park

By JENNIFER GREEN



Trees feathering the world
with multiple shapes and textures,
old gold, in the half light,
dusk blue,
chartreuse.
Leaves dropping gently
to the complex rhythm of
the waterfall.
Tired old trunks
serenely accepting
their destiny of negation.
Far yellow leaves
falling,
as tentative and impermanent
as moth wings.
Autumn
in the Park.

I was a Prisoner of the Japs

AS A CHILD I had owned the conventional book of Mother Goose's nursery rhymes. For swing and rhythm and general interest, however, I preferred the teachings of my father, the more innocuous limericks and a selection of lyrics from the operettas of Gilbert and Sullivan.

Among these last were some from "The Mikado." During my six months in Sugamo Penitentiary, I developed a deep fellow-feeling and sympathy for that comic-opera native of Titipu, condemned

"To sit in solemn silence in a deep dark dock,

Awaiting the sensation of a short sharp shock."

True, the dock was yet to come. Meanwhile the solemn silence and the darkness were real enough.

The cell was five feet by seven, with two feet of the length taken up with a cement washstand and toilet facilities. I am sure of those dimensions, for I measured them frequently. At one end was a steel door, painted battleship grey, with a four-by-six-inch peephole covered with wire netting. At the other was a window, of ground glass, opening about ten inches at the bottom. Inside the glass were heavy iron bars and close-meshed wire netting.

For some reason which I could never penetrate, long-termers were put in the northern wing and short-termers in the southern. I was in the north. Owing to the buttressing of the wall, no sun ever penetrated my window, though in the spring, very early in the morning, just as the sun rose, a ray would fall on the ledge outside my sill. I made a point of being there to watch it.

I had known loneliness before, physical and mental. Formosa had been lonely, and Tokyo, after most of my friends had gone home, would have been if I had ever had time to think of it. But the loneliness of my Japanese prison cell was unutterable in its depth and intensity. Not only was there the simple lack of companionship, of someone to talk to in my cell. I could not find out whether any of my friends even remained in Japan. The officials would not tell me whether all remaining Americans

had been interned, or repatriated, or allowed to go free. After five months I was finally given permission to write to one friend, but not knowing whether or not it was merely a ruse to see to what close friend I would turn, even the solace of a letter, haltingly written in Japanese, was denied me. It was enough that I myself was in prison. I dared not risk involving anyone else.

I knew then what Coleridge felt, who had been in a place "so lonely that God himself scarce seemed there to be." And when spring came, I knew too, with Coleridge, the spiritual desolation of "the sole unbusy thing."

After a few weeks I derived some comfort, as well as interest, in the Psalms of David. But in the beginning I found myself turning again and again to an old friend of college days, the Anglican Deor. No comfort, only a stern and rocky consolation was in his lament, with its lyric refrain, "That was passed; this may pass likewise." Like him bereft of friends, of home, of family, in a foreign land, I found in his hard philosophy a greater stay than any gentler sympathy could have been.

LONELY THOUGH I was, however, I was never alone. Guards patrolled the corridors constantly, pausing at every door to look through the peephole and see that their prisoners were behaving as they should. The average Japanese has no conception whatsoever of privacy, and in my case my very novelty was an added incentive to stand and stare. Wardresses and police guards stood and watched me as I dressed, as I washed, as I combed my hair with the crude wooden comb provided by the prison. They constantly examined my clothes, from the skin out, commenting on the cut and quality. Neither men nor women thought anything whatever of opening my cell door while I was using the toilet, and waiting until I had finished. With round disembodied eyes constantly peering at me through the tiny grating in the solid grey iron door, I felt as if I was on the wrong side of the glass of an aquarium.

I was not free of the eyes even when I slept. + Continued on page 24



Phyllis Argall was born in Brandon, Man., received her early education in England and in Japan, where her parents were missionaries, and later attended the University of Toronto, where she obtained her M.A. degree. She then went to the mission field in Formosa, and lectured on English literature and philology in a Japanese women's college. For some years before Pearl Harbor she was managing editor of Japan News-Week, and it was because of this connection — and on a trumped-up charge of "betraying secrets detrimental to Japan to hostile powers" — that she was arrested. After several gruelling days of police questioning, during which her face was slapped and cut for added "persuasion," she was placed in solitary confinement in Sugamo Prison, Tokyo, where she spent the next six months until her release and return to America on the S.S. Gripsholm a year ago.

This intimate and moving record of her prison life is from her book, "My Life With the Enemy," soon to be published by MacMillan Co. of Canada.



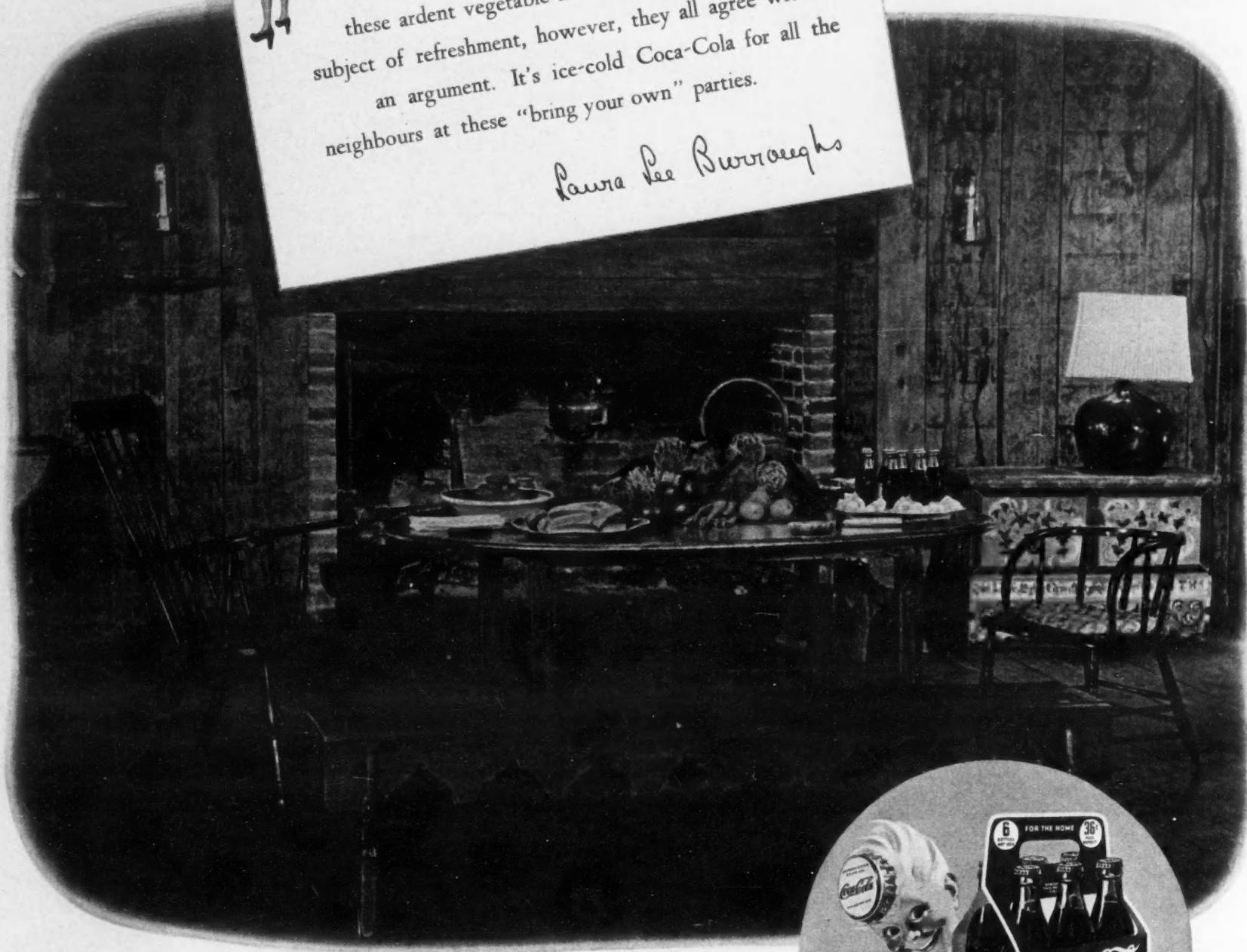
By PHYLLIS ARGALL



The neighbours are getting acquainted again! They are taking each other's children to school—borrowing pressure cookers and trading recipes and flower cuttings. Over garden walls and back fences—they plan little suppers to show off the results of their Victory gardens. Everyone brings a few bottles of Coca-Cola—some food, and a prize vegetable to decorate the table. There is great rivalry among these ardent vegetable and flower growers. On the subject of refreshment, however, they all agree without an argument. It's ice-cold Coca-Cola for all the neighbours at these "bring your own" parties.

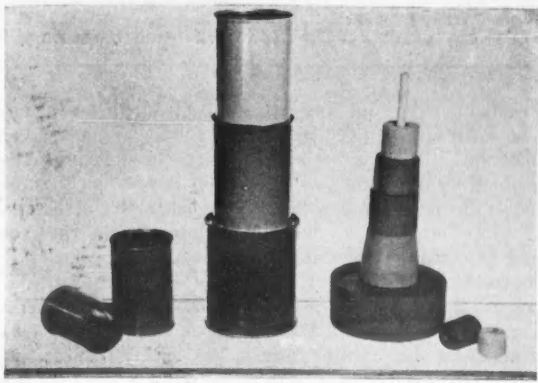
Laura Lee Burroughs

**The neighbours
show off their
Victory vegetables**



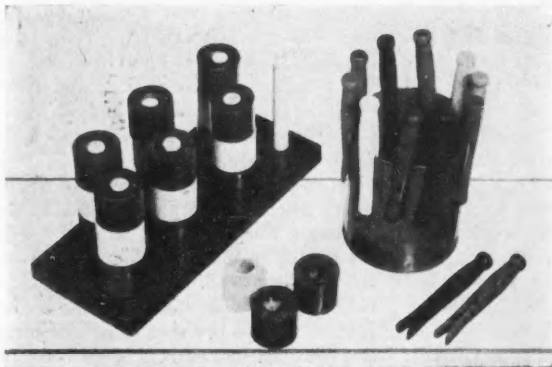
Flower Arrangements by Laura Lee Burroughs, Volume #3—Suggestions for brightening the home with flowers and refreshment. 62 Colour photographs of flower arrangements... table settings... and ways to serve Coca-Cola. You will want a copy of this attractive book—so, send your name and address (clearly printed) with ten cents in coin or stamps (to cover cost of handling and mailing) to THE COCA-COLA COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, TORONTO, ONTARIO, DEPT. CE.





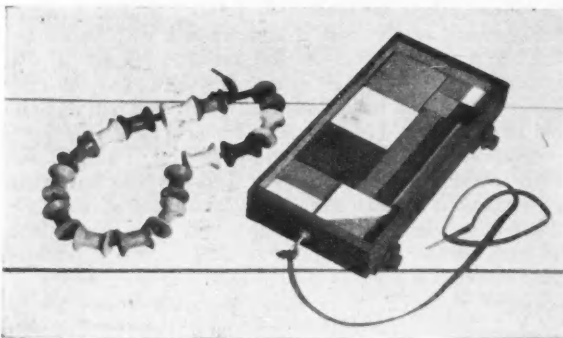
As you know, metal has gone to war—that means toy pails and shovels are off the market. Your youngster can still have fun in his sandpile if you save different sized tin cans which will fit into one another. Cut the tops off with a roll top can opener so there'll be no rough edges, then paint them gay sharp colors.

The base of the toy on the right is a round thick piece of wood with a hole in the centre just large enough to hold a thin stick. Round pieces of wood, each painted a vivid color, are made to slip on and off the stick.



Here's another use for old tin cans. The toy on the right is a tin can, cut with a roll top can opener and painted red. The plain clothes pegs are painted different bright colors.

The base of the educational toy on the left is a length of wood about one inch thick. Four small holes are cut into it at the front and three at the back. Small round sticks, cut the same height, are fitted into the holes. The round pieces of wood are made from the end of rolls of paper used in a postage meter machine. The base is painted blue, sticks white and circles of wood are red, white and blue. Children learn to recognize colors through selecting the pieces.



A gay necklace can be made from empty spools, painted different colors and threaded on a hockey shoelace.

The wagon which holds blocks is a flat cheese box with the inside and outside painted in contrasting colors. Nail two narrow lengths of wood along the bottom of the box about one inch from either end. Saw off the little raised ends on an empty spool. Four of these will make the wheels. Hammer a nail through a little circle of wood then slip this nail through one of the wheels and hammer it in to one end of the piece of wood under the cheese box—but not too tightly or the wheel won't run. To make the blocks, take a piece of wood one inch thick and saw it to fit the inside of the box. Draw lines, making blocks any shape you wish, then saw along the lines. Sandpaper before painting.



Barbara Golding, popular society girl, helps out in the printing department of Vancouver's largest shipyard, when not pursuing her university studies in Social Service. Fair of skin, Barbara encourages fresh beauty in her complexion—takes a daily Woodbury Facial Cocktail. She says: "I prefer Woodbury Facial Soap for its soothing, smoothing effect on my skin."

Lovely Deb Helps Relieve Manpower Problem

... and keeps her complexion fresh and feminine with a Woodbury Facial Cocktail



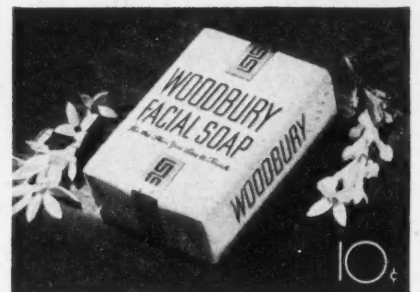
1. "Rehabilitation of our poor and ailing is vital war work, too," says Barbara. Of skin care she says: "When dust and grime shadow my skin, I turn to pure, mild Woodbury Soap."



2. "A rich fragrant lather of Woodbury Soap—and my skin quickly sheds that dingy look. This creamy lather envelops clinging dirt. When I rinse with fresh water, my skin sparkles again."



3. In shipyard drafting room, Barbara sells war stamps... attracts buyers by her beauty. Her favorite skin soap, Woodbury, has the added mildness of a costly mellowing ingredient.



4. Made for the skin, alone, Woodbury cleanses gently, helps prevent clogged pores. Kind to tender, dry skin. For "The Skin You Love to Touch," get Woodbury Soap today! 10¢.

BACK UP YOUR FIGHTING MAN—BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES AND STAMPS ★ MADE IN CANADA

How a home-front army suffers heavy casualties

LAST YEAR, more than 2,300 Canadians lost their lives in accidents within their own homes.

In the same year, *thousands* of workers were temporarily disabled by accidents in their homes.

The working time lost by this huge Home-Front army was enough to build many tanks, guns, planes, ships, and other vital war matériel.

Most home accidents need not happen. Carelessness is the chief reason why friendly, familiar surroundings are so often the scenes of accidents which cause pain, grief, and financial loss.

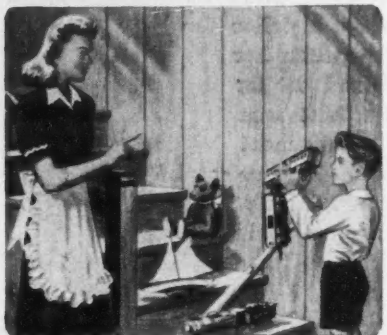
Today, especially, it is your responsibility and that of your family to help reduce the number of home accidents. *The practice of the three basic safety principles outlined below would eliminate most of them.*



Remove danger points. Keep stairs, including railings, in repair and well-lighted . . . *a greater number of serious accidents occur on stairs than in any room.*

It is sometimes wise to put guards on windows so that children won't fall.

Have electrical equipment, irons, heaters, toasters, etc., inspected and repaired. Replace frayed cords and loose plugs. Watch out for leaks in gas appliances and pipes. Clean chimney flues and heating equipment regularly.



Practice good housekeeping. Stairs and landings should be kept free of brooms, toys, boxes, and other objects which might cause falls. Scatter rugs should be securely anchored. Don't use wax too liberally on floors and take care that it is rubbed in thoroughly.

Tie back kitchen curtains so that they won't catch fire. Knives and

sharp instruments should be kept in a safe place when not in use . . . handles of pots and pans on the stove should be turned in to avoid tipping.

Keep furniture and other objects out of the way so that you won't trip or stumble over them.



Develop careful habits. Use a step-ladder, or a straight, strong chair—not the nearest rocker or box—when reaching to high places.

Careful householders will disconnect electric appliances like irons and curlers before leaving the room. They will never leave a hearth fire, whether gas, wood, or coal, unguarded.

Close cupboard doors and bureau drawers promptly to avoid collision. Get rid of broken glass or other sharp refuse as quickly as possible.

Hands should be dry when touching any electrical switch or apparatus.



Make a tour of your home this very day.

Check for yourself, and urge your family, especially the children, to see that these three basic safety principles are consistently carried out. Don't give an accident a chance to happen!

On request, Metropolitan will send you a free folder, "Home Defense Against Accidents."

75th ANNIVERSARY—1868-1943

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)
NEW YORK

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln,
PRESIDENT

Canadian Head Office: Ottawa

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
Canadian Head Office, Ottawa

Please send me a copy of your booklet,
11-L-43, "Home Defense Against Accidents."

Name _____

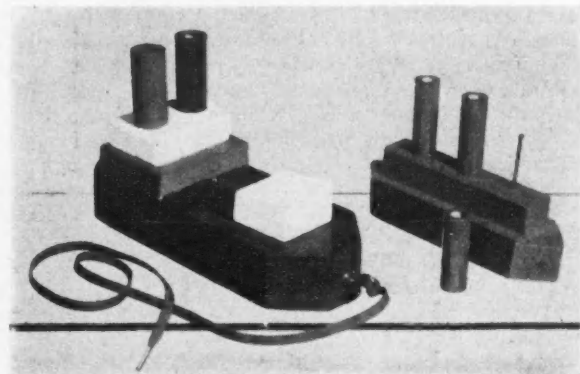
Street _____

City _____ Prov. _____

HOMEMADE TOYS

By Ruth K. Kennedy

HAVE YOU visited a toy department lately and seen the Deserted Village air of the place? Shelves that used to be overflowing with ships, motor cars, red wagons and all kinds of educational toys are almost depleted. But that doesn't mean your children have to do without playthings for the duration—not if you're prepared to pay for them in time and ingenuity, rather than cash. Then you can put the dollars you've saved into war savings certificates. "Use it up" is a familiar slogan in our conservation program. In making these homemade toys you use up all kinds of odds and ends which otherwise might be tossed away—bits of wood, old spools, nails, and tin cans. The secret is in knowing how to put these things together, and the toys will seem ever so much more valuable if the youngsters help construct them. It's lots of fun for you too—just try it and see.



The base of the steamboat on the right is made from a length of wood two inches wide and one inch thick. The ends are sawed off to give a pointed effect, with a narrower length of wood nailed along the top. Three nails with blunt ends hold the funnels, made from rounds of wood. The base of the ship is painted blue and the funnels red.

The boat on the left is made from wood four inches wide and eight inches long with the ends shaped as above. Nail a small block of wood on the front and a larger one on the back with a smaller one on top. Two nails hold the funnels.



Here are jigsaw puzzles made from odd pieces of plywood. Trace the picture of a favorite animal on paper. Then cut around the outside. Put this in the centre of the plywood and trace around it. Make a small hole in the outline and insert your fretsaw. Saw around the animal and lift it out. Paint the frame and animal contrasting colors, and when the paint is dry cut the animal across in two or more places. Now glue a piece of cotton material on the back of the plywood frame so that the child can easily push the pieces with his fingers. The squirrel puzzle has a background of salmon pink (mixed from basic red and yellow paint.) The squirrel itself is painted blue, white and yellow.

whether it was just another morale-breaking method.

With the breakfast bread there was usually a small pat of what was politely called "butter." It was, of course, ersatz, and the taste made me violently ill the first week. After that I grew less finicky.

THE BUTTER was useful for more things than one. In the terrible cold of one of the bitterest winters Tokyo has known in years, my hands and feet and face chapped badly. I massaged them with the butter, feeling distinctly Tibetan. The butter massage accomplished two purposes. Even with shoes and stockings, my feet and hands were so badly frostbitten that they turned black and my nails came off, sometimes whole, sometimes shredding in layers. Only by rubbing could I keep some semblance of circulation in them, and thereby avoided infection and possibly gangrene. Also it kept my skin soft and smooth. I had constantly before me the thought of release, and I intended to look at least half civilized when that time came.

My hair was a problem. Thanks to the fact that it is naturally curly, I had no worries over a growing "perm." But with no brush and only a wooden comb, it grew dry and brittle, and even massage did little good. When it grew down over my shoulders, I was allowed three celluloid hairpins, about six inches long and half an inch from prong to prong. Prison officials suggested that I comb it straight back and tie it, but I refused, on the grounds that it would not look nice. That was a point of view they could not understand. Prisoners were not supposed to look nice.

Fastidiousness broke down, however, when it came to clothing. Having lived and worked for years in heated buildings, I had only one set of winter underclothes. These had been found in my apartment after my arrest, and at Sergeant Shibata's insistence the prison authorities allowed me to have them. There were laundry facilities at Sugamo, but in the intense cold I did not dare part with my warm clothing even for a day. I wore the same underclothes for weeks, comforting myself that as it was cold, a change was not so essential as it would be in summer. One pair of silk stockings was all I had for six months, so that there was little left by the end of that time. I was, however, lucky enough to have two blouses. Irons and ironing boards had obviously never been heard of in Sugamo, so at night I dampened the collar and cuffs and front of my clean blouse and stretched them to dry on the smooth stone of my washstand. At least the parts that showed outside my suit coat were neat. As with the money, I found later that woollen clothing sent by a friend had been refused. But at least it was returned to her.

But worse than the problem of clean clothes was cleanliness of person. There was, fortunately, running water in the cells, when it ran, which it did intermittently, and once a week we were allowed a hot bath, in the same water used by every other prisoner of the eighty in the ward. But the running water was icy cold, and of little use in removing grime. I steeled myself to an all-over cold sponge every morning, and for my hands and face saved a little of my lukewarm tea. Nail brushes, for some strange reason, were taboo, but I found a straw pulled from my broom fairly efficient in cleaning what was left of my nails.

MY EXAMINATION by the gendarmes, long though it was, took up only a comparatively small portion of the 180 days I spent in Sugamo. The rest of the time had to pass somehow. The question was, how?

According to prison rules prisoners were permitted two books a week. All I ever received, however, were my Bible and prayer book, which later I found useful as a calendar; an anthology, luckily very large; two copies of the Atlantic Monthly; and two novels. When I asked for more, I was told that the head wardress and the gendarmes had telephoned again and again to my apartment for books, but that none were ever sent. After my release I learned that the same friend who had sent the underclothing had sent over thirty books, of all sorts. The books suffered the fate of the underclothing, except that not all were returned even to her. I think I was deprived of them for the nuisance value.

One of the magazines contained an advertisement for the State of Pennsylvania, with a half-page colored picture. This, I thought one day, would make a beautiful jigsaw puzzle. I tore it out, and with infinite care tore it into tiny pieces. Then with still more care I put it together again. It occurred to me while I was so engaged that the tearing up of a picture for the mere purpose of putting it together must surely be the ultimate inanity. Would it not, I asked myself, be far more intelligent just to accept the facts of the case and do nothing?

The question was shelved when a wardress came in and took the scraps away from me. Prisoners were not supposed to amuse themselves.

I tried talking to the sparrows, enticing them to my window sill with crumbs of bread pushed painstakingly through the small mesh of the screening. At first they were scared, which I told them was entirely unnecessary. I even composed a poem on the fact that it was they who were free and could fly away, while I was the caged one. Through snowy January and February, when there was no food elsewhere, I fed them. On the eighth of March one consented to

"Which came first, Mum, Grown-ups or Children?"

"Surely you remember about Adam, Jimmy. First there was Adam, and then Eve, and then their children. But nowadays everybody puts women and children first."

"You mean like when a ship's wrecked?"

"Yes, dear, only men don't wait for a wreck, now, to put their wives and kiddies first. They try to protect them from any sort of trouble by buying life insurance."

"Is that what Daddy puts so much money into?"

"Yes. And some day you may be glad he does. If he should die without insurance you and I would become a burden on our relatives—or even on public charity. But if he lives we'll get benefits from his insurance in our old age and that'll mean we won't be a burden on *you*. Life insurance is good for everybody. That's why so many people own it. They've made it their business to protect one another."



Life Insurance Guardian of Canadian Homes

This message is sponsored by Life Insurance Companies in Canada

New Life ...

Statistics show that a baby is born in Canada every three minutes. At that rate there will be an increase of almost 10,000 citizens during the campaign period for the Fifth Victory Loan. If the proud parents, the fond grandmothers, or the ecstatic aunts would invest in a \$100 Victory bond for each newcomer, it would mean the rolling up of an even million dollars to represent the newest and finest of this country's national resources. A rapid and decisive victory is important to every baby's future. Buy the new Victory bonds!

HOW CAN I BE MORE PLEASING?

Probably You Can't Change—



PEPSODENT WITH IRIUM CAN ADD BEAUTY TO YOUR SMILE!

You will have more poise... more charm... even more pleasing personality, if you can smile confidently... buoyantly. And you can, if your teeth are given their natural brilliance. Make sure that your teeth are bright and lustrous. Pepsodent with Irium removes film that makes teeth look dull.

Once film is removed, Pepsodent's super polishing agent, Composite Metaphosphate adds more lustre... more sparkle to your teeth—brings out the natural brightness of your smile. Pepsodent's polishing agent is proved safe for tooth enamel. No grit, no pumice, no bleach. Add beauty to your smile. Don't delay. Buy Pepsodent Tooth Paste or Pepsodent Tooth Powder today.



How IRIUM in Pepsodent uncovers brighter teeth



Film on teeth collects stains, makes teeth look dingy—hides the true brightness of your smile.



This film-coated mirror illustrates how smiles look when commonplace methods don't clean film away.



But look what Irium does to that film! It loosens and floats it away, leaves the surface clean and bright.



That's how Pepsodent with Irium uncovers the natural, cheery brightness of your smile... safely, gently.

I Was a Prisoner of the Japs :: Continued from page 21

As twilight fell, the electric lights were turned on, and remained on until after we had dressed in the morning. All night we were required to sleep on our backs, with our faces turned to the light, so that the guards would see whether we were alive or were trying to commit suicide by smothering ourselves. I could not sleep on my back all night, I got too cramped. I did learn, however, to doze so lightly that I could hear the soft steps of the guard, in the corridor, and turn from my side to the required position before she reached my door.

At times I put my head under the bedclothes, to rest my weary eyes from the light. I have known the incredibly long twilights and early dawns of a northern Scottish summer, and found them exasperating enough. To live six months without darkness was a torture I could not have imagined. Even a glimpse of the night sky was denied me, for before we turned on our lights in the evening, the blackout curtains had to be lowered. Several times I attempted to peep between the wall and the blind, but not once did my eyes adjust themselves to the darkness before a step in the hall warned me to cease my forbidden activities. I was lucky enough to see two sunsets. The peephole on my door had a polished brass cover, and twice this was by accident pushed to such an angle that it reflected the western sky at the end of the long corridor.

Every evening, however, I had a few seconds of sheer delight. About half an hour after bedtime the day current was switched off and the night current, considerably more feeble, turned on. In between was darkness—deep, black, heavenly darkness.

The prison routine was strict. Prisoners rose with a bell at six in winter, five-thirty in summer. Twenty minutes was allowed us to dress and tidy our cells. Then came inspection, during which every prisoner had to kneel in the centre of her floor and bow, until her forehead touched the mats, to the official in charge that day. Breakfast arrived immediately after. At ten-thirty came lunch, at three-thirty supper. Then evening inspection between four-thirty and five, after which we were locked in for the night. The bedtime bell rang at seven o'clock, and we were expected to be in bed in about ten minutes.

Having no watch, I had to establish these times through observation and deduction. It took about four months to do it, but by listening to hear if a guard at one end of the hall would occasionally ask the time from one at the other, and by the ringing of a school bell nearby, I finally managed it. It was something to do.

THE MEALS were unvarying. A woman prisoner, condemned to a term of hard labor, pushed around a low wagon, on which were trays of tin bowls containing cereal and a big wooden bucket of soup. A wardress with her carried a copper kettle of tea. Each prisoner was provided with a large bowl for soup, a smaller one for cereal, a teapot, and a tiny saucer for the radish pickle which is the inevitable accompaniment of any Japanese meal.

The "cereal" referred to was, theoretically, rice. Actually it was a combination of about four parts barley to one of

unpolished rice, steamed to a most peculiar rubbery solidity. The soup was water with a little grease floating on top, and, to prove that it was fish soup and not water, a few fish scales or a tail in the bottom. Sometimes the soup contained turnip tops or seaweed. For supper, instead of soup, we had more turnip tops or more seaweed, served with the cereal. I had eaten seaweed before, and in fact rather liked it. But the prison seaweed was the cheapest grade, unseasoned, very different from the fine, properly dressed delicacies I had known.

Nothing was ever hot. At best, it had the chill off.

Twice during the six months we had toasted sardines. They were vilely and abominably fishy, and the first bite made me retch, but at least they were real fish, and cooked. Twice also we had cakes, of rice beaten to a paste, filled with sweetened red beans. From the color I judged they were in celebration of something, probably some victory over Allied forces, and later, comparing the dates, I found out I had been correct. But I did not enquire at the time. I was none too certain that my hunger would not overcome my patriotism, and I did not want to test it.

At the first sound of the food wagon being wheeled into the cell block, the prisoners were expected to seat themselves just inside their door, with their food bowls in readiness, waiting for their ration. I had seen animals in the zoo sit just so, and so my own dogs had often sat, waiting to be fed. I had always considered myself a civilized being, a member of a civilized and progressive society. I found how thin was the veneer of culture, as I too sat by my door waiting for food, watching avidly to see that I got no smaller stint of rice, no fewer pieces of seaweed in no less soup, than my next-door neighbors.

Prisoners who could afford it were permitted to buy their food from the prison commissariat, in which case they got whatever they could pay for. My finances were slender, however, and having no idea of how long I would have to remain in prison, or how I would subsist if and when I was released, I lived on the ordinary fare. I did, though, pamper myself in the matter of breakfast. Daily I ordered half a pound of bread and a bottle of milk, containing about one third of a pint. I also allowed myself an egg a day, which had to be eaten raw or not at all, and once a week, when I could get it, a small bottle of "jam" and a bag containing fifteen pieces of hard candy.

Some time after my release I discovered that this starvation diet had been completely unnecessary and was, in fact, forced upon me by the Japanese. The Canadian Charge d'Affaires, Mr. D'Arcy McGreer, the moment he heard of my imprisonment, had sent me the sum of one hundred yen, and a letter to say that I could have more whenever I needed it. He had also offered to send me canned food. On the Gripsholm, Mr. McGreer showed me the receipt for the money, signed with the official prison seal, which had been duly returned to him. But I had received neither letter, money, nor food. I have never decided whether this was because the prison, as I later learned, was bankrupt that month, or

they had done everything in their power to prevent it, even to forbidding hairpins and belts. That, to me, seemed infringing on human prerogatives and liberty even farther than they had done already, and I naturally felt it my duty to circumvent the restrictions, mentally at least. And it was one way of passing the time.

Then, for hours on end, I would pace my cell. Three steps and a turn, half a step and turn, three steps and turn again; I paced until I wore smooth spots in the board floor. Memorizing poetry helped there too. Exercise was, I knew, essential, and though theoretically we were allowed out for seven minutes a day in a fenced cage in the yard, sometimes days would pass and we would not get out. At first I paced my cell through sheer inability to keep still. But soon poor food and constant hemorrhages from which I suffered so sapped my vitality that I had to drive myself to move. Then I would set myself a stint of a certain number of lines to be learned, and walk until I had learned them. If I sat down I would, often as not, sink into a semi-coma, and that I did not dare to do. With the constant possibility of gendarmes coming to interrogate me, I was afraid to let my mind fog.

The nights were both the best and the worst. At night I could close my eyes and dream—of people, of places I had been and would go, and, eternally, of food. But if I dreamed, I sometimes also had nightmares, and woke screaming.

And sometimes I grew afraid that I was dreaming too much. Looking back on it now, I am astonished at the vividness of my imagination. What I read became intensely real, until I knew every line of a face, saw every house on a street, every piece of furniture and every design on the carpet of a room. The extraordinary development of the faculty was, undoubtedly, compensatory.

But I came to be afraid of it. The very reality of unreality, the unreality of reality, troubled me. I began to wonder if I were sane; which was fact

and which was imagination. It was too incredible that I should be in prison. The yellow walls, barred window and stone washstand were nightmare things. I had only to close my eyes and I would see my own familiar room, with my own furniture, my pictures and books and hangings, where a movement would turn on my phonograph with a familiar and loved symphony. Yet when I opened them, there were the yellow walls closing in on me, seeming to fall inward, until I put out my arm to ward them off.

IN SPITE of everything, however, I had one moment of excitement of which not even the guards could deprive me. It was April 18, a Saturday. I was pacing my cell, at noon, as I knew from the shadows thrown by the trees on the prison walls, and I was thinking that in another three hours, four at the most, I would get the ration of candies I had allowed myself that day. But suddenly all thoughts of candies were driven out of my head.

I heard the rattling thunder of anti-aircraft shells. I recognized the sound, though it was 26 years since I had heard it as a child in London. A moment later the sirens blew. Then the wardens came around and double-locked all doors. It could mean only one thing. American planes were over Tokyo. I wanted to dance a jig. To get up on the roof and wave. To cheer and yell. But all I could do was sit in my cell and hope.

That night there was another warning. Again I remembered London in 1916, and how I had sat on my mother's knee as she taught me the 91st psalm, "He shall give His angels charge over thee." I went to sleep repeating it. But my last conscious thought was, "Well, they missed me then, and there's no special reason why they shouldn't miss me now. And even if they don't, at least it will be an American bomb." I knew I'd hate to be killed by anything of Jap manufacture. It would be such a loss of face.

I think I was the only person in the prison who slept that night.✦



THE FUTURE BELONGS
TO THOSE WHO
PREPARE FOR IT

"Last Saturday was the proudest day of my life!"

THE DAY my Bill went off to war, he held me tight as he kissed me good-bye and he said, "So long, little Allie—you're the head of our family now!"

If you knew Bill—well, you'd see why winning this war is so important to me! I think of him every day when I take my place in the shop—and my work so far has passed inspection with flying colors!

And last Saturday, when they handed me my first pay envelope, I did something I've been thinking about quite a bit, lately . . . ever since I read somewhere that "The future belongs to those who prepare for it."

I paid the first premium on some insurance on my life—so that little Janie and Bobby will be sure of the future Bill and I have in our hearts for them . . .

Life Insurance Suggestions for the Woman War Worker

● If you're single, your basic life insurance need is a small policy to cover final expenses and burial. But if you have dependents, such as elderly parents, chances are you need life insurance for their protection—or for your own retirement later.

● If you are married, with children, and your husband has gone away to war, have you considered that right

now your own need for life insurance may be almost as great as your husband's was formerly?

● If you are helping your husband to support your family, it is wise for each of you to take out life insurance in proportion to your contribution to the family income.

● Your Prudential representative will gladly advise you on any of these plans.

Pattern Descriptions — see pages 46 and 47

4823—Misses' and women's dress in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 4 1/2 of 35 inch; 3 3/4 of 39 inch; 3 3/4 of 41 inch; 2 1/2 of 54 inch. Price, 25 cents.

4837—Misses' and women's dress in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 3 of 39 inch; 2 1/2 of 41 inch; 2 1/2 of 54 inch. A purchased belt is used. Price, 25 cents.

4836—Misses' and women's dress in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18. Size 16: 3 1/2 of 35 inch; 2 1/2 of 39 inch; 2 1/2 of 41 inch. Lace edging: 3 1/2 yards of 1 1/4 inch. Price, 25 cents.

4831—Misses' and women's two-piece dress in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42. Size 16: 4 of 35 inch; 3 3/4 of 39 inch; 3 3/4 of 41 inch; 2 1/2 of 54 inch. Price, 25 cents.

4816—Men's neckties in one size. Bow tie: 1/4 yard of 24 inch, 28 inch or 35 inch; 1/4 yard of 39 inch. 45 inch tie; for one tie: 3/4 of 24 inch, 28 inch, 35 inch or 39 inch. For two ties: 3/4 of 24 inch or 28 inch; 1/2 of 35 inch or 39 inch, 47 inch tie; for one tie: bias cut material: 3/4 of 24 inch. One tie, straight cut material: 3/4 of 24 inch, 28 inch, 35 inch or 39 inch. For two ties; straight cut material: 3/4 of 24 inch, 28 inch, 35 inch, 3/4 of 39 inch. Price, 25 cents.

4830—Doll's clothes for 11 inch, 13 inch, 15 inch or 20 inch doll. For 15 inch doll: coat and cap: 27 inches of 35 inch material or 24 inches

of 39 inch material. Ribbon: 1/2 yard of 1/4 inch. Dress and cap: 15 1/2 inches of 35 inch material or 15 1/2 inches of 39 inch material. Lace edging: 4 1/2 yards of 3/8 inch. Ribbon: 1 1/2 yards of 1/4 inch. Sun suit and bonnet: 14 inches of 35 inch material. Bias binding: 4 1/2 yards. Bunting bag and hood: 24 inches x 23 inches. Ribbon: 3 3/4 yards of 3/8 inch. Slip: 10 1/2 inches by 25 inches. Lace: 2 1/2 yards of 1/4 inch. Kimono: 13 1/2 inches by 24 inches. Ribbon: 2 1/2 of 3/8 inch. Diaper: 9 inches by 11 1/2 inches. Booties: 5 inches by 16 1/2 inches. Price, 20 cents.

4815—Stuffed toys. Baby deer: 15 1/2 inches by 22 1/2 inches. Pony: 14 inches by 18 1/4 inches. Contrast: 17 1/2 inches by 14 1/4 inches. Bunny: 17 1/4 inches by 9 1/2 inches. Contrast: 14 1/4 inches by 13 1/2 inches. Doll: 24 inches by 20 1/2 inches. Contrast: 11 1/2 inches by 6 inches. Dog: 12 inches by 17 1/2 inches. Contrast: 8 3/4 inches by 17 1/2 inches. Price, 15 cents.

4817—Misses' and women's blouse in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40. Size 16: 2 3/4 of 35 inch or 2 1/2 of 39 inch or 41 inch lengthwise striped or plain material. Price, 25 cents.

4844—Hat and bag in small, medium, large. For all sizes: 1/2 yard of 35 inch, 39 inch or 54 inch for hat. 3/4 of 35 inch or 39 inch material for bag. Contrast, 1/2 yard of 35 inch or 39 inch material with or without nap for hat and bag. Price, 25 cents.

The PRUDENTIAL

INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

BRANCH OFFICES IN ALL LEADING CANADIAN CITIES





"It makes quick work of dirt!"

It doesn't take a lot of hard work and hard scrubbing to clean with Bon Ami. In fact, it's a pleasure to see the quick way Bon Ami makes porcelain shine! For Bon Ami is free from scratchy grit and strong alkalis. That's important—because coarse, harsh cleansers gradually wear away the smooth, bright surface of your sink or tub. They make it harder to keep clean, too. But Bon Ami helps keep things smooth and shining. Makes even the hard cleaning jobs easier!

"It doesn't give me rough, red hands!"

Feel how soft and fine Bon Ami is! Not a bit scratchy or gritty. No wonder this pure, white cleanser is so easy on your hands—so safe for all your things!

Bon Ami

polishes as
it cleans!



MADE IN CANADA

take a crumb from my finger tips pressed close to the wire. A few weeks later she brought two pin-feathered babies to be fed on what she had apparently decided was the perfect baby food. But much as I wanted them to, they never stopped to talk.

The sparrows lived in the four evergreens in a row outside my window, between the cell block and the outer prison wall. The trees were useful, for I gradually learned to tell the time by the height and angle of their shadows on the wall. But I decided that I did not like evergreens. When trees drop their leaves, you know that the spring will some day come, when they will bud and leaf again. There is no hope, no progress, to a tree which is everlastingly the same. Time becomes static, and I did not like static time.

I did like watching my wall, however. For the first time I discovered that even concrete can have shades and color values, less obvious and far more transient and delicate than brick. At sunrise my wall was dull silver, with a faint rose blush. In the evening, at sunset, it was again silver, but gleaming like a silver sheet reflecting gold.

I spent a lot of time attempting to compose poetry. I have always written it, spasmodically, and the hours upon hours of loneliness seemed an excellent opportunity. I did reel off rhymes by the yard, but to me the most truly poetic of all forms is the sonnet. And, not being Milton, I could not compose sonnets in my head. I did achieve two lines which I considered passable, but I doubted if even Lord Dunsany, who once admitted a man to honorary membership of a company of poets on the strength of his "rose-red city half as old as time," would consider me a poet on the basis of two meagre lines.

That left only two things, reading and dreaming. I read and reread my books, which became so thumbed that I could open any of them at any page I wanted. Memorizing poetry consumed a lot of time. It occupied my mind in an intelligent fashion, and kept me from forgetting my own language. Scenes of revelry, of eating and drinking, such as those of the earthy "Tam O'Shanter"; "The Deserted Village," with its inn and warm inglenook; Goldsmith's "Thanks for the Venison," whose "white was so white and whose lean was so ruddy"; helped season my unappetizing meals. I began to memorize "The Eve of St. Agnes," but gave it up because Madeline struck me as somewhat silly. If I had been she, I would have said to Porphyro, "Okay, old boy, you sink into your azure-lidded sleep, but me for the cakes and dainties." Jellies smoother than the creamy curd would have suited me excellently.

In fact I was at times thoroughly ashamed of the way my mind dwelt on food. I dreamed of it asleep, and when awake sat for hours imagining meals I would like to be eating.

AS AN intellectual occupation, I spent days finding means of escape. It was, I knew, a purely intellectual exercise, for even had I managed to scale the walls or walk through the gates, I would, in Tokyo, have been as obvious as a Hindu fakir on Broadway. I also worked out a number of ways of committing suicide. Not that I had any intention whatsoever of carrying out any of my schemes. But the prison officials were so obsessed with the fear that their prisoners might, that

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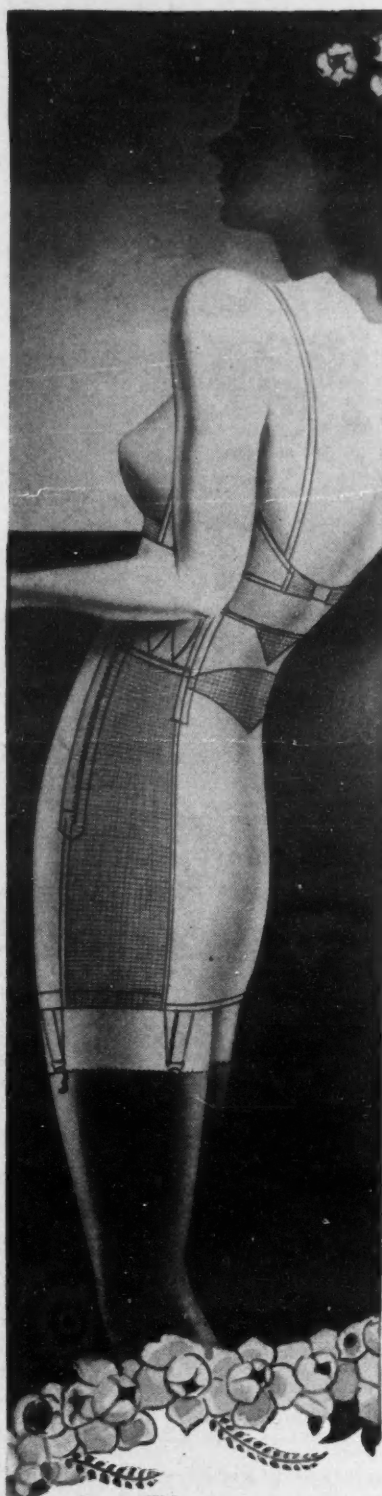
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Foreign Mission Revival After the War? :: Continued from page 12

“2. The encouragement of co-operatives among the poorer classes of Chinese people.

“3. A bringing to the Chinese people of a greater sense of humanitarianism.

“There is every evidence that the Chinese people have appreciated and are appreciating tangible results of the Christian missionaries in China. On the other hand, the Chinese people feel they have imparted much of their civilization, thousands of years old, built around moral and spiritual philosophy, to these missionaries. One can recall the words of Bertrand Russell when returning from fulfilling a fellowship at a Chinese university. ‘When I went to China I went there to teach, and when I got there I found I had more to learn than to teach.’

“Chinese civilization is the oldest living civilization in the world today. As far back as 500 B. C. our people were taught ‘to daily examine themselves on three points: Have I been honest in business transaction among people? In my social intercourse have I been sincere and faithful? Have I followed the teachings of my masters? Such philosophy, which at the same time included a conviction that there is an unknown Almighty in Heaven, has been the reason why the Chinese civilization has existed so long when other civilizations have fallen. So I feel that the Christian missionaries who are going to China, are doing a great service. They are a link between our older civilization and the newer Western world.

“In considering your question ‘Do you believe in a revival of foreign missionary effort after the war?’ I can only refer to the last words of Jesus Christ to his Disciples, ‘Go ye therefore into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.’ With these words always before them, His followers today are ever conscious that they must let the people of China know that the unknown Almighty is God and that at one time He did send His Son to earth.”



Ronald A. McEachern, Editor of The Financial Post, gives a comprehensive and frank summing up of the question: “I always feel disturbed about foreign missions. A not very good reason, perhaps, is reticence about bursting in on, and trying to tear down, those things which other people hold precious, which are so closely linked with their history, their culture, their entire social life.

“Perhaps it isn't foreign missions that bother me but some foreign missionaries. Against some of these emissaries, it seems to me the heathen should be protected, rather than exposed.

“My missionary would have the high capacity of mind and heart to take

Christianity into his own life. He would be rich in the knowledge and virtues of his own society. Knowing its culture, comprehending its own strengths and weaknesses, he would be discriminating about abiding values in another society.

“Eager though I am for the spread of the Christian gospel, I can't help wondering if the heathen would not accept it more readily if Christianity were accepted and lived by many, many more of the Canadian people.”



Canon L. A. Dixon, General Secretary of the Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada:

“If by ‘foreign missionary work’ is meant spreading the Gospel throughout the world, I most certainly believe it should be continued after the war. For the Gospel is the foundation of all the finest and best things in life—in defense of which we are pouring out treasure and life. Then surely it is worth sharing with all mankind. Is there any other adequate ground for a just and lasting world peace? The Gospel will ever continue to be ‘good news’—both at home and abroad.”

Dr. Mary Winspear, Dean of Women at the University of Alberta:

“The failure to meet the problem of distribution rather than that of production has undermined the economic system of individual enterprise. The Christian Church, however, in the last decades has failed signally in the problem of production. The fact is that we have not produced enough Christian characters to meet our domestic needs, let alone enough for export. Unless the Church undergoes a spiritual regeneration in the very near future, there is little chance that it will have enough vitality to revive its efforts in the mission field. And while Protestant sects are in rivalry, one against the other, and Protestants are in conflict with the Catholics, there is little hope of winning proselytes for the Church. Nor does our national life bear witness to any real devotion to the ideals of the Founder of Christianity. I am not hopeful.”

Rt. Rev. Andrew Y. Y. Tsu, Bishop of Kunming, China, who is visiting Canada and the United States as a special representative of the House of Bishops, Anglican Church of China:

“Missionary work, whether foreign or domestic, has for its object the spreading of the Christian way of life, based on the two basic tenets of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

In our view it is the one way to realize our hope for a just and lasting peace among nations, races and social groups. Holding to this conviction, the Christian Church cannot but be missionary minded and can make no distinction between foreign and domestic. Missionary work by the very nature of the object must be world-wide in scope and must be the joint enterprise of all Christian believers in all lands.”

Rev. R. N. Savory, who now lives in Salmon Arm, B.C., was formerly a missionary to Japan:

“I hope for great development of missionary effort after the war—not revival. For even today the world outreach of the church continues. This truly is one world, and home and foreign missions form one complete unit. They must advance together in Canada. In Japan paganism is against the will of God, and Christians must combat it. This war has shown what human nature is like when men or nations reject the God whose standards and likeness we see in Jesus Christ. We need fellowship with Him and so does every man. No mythical or imaginary god will do. The stronger our fellowship with Him, the more we want to share it. Other motives take second place. These sum up in the desire to serve, to help others to help themselves in a myriad of ways, but the chief motive is ever to bring the whole world under the Lordship of Christ. Only then can we look for just and durable peace.”



The Right Reverend J. E. McRae, Superior General of the Foreign Missions Society of Scarborough, Ontario (Roman Catholic):

“If your question means should the efforts for foreign missions continue after the war, my answer is definitely yes. Foreign mission are an obligation for all Christians. They will continue to be so until all men participate in the salutary redemption of Christ. That objective is the sole reason for the existence of the Church. Says Pope Pius XI, ‘We have no choice when confronted with the divine command to ‘preach the gospel to every creature.’ God wills all men to be saved and to come to a knowledge of His gospel. Foreign missions are the means to that end. They should continue with ever-increasing intensity of effort, and God will grant results commensurate with that effort.”

Dr. W. A. Cameron, Secretary of the Presbyterian General Board of Missions:

“Through war days essential services
+ Continued on page 30

sana in corpore sano' will always be a sine qua non in Christian missionary work.

☆☆

Dr. Wm. Quinn, who for six years was Superintendent of the Jobat hospital in the Bhil country of Central India, returned to Canada a few months ago and is now living in London, Ont. He answers as follows:

"The enormous population and vast potential wealth of India portend world-shaking power. Will it be constructive or destructive? Our democracy, social security, justice, freedom, all rest upon principles of the Bible, and all are unknown among heathen people. Britain has given to India educational and

industrial opportunities, but with what results? They still spend their lives in poverty, ignorance and sickness, practicing filthy and degrading habits, cruelty, crime and witchcraft, caste and polygamy, without God in this world and without hope for the life to come.

"Education and economic relief will never heal India's sores. India needs one thing—the Gospel of Jesus Christ—to lay the foundation of regenerated human life and character on which to build the structure of a nation.

"Can we whose souls are lighted with wisdom from on high, Can we to men benighted the Lamp of Life deny?" ✦

I'm a Ground Lubber :: Continued from page 16

Everything—streetcars and buses and even letterboxes and litter cans—has an enlivening touch of difference. That is why I prefer to travel by ground. The world seen at eye level is infinitely more various than the monotonous geometry of fields and concession lines and the flat upward stare of roofs.

So when the swords have been turned into plowshares and the Victory bonds into travellers' cheques, I think I'll take a train; preferably the night train to New York.

THE NIGHT train to New York takes 15 hours, by postwar standards a preposterous length of time to inch across such a tiny space of planet. But for the starved train traveller those 15 hours are packed solid with special variegated pleasures. There is the fine smell of oil and cinders, the hiss of steam escaping and then the abrupt preliminary hitch running all along the train. ("It's really started," we used to say in our earliest train rides, and that moment of enchanted incredulity still recurs, after all these years.) There is the sight of one's fellow passengers, wearing that Pullman look of scaled reserve which guarantees to leave you alone in your world of private enchantment. There is the meal on the diner, where the service is so much more distinguished than the food, and the food itself can be trusted never to divert you from the pleasure of watching the countryside wheeling past in the dusk.

It will be fun going to bed on a train again. I like the chambered nautilus feeling of a lower berth, the sense of safe retreat in a minimum space. And I like the small housekeeping problem of where to put my belongings, of what goes on the shelf, and what on the window sill and what can be entrusted to the hammock. And then I like to relax—for to enjoy a train ride fully you must lie vertical with its motion—in a half-dream made up of the stir and whispers in the aisle, the swaying of the train, and the dark landscape sliding past the window.

Unhappily it can't go on forever. There is always the morning and the Ladies' Washroom to be faced.

I find it difficult to say anything in favor of Ladies' Washrooms on trains. The serene temper of train travelling always breaks down in the washroom, fraying out into fretfulness and humiliation. There is always the struggle to dodge the too-large lady in front of the mirror and the effort to grapple with the too-small soap in the wash basin. There is the curious smell, made up of

train-smell, washroom smell, and the smell of other women's cosmetics. There is the problem of adjusting your lipstick with the floor rocking under your feet and six other women waiting their turn at the mirror. There is the mirror itself which always brings a shock of painful recoil; for train washroom mirrors, I am convinced, are deliberately selected by the Maintenance Department with an eye to discouraging patrons from lingering in front of them a moment longer than is necessary. This is the moment—the only one—when I envy the air traveller, arriving exactly as she left home, with her make-up unravished and not a hair out of place.

Ten minutes later you are back in your seat looking your worst and hardly caring. Then suddenly it doesn't matter because you are approaching New York. The buildings cluster thicker and begin to mount and there are ships riding at anchor in the Hudson and buses rolling grandly along the Drive and, behind them and beyond, the incredible towers of Manhattan.

MANHATTAN ISLAND is good enough for me. I don't want to hop to Attu or Kiska merely to prove to myself how sensationally the world has shrunk. I liked the preshrunk world much better. It fitted and was comfortable, with plenty of room to turn around in. Besides, I suspect that however importantly Attu and Kiska may have figured in the news, they are still pretty grim and desolate spots that only a Japanese strategist would covet and only a seagull visit for pleasure.

When the war is over, however, and the new routes of the world lie open to civilian travel I think I would like to drive up the Alaska Highway, all the way from Edmonton to Fairbanks. There has been plenty of publicity about the Alaska Highway, but very little information. I'd like to see it for myself—not laid out flat and neat on an aerial map, but mile after endless mile through scrub and muskeg and wilderness. There's no point in hurrying. You can't take Canada at a hop, skip and jump and still retain the respect that is due to its massive and awe-inspiring geography.

Beyond that, of course, one would have to fly. For the Arctic has skipped the historical period of ground travel and navigation and jumped straight into the postwar era. I think maybe I'll stop at Fairbanks and not go on to Yakutsk, Siberia. Yakutsk will keep for another day. After all it's only 28 flying hours from the local airport. ✦

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are given their usual place; nonessentials become secondary. It is significant that missionary societies have been permitted to send necessary money abroad to carry on according to pre-war standards.

"After the war we look for a better world. The best possible world is the truly Christian world. Missions exist primarily that men may become Christian, in outlook and in practice. After the last war we depended on pacts, conferences and agreements. These failed us because, on the part of some great nations, the will to peace was absent. In the words of Dr. John R. Mott, the great missionary statesman, 'Only the Gospel of Christ can save the world and flood it with goodwill.' This the Christian Church proclaims through its missionary effort."

♦ ♦ ♦



F. G. Venables, prominent Toronto businessman and lay member of the Anglican General Synod:

"Yes, I believe in a revival of foreign missionary effort, but with different vision and methods. 'A Christian world in fifty years', the aim of the '90's, has proved to be impossible of achievement. I believe we must go on the assumption that the world as we know it will, with various changes, exist for hundreds, and perhaps thousands of years, and plan and act accordingly, doing our small part thoroughly, with faith that those who come after will be as earnest and capable as we.

"This missionary game was new to us 200 years ago, and we have had to learn it as we went along, and profit by mistakes. Generally speaking, our methods have improved, but there is still room for improvement.

"I lay great stress on the importance of a Christian and British Canada, and the strengthening of the home base, contemporaneous with a reasonable foreign endeavor. No drill instructor ever taught a squad how to slope arms without having first been able to do it himself. Similarly, a non-Christian Canada could not be expected to lead in world evangelization.

"I believe that Christian medical missionaries, trained nurses, teachers, and social service workers, are the best agents. When you want to teach a child, you first gain its confidence, usually by doing something for it, thereby earning its gratitude and affection. The medical, relief and educational work now being done by missionaries in India and China will pay big dividends in future years.

"We must remember that there are civilizations and religions much older than the Christian era, and exercise patience and tolerance, realizing that Christian fanaticism is still fanaticism, and between burning zeal and fanaticism there is a great gulf fixed.

"Above all, we must choose our agents with wisdom and care. 'Mens



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Fit for the Times

By ADELE WHITE, Beauty Editor

PRIZE-WINNERS in health and beauty, these days, are the girls in the Services. Just watch them as they swing down the street, trim, smart and clear-eyed. They wear radiant health and physical fitness as a special badge of merit.

Perhaps you think it's a cinch for them to keep in top form—just because you see them on their route-marching, or at exercise displays. But that's where you're wrong. After their basic training, 75% of these girls become typists, clerks, telephone operators, teletypists, secretaries and transport drivers—all kinds of sedentary jobs. And yet you seldom see a sign of any of those "occupational diseases" which sneak up on many of us who spend our working days sitting down—those fitness and figure disabilities such as round shoulders, dowager's hump, barrel roll in front and "stenographer's spread" at the hips.

What's the answer? Chatelaine wanted to find out, so we called on the Basic Training Centre at Kitchener, Ont., where CWAC recruits, when they first join up, are

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☆☆

To be generous is a fine thing—up to a point, but call a halt when it comes to sharing your most personal possessions, such as lipsticks, powder puffs and combs, with pals who find themselves caught short. It may seem a little on the stingy side if you're out with someone who suddenly discovers she's left her cosmetics at home in another pocketbook. It's obviously a crisis for her, so she turns to you for help. Instead of handing over your lipstick, let her take a spot of it on the end of a match, then she can put it on her lips with her fingertip. Powder can be lent by using a piece of face tissue instead of your powder puff. Unless you're sufficiently altruistic to carry an extra comb for just such an emergency, you'll have to be firm about this, because other people's dandruff is definitely catching. Be exclusive about all your cosmetics—keep them as much a private affair as your toothbrush.

☆☆

And, speaking of lipsticks, have you noticed girls, attractively dressed, with make-up in perfect order, who have a red mark against them—a gob of lipstick on a front tooth? They may have done all the right things about shaping their lips and then blotting to avoid an oily look, but somewhere along the line they have inadvertently rubbed lipstick on a tooth. Then they go on their way quite unaware of this rosy dental display. Well—just see that it doesn't happen to you.

☆☆

Remember those footlets you wore last summer when you went without stockings? I expect you've stored them away for the winter. How about making them an all-year-round accessory? Because footlets worn under stockings will make the stockings last longer, and that's pretty important in these days of shortages and conservation.

☆☆

At Basic Training Centre, Kitchener, importance of looking neat and attractive is stressed, as part of the keeping fit regime. There's a full-fledged hair-dressing salon in one of the tar-paper huts. The exterior is severe and unadorned, but the inside is just as frilly and feminine as any woman could wish for. It's run entirely by CWACS—girls who were employed as hairdressers before they joined up. Here the rules and regulations about hair-dos—one inch above the collar of uniforms—are painlessly enforced. CWACS can be given oil or plain shampoos, scalp treatments, finger waves and manicures. All of which cost only about one third as much as they do in civilian life. ♦

lunge and bend sideways to the right, then to the left. In both these exercises your arms and your body should form a graceful arc—as shown in the picture on opposite page.

Barrel Roll In Front. To strengthen flabby tummy muscles try:

(1) Trunk swinging with forward stretch. With feet apart, raise your arms above your head, keep knees locked. Swoop down and touch the floor, then swing halfway up and pause (your back and arms should be in line, and at right angles to your legs, as in the group

what with route-marching, guard duty and general chores, so CWAC's see to it that shoes fit perfectly. Also they do exercises to strengthen arches and ankles. Here are some of them:

(1) Sit on chair, with knees crossed, and with your hand roll one foot around and around, and then the other. Then roll them for awhile without the aid of your hand.

(2) Hold toes firmly to the floor and lift arch as high as possible up behind.

(3) Practice picking up a handkerchief or any soft object with your toes.



Here's a back-breaker that requires a fine sense of balance to keep from toppling, plus graceful arm and hand movements.

picture, top of page). Straighten to first position and repeat.

(2) Lie on your back with arms at your sides. Lift your head and then roll up to a sitting position. Breathe naturally while you do this stunt, as holding your breath makes it harder.

(3) This next exercise is more fun if it's done tandem, as in the twosome picture. Lie on your back, clasp hands with your partner behind your head. With knees straight, raise your legs, swing them wide apart, then together and lower. Repeat until either you or your partner says "uncle."

Outsized Hips. Plain old-fashioned hip rolling exercises, with lots of twist in the waist, will help melt away those too well-upholstered hips. The CWAC's say it helps a lot if you roll to the strains of "Bicycle Built For Two."

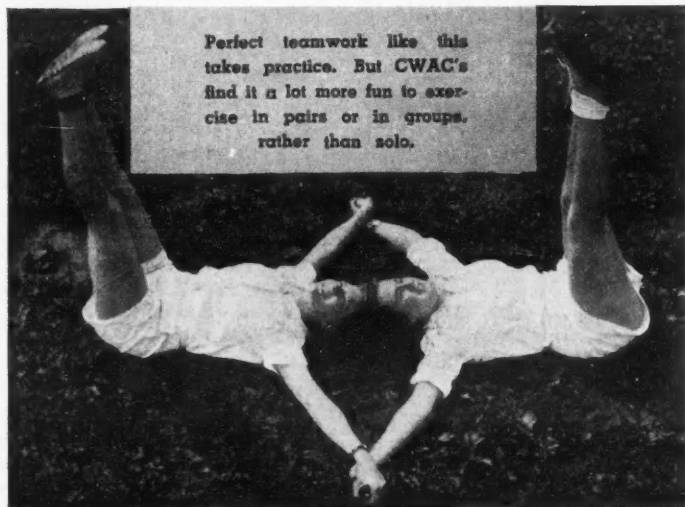
Trouble Afoot. There's no pampering of pedal extremities in the Army,

Exercise For Fun And Fitness.

That's an important point emphasized by the P. T. instructor—exercises must be fun. You'll get far more benefit that way. CWAC's take their exercises half in "daily dozens" and half in games, because teamwork is a fine incentive to promote energy and pep.

For girls in civilian life, gym classes are the answer. Join a streamlining class two or three times a week and then do a few bends and swings each night, as homework, just to keep yourself in trim. There are gym classes for all ages—from whippersnapper to mature older woman. So, get hep to your particular physical weakness, choose your group and start on a self-renovating program, with a measuring tape and a full-length mirror to note monthly improvements.

This is a time for fitness. So follow the example of the girls in uniform and make yourself fit for the times. ♣



Perfect teamwork like this takes practice. But CWAC's find it a lot more fun to exercise in pairs or in groups, rather than solo.

Keep all your skin

smooth-youthful-kissable



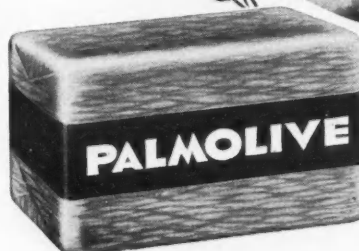
All of you, from tip to toe... must be exquisitely beautiful... to arouse and hold a lover's adoration. So, keep dainty all-over... keep your complexion satin-smooth and kissable and... fragrant. Yes, you can have that lovely schoolgirl complexion and flower-fresh daintiness that are the twin keys to a man's heart—prove it for yourself by just making the easy and ever-so-pleasant Palmolive 14-Day Beauty Test.



Here is the way. Each time you wash with new, improved Palmolive, take one minute more... a full 60 seconds... and massage Palmolive's remarkable beautifying lather into your skin—like a cream. It's that extra 60-second massage with Palmolive's lather that works such wonders. Then rinse thoroughly and pat dry—that's all! And it really works—proved by 36 doctors in 1285 scientific tests on all types of skin!



All-over refreshing, relaxing beauty treatment! Give all your skin this proven beauty treatment. Start today—it can't be too soon to let gentle Palmolive give you that loveliness all men admire.



Keep that lovely Schoolgirl Complexion



A recent portrait of
CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
by Maria de Kammerer

LEADING A *Double* LIFE?

Discover Tangee's Satin-Finish Lipsticks!

—says Constance Luft Huhn, Head of the House of Tangee

Most of you are "racing the clock" these days... somehow finding time for new wartime duties in addition to your regular activities. That is the big reason, I'm sure, why so many women have welcomed our new LONG-LASTING Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks.

For here are lipsticks that, once on, *stay* on! An exclusive SATIN-FINISH brings your lips a satin-y smoothness that defies both time and weather. Neither too moist nor too dry—but just right—your Tangee Lipstick will actually seem to smooth itself on to your lips... holding its true and glowing color for hours and hours.

If you have been longing for just such a lipstick, I urge you to ask for "Tangee." And, for best results, wear your Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick together with the matching rouge and Tangee's UN-powdery Face Powder.

NEW TANGEE MEDIUM-RED... a warm, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light... just right.

TANGEE RED-RED... "Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All," harmonizes perfectly with all fashion colors.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED... "The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade"... Is always most flattering.

TANGEE NATURAL... "Beauty for Duty"—conservative make-up for women in uniform. Orange in the stick, it changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush rose.

BEAUTY—glory of woman...
LIBERTY—glory of nations...
Protect them both...

BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES



TANGEE

SATIN-FINISH



Lipsticks



This trunk swinging and forward stretch exercise will help to strengthen lax tummy muscles to make a flatter and more flattering silhouette.

Canadian Army photographs

taught the principles of army training, drill and marching. At the end of this three-month period, they're turned out well disciplined soldiers, in A1 physical condition.

During this period CWAC's store up plenty of capital in health and physical fitness, because along with rigorous physical training, which puts snap in their muscles, they're given a well-balanced diet, with lots of vitamins and energy food—no sip and bite snacks in army life. Also, early to bed is the motto. Late parties and dawn patrol dates are just a memory, and reveille sounds at six a.m.!

One of the first questions we asked the P. T. instructor at the camp was what she found to be the most common physical weakness of new recruits.

"When girls first join up," she told us, "stiffness, awkward carriage and slack posture are the worst faults. They're not used to standing or walking for long periods. Most girls, for example, stand

nearly always a few who collapse because they haven't learned the art of standing with ease and perfect balance.

To show exercises which improve posture and shape, a group of CWAC's, looking crisp and fresh in white blouses and shorts, put on a special demonstration for our benefit while an army photographer snapped pictures.

Limbering-up Exercise. The pretty girl with wind-blown hair, on the opening page, shows an arm-swinging exercise which promotes grace and freedom of movement. As arms swing in a semi-circle, up to the right and then up to the left, you bend at the waist and follow through as though you were swinging a golf club. But instead of keeping your eye on the ball, your head turns and you keep your eyes on your hands. Hands and wrists are loose and relaxed.

Another arm-swinging movement, awfully good for shoulder muscles, is



Side-to-side rolling is a first-rate antidote for sitter's spread. Try it to the strains of "Bicycle Built for Two."

★
At the Basic Training Centre, Kitchener, Ont., CWAC's show us how they keep in top form. Take a tip from these army girls on health and fitness.
★

with hollowed backs, stooped shoulders and stomachs protruding. When they walk, they waddle with toes turned out. Correct posture should give a straight tall feeling as though you were being drawn up, almost like suspension."

That's the first lesson; how to stand and walk correctly. Because when the body is off balance, it throws strain in the wrong places and you tire much more easily. Have you watched men or girls on parade when they have to stand at attention for long periods? There are

called the cross-to-fly-to-circle. You begin with arms crossed in front of your chest, then fling them out wide and wave in a circular motion.

Spare Tire Around the Waistline. CWAC's do twisting and bending exercises to limber up waist muscles.

(1) Stand with feet apart, reach your arms high above your head, bend as far to the right as possible, straighten and bend as far to the left.

(2) With feet together, arms raised,

MAUREEN O'HARA, NOW STARRING IN "THE FALLEN SPARROW." AN RKO-RADIO PICTURE



How her Stunning Ivory Skin-Tone can be—YOURS



Glorious Maureen says—

"Make-up experts advise for me a powder shade that emphasizes the ivory fairness of my skin. Like many other stars, I use Woodbury Powder. For Woodbury shades do more than just blend with skin coloring—they give the most flattering color-tone. I wear exquisite *Woodbury Rachel*. It gives a warm, ivory tone that means glamour, I'm told!"



Fi'm Directors know—

Hollywood could tell you why the stars find Woodbury Powder extra flattering: Woodbury shades were created with the help of film directors, who chose tints that would be most glamorizing. And Woodbury Powder is made color-even by the Color Control process—to give your skin a luscious, *clearer* look!



Cupid Will Get You!

See how Maureen's shade becomes *you*—try *Woodbury Rachel*. Or choose one of the other glorious shades. Three refinings give Woodbury Powder a sheer texture that helps hide tiny flaws, lines—gives a heavenly smooth finish—never looks powdery. Wear your Woodbury shade *today*—and make a hit with *his* heart. Boxes are 25¢ and 16¢.

Let your Lucky Star
Bring new Beauty, Romance

Try your Woodbury shade

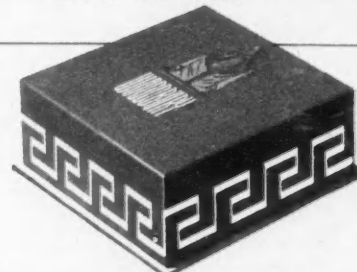
Choose from—

For Maureen O'Hara's Stunning Ivory Skin-Tone—wear *Rachel*.

For Lana Turner's Dazzling Honey Skin-Tone—wear *Windsor Rose*.

For Veronica Lake's Exquisite Cameo Skin-Tone—wear *Flesh*.

For Dorothy Lamour's Luscious Tropic Skin-Tone—wear *Radiant*.



Hollywood Glamour Chart

in every Woodbury Powder box tells the most flattering shades of Woodbury Powder, Lipstick and Rouge for your type. Get your glamorizing shades *today*—see your new allure! (Made in Canada)

WOODBURY Color-Controlled POWDER



For
Glamour...
OFF DUTY...



It is fortunately still easy to buy the world-famous CHANEL Perfumes and Colognes—the finest and most exquisite aids to personal charm obtainable. No Christmas or occasional gift would be more welcome to friends serving overseas, or on home duty, in the various Women's Auxiliary Services or in hospitals.

Though the CHANEL bottle has been changed somewhat due to wartime restrictions, CHANEL Perfumes and Colognes are still made from genuine pre-war concentrates imported into America prior to the fall of France.

Four glorious fragrances: No. 5, No. 22, Gardenia, Cuir de Russie.

Perfumes: $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. \$3.00 — 1 oz. \$10.00
Colognes: 2 oz. 2.00 — 6 oz. 4.00

Fragrant
Enchantment
by

CHANEL
PERFUMES AND COLOGNES

Your Life Tomorrow

By BRUCE MACHINNON

IT WILL be one of those brisk January days, the second day of 1959, when you see the notice to trot your Fifth Victory Loan bonds down to the financial centre for repayment of the money you lent to Canada away back in 1943. And that afternoon, at a winter club perhaps 40 miles away from your home, your thoughts will turn idly back to the half-forgotten life you used to live in the days when the world was at war.

Not easy to recall the strange old-fashioned world of 1943, but as you slip out of your ski-togs and into the shower on this weekday afternoon the first thing that would come to mind is that you could never have taken that much time off from housework 15 years ago—any afternoon, let alone every afternoon.

For in 1959 housework is no longer a refined form of slavery. Today, for instance, your workday is not much more than six hours long, about three hours in the morning and another three hours around dinner time.

This morning you had, just as in 1943, to get up and get breakfast for the family. But you didn't stand and perspire over the hot stove of your ancestors. You simply dropped the bacon into one cooking unit, the eggs into another, the oatmeal into a third. Each unit is a deep recess, vaguely reminiscent of an old-fashioned fireless cooker, and your cooking utensils fit snugly into them so that the heat all goes into the saucepan instead of into the kitchen. Moreover each pot has a tight-fitting lid on it, which saves both heat and food values.

This way of cooking turns out a breakfast with far less fuss and muss than you would have believed possible in 1943. But the feature that has cut down your working time so substantially is the burner control. Each burner has its own time and temperature control. Each will work the way your automatic toaster did in 1943. After you have set the dials, the porridge will begin to cook in about 10 minutes, will cook in another five minutes, then the heat will be turned off automatically. A minute or so later, the heat will come on under the bacon and turn off again when the rashers are crisp. The same with the eggs and the coffee and the toast. After putting the materials on the stove and setting the dials, you won't need to come back to the kitchen until the automatic musical chimes tell you that breakfast is ready to serve.

Cast your mind forward, say fifteen years, to a freer, happier home life, when there'll be no dust, no furnace slavery, no housekeeping drudgery, and when there'll be better health and more leisure for everybody.

Of course it's complicated. Back in 1943 you wouldn't have known how to set the timing and temperature gauges, and there were some sorry failures before you mastered the special course of training in automatic cooking that you took at night school in 1951. There was a sad week in which the beef came to table cooked to a frazzle and the pork appeared as rare as a minute steak.

But all that's long past, and in 1959 you're thoroughly used to using your brain to save your back—in fact, you use just about as much automatic machinery as a manufacturing plant or a business office did back in 1943.

After breakfast you'll go automatic again, stack the dishes in the all-purpose sink, set the time, temperature and rate of flow controls, and not return until later in the morning. By that time the dishes will be washed, dry, ready to lift out in their rack and put away until tomorrow's breakfast. Altogether, you will have spent less than half an hour on getting the breakfast and clearing away.

And while your machine shop of a kitchen has been busily taking care of the breakfast problem, you have been able to dress, and rout the family out of bed. Fortified by the good meal ready for them they set off to work and school.

And what schools! From the age of three on, children are no longer "a trial." Before nine o'clock they will pile on buses for nursery schools,

grammar schools and high schools. Each type of school will not only impart the proper degree of book learning, but will provide the child's lunch, rest periods and recreation. From the age of three children will begin to fit into the life of the community. They will learn early how to get along with one another, will learn a sense of responsibility before they learn to read, and will pick up their book knowledge much more rapidly than they did under the old system of education. What they learn in the more advanced schools will be neither completely "practical" nor completely "theoretical." It will be a combination of the two that will develop the ability to think constructively and act with initiative about the problems of daily life.

Most parents will see little of their children between nine in the morning and around five at night. After packing the youngsters off in the morning, most housewives will make the rounds of the bedrooms, then have an hour or two of free time before luncheon. There will be no dusting, since all dust will be pulled out of the air by an electronic device installed in the air-conditioner. Once a month the air cleaner will have to be dumped, and somewhat oftener there will have to be a thorough vacuuming to get rid of mud and other heavy dirt that the children track in. Dust will not keep pouring into open windows, since there will seldom be any open windows. Complete air-conditioning will make open windows unnecessary. Your windows will all be double, leaving a slight air space between the panes for insulation, and will be either of plastic or special glass which will permit all the beneficial rays of the sun to reach you.

But even if you did leave your windows open, your curtains would not be ruined by smoking chimneys, since in 1956 chimneys have not smoked for several years. The old furnace that used to have such a voracious appetite has disappeared. It used to give you only from 3% to about 10% of the heat value of the fuel you poured into it—now it gives you better than 50%, and your fuel bill has come down in proportion. Your 1959 model furnace burns very little fuel, is about one fourth the size of the antique you used in 1943. What fuel it does burn is burned to bits—no billowing smoke, no hot, half-burned gases. *Continued on page 41*



Though busy with war production today, science and industry are already mapping out a more comfortable life for the Canadian family of the future.

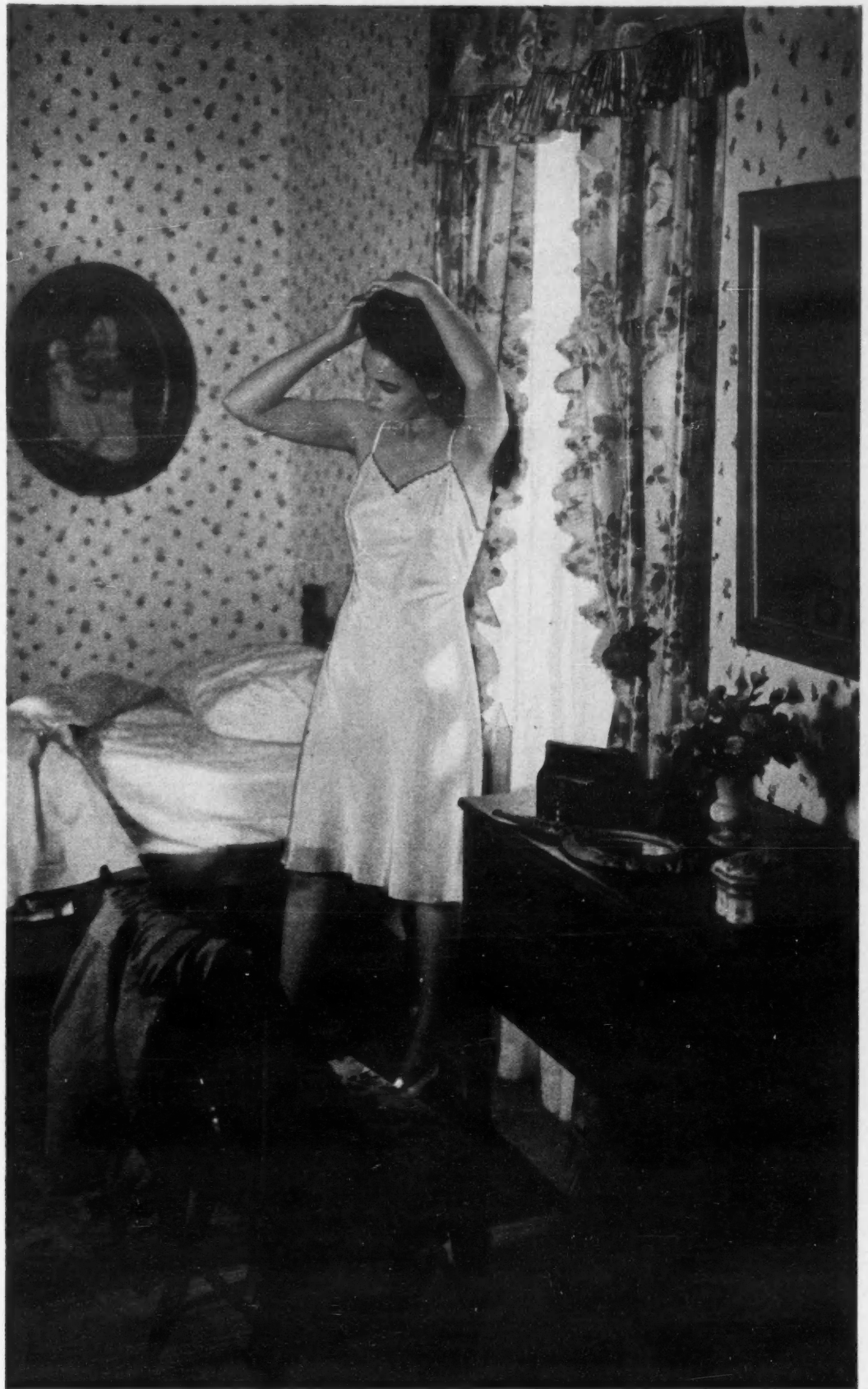
Speed the end of war

- More men to fight will help finish it sooner.
- By offering their services now, Canadian women can release more men for the armed services.
- In addition to the already wonderful response from Canadian women, there is still a critical need for more women . . . for war production . . . for necessary civilian services . . . for any one of the many vital jobs which need to be done.
- Every woman should plan to do her part. The task is not easy, but your help is needed *now*.
- Time is a bottleneck with most women. Learn to save it. There are many ways. One small but important step would be to follow the beauty time-savers from the DuBarry Success School . . . Beauty helps prepared so that you can give more time for victory and still stay as lovely as you are.

"No cause, no country, can be great unless its women work for it"

Madame Chiang Kai-shek

CANADA WANTS MORE WOMEN TO WORK FOR VICTORY.
APPLY AT YOUR NEAREST EMPLOYMENT AND SELECTIVE
SERVICE OFFICE.



Bedtime Shortcut to Keep Your Hair Lovely and Shining



Stretch across your bed on your back, head over the edge. With a good brush, brush by pressing down first on the scalp hard, then sweeping on through the hair. A little toilet water on the brush helps freshen, removes dust. Brush fifty times.



Now for the pin-up job you should do to keep your hair well-groomed. Here's how to do one curl. Square off a one-inch section of hair and dampen with water. Comb out. Twist the ends and roll them in a circle close to scalp.



Now, holding this circle tight and flat to the scalp, take a hair-pin with the other hand and clip the curl flat near the scalp. Anchor with another hair-pin, forming a criss-cross as shown above. In the morning, remove pins, comb and arrange.

NUMBER TWO OF A SERIES OF
 BEAUTY SHORT-CUTS PUBLISHED
 FOR

DuBarry

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS
 BY RICHARD HUDNUT

Featured in the Richard Hudnut
 Salon and DuBarry Success School,
 693 Fifth Avenue, New York . . . and
 at cosmetic counters everywhere.

CUTEX...

The world's

most famous Manicure



● In the glamour spotlight after a hard day on duty... you want your nails to look well cared for, as pretty as they ever were. Give them a Cutex manicure... keep them bright and gay with your favourite shade of Cutex polish. Thousands of really smart women know there is no finer polish at any price. See these off-duty shades... LOLLIPOP, ALERT, CAMEO, CEDARWOOD, and SADDLE BROWN. For on-duty hours, NATURAL.



More Women Choose **CUTEX**
than any other Nail Polish in the World

Northam Warren, Montreal

38 — Chatelaine, November, 1943

It Might Have Been Yesterday

Continued from page 19

"Saturday nights," she said, "we went to the store and bought second-hand vegetables for practically nothing, vegetables that wouldn't last until Monday."

"But you must have had some money."

"Oh, yes. John was janitor of this building and we never had to buy newspapers either. We read the discarded ones. It didn't matter much that our news was old. And I corrected papers and typed themes, in between house-breaking Johnnie. And the money we saved by cutting out cigarettes!"

"And it was worth it?"

"Would you have done it?" countered Libby.

"I would have done anything to be with Greg."

"Then," said Libby, giving her a slanting look, "why didn't you?"

"Greg thought I would be a distraction. Business school is tough."

"So is law school. John took any part-time job he could find and studied too. And he made Law Review. He didn't find me a distraction."

"But I couldn't find a job here."

"You could have gone from house to house the way I did, asking if the Missus used Golden Bean Coffee. But of course that didn't lead anywhere. Didn't you always want to be the successful business woman you are now? Didn't you prefer to make money than to save it? To struggle up a ladder rather than down a blind alley? I don't think you would have liked being part-time worker, part-time household drudge with all its sordid economics."

"Oh, don't talk to me about economics!" said Marcia lightly.

"But I saw you one of the times you came up and you had a new coat with a squirrel collar. You were clever to manage it out of \$17 a week, but you did it. I wore the winter coat I had in college so long I felt as if I'd stepped out of Godey's Ladies Book..."

Marcia looked at her gravely. "What are you trying to tell me, Libby? What are you driving at?"

LIBBY SMILED. "Oh, people are different, that's all. And I must confess, Marcia, there were times I envied you, terribly. I saw that new coat of yours in my dreams. Now you know how horrid I am... Well, I think we'd better be starting for the luncheon." She gave one backward glance at the dismal house, then the mistiness faded from her face and she looked brightly at Marcia. "We have so little time. I want to hear everything about you. I want to hear about Ben."

Ben. At this moment, thought Marcia, he was probably turning out his last column, bending over the typewriter in the noisy New York newspaper office, pecking at the keys. Or perhaps he was tilting his chair back, his feet on the desk, thinking of her. Hoping, where there was nothing to hope for. "I hate to spare you even for two days," he had told her. "But I want you to go back if it will help to get that guy out of your system." His pleasant homely face had darkened. "I wish you'd grow up, Marcia. You're a case of arrested development." That had piqued her. She felt almost as old

and as weatherbeaten as the pyramids.

"Ben is sweet," she told Libby. "I've never liked or admired another man so much. But he wants to marry me..."

Libby chuckled. "What a far-fetched notion!"

Marcia's fingers tightened on her bag. "But he's being sent to the Mediterranean as a war correspondent. I won't go through that kind of separation again for any man."

"And just because you won't, you don't want Jean to either. Isn't that rather selfish of you, Marcia?"

"Just the opposite," said Marcia coldly.

They had come to the canopied entrance of the hotel. In the warm June sunlight women of all ages and every size waistline were filtering in and out. Little blue and yellow and red ribbons fluttered on their breasts. Class of 1938, Class of 1933, Class of 1918.

Those were the ones who might know, the members of the Class of 1918. But you couldn't very well go up to a strange woman and say, "Were you a war bride? Are you glad you married him?"

Libby stopped abruptly in the entrance. "I feel silly as all get-out," she said.

"So do I," admitted Marcia. There was something slightly ridiculous about such unrelieved femininity. She directed a vacant smile at a young woman who went by. "I don't remember anyone's name," she said in horror.

Libby hesitated for a moment, then said rather breathlessly. "I've been trying to work up to it gradually, Marcia. But here it is. I've just seen Greg."

Marcia felt the muscles of her face stiffen. "Where?"

"In front of the Co-operative, where you always used to meet him. He was looking for you. He's back too. He says he'll be at the Coffee Shop at five o'clock..."

"Surely he doesn't expect me to meet him?"

"That's just what he does expect. He said another thing, 'Don't forget the promise.' It seems that you promised that if he ever wanted to see you, you'd let him, and vice versa..."

"That's silly," cried Marcia. "Why should I keep one promise when he broke so many?" But suddenly she knew she would go. She couldn't help herself. It was as if she'd reached shore except for one last step, and then the undertow had grabbed her and was sucking her back... back... back...

If she appeared stupid at the luncheon, at the Alumnae meeting, at the Dean's tea, thought Marcia, it was nothing she could do anything about. Because hard though she struggled against it, she was walking in an almost forgotten dream. And now she was all alone, going down the streets of this old university town, going to meet Greg.

Uniforms were everywhere, but the shops, the college buildings, were the same as they had always been. It was an actual effort for Marcia to breathe. Her lips were parched and her palms were damp. *I've got to do better than this, she thought. I must follow the directions on the bottle. Keep in a cool dry place.* She hoped the two burning spots on her

✦ Continued on page 41

New under-arm Cream Deodorant *safely* Stops Perspiration



Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
as effective on
not as irritating.

1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics.



ARRID IS THE
LARGEST SELLING
DEODORANT

ARRID

39¢ a jar

(Also in 15¢ and 59¢ jars)

Buy a jar of ARRID today at any store which sells toilet goods.

Stretch Clothing Dollars

15¢ OFTEN PUTS A GARMENT
IN SERVICE AGAIN

Don't discard your favourite garments because they are faded. You can *tint* or *dye* them—save them—make them look new again. Diamond Dyes in the *white envelope* colours any material—cotton, linen, rayon, silk, wool, or any mixture. Sixteen smart colours to select from.

DIAMOND DYES

MADE IN CANADA

AFTER WAR WORK when eyes smart!



Put two drops of Murine in each eye. It soothes the smarting, burning, sensation at once. You get quick relief. All 7 Murine ingredients relieve irritation, soothe, rest, and wash your eyes refreshingly. Murine helps thousands of eyes—let it help yours.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

Your Life Tomorrow

Continued from page 36

going up the chimney to foul the outside air and waste your money. You get at least half the heat value out of your coal, a good 90% of the heat value from your gas or oil, and you use all of the heat your furnace gives you—no more red-hot chimneys and cold radiators.

But your furnace does a lot more than heat the radiators—correction—the heating pipes that line your walls and floors, visible radiators having probably gone out of fashion. It also may operate your air-cooling system in summer and your refrigerator the year round.

There will probably be a variety of such heating-cooling-and air-conditioning units available. Some will use gas, some coal or oil, in a few places, even electricity. It will depend largely on where you are located, but if you happen to live in a large city where coal used to be the main fuel in prehistoric 1943, you'll notice that most of your neighbors have switched to gas. After all, your 1943 furnace went through the process of converting coal into gas in a very inefficient sort of a way, then burning as much of the gas as did not escape up the chimney. In 1956 we let the local gas company convert coal into gas for us efficiently, looking after our ashes and smoke problems at the same time. In some cities, located near coal mines, coal is actually never delivered to the city at all, but converted into gas at the mine and piped to the city. (Incidentally, city buildings no longer have the crust of soot that used to adorn them in 1943, and in consequence even the folk who live in the most crowded centres seldom have to repaint their homes.)

Soot, you will recall with a sigh of relief, became extinct shortly after your town passed the by-law against smoking chimneys. It brought a tremendous boom in the heating and air-conditioning industry which had already become as important as the automobile industry had been back in the 1920's.

And thinking of soot and chimneys will remind you that chimneys themselves are gradually going by the board. Only a few of the older homes on the other side of town still have them, all the modern homes have a simple little escape vent that one would hardly notice.

But all these changes are secondary to the one important fact about home-heating in 1959—the fact that you no longer have to "tend the furnace." Instead, you and your husband have another hour in the day for constructive work or play—the heating engineer has given you another year of life in exchange for an hour a day's drudgery.

The complete absence of dust and dirt in your house has put an end to wash-days. Your husband's office or factory is similarly free from dust and dirt, and men who used to put on a clean shirt each day now go for two or three days without a change, and could go longer if it weren't for convention.

Not only do clothes stay cleaner because of cleaner air, but the fabrics in use in 1959 don't absorb dirt the way they used to. Many new synthetic fibres have been put to use, and most of the natural fibres are now processed so they don't pick up bits of dust and dirt.

✦ Continued on page 48

BE Brisk and Beautiful



Bond Street Per-
fume—it is rare,
regal, captivating
\$2.20 to \$11.50



Yardley English Com-
plexion Powder de-
liciously touched with
"Bond Street" per-
fume—mist-fine, in-
visible, \$1.25.

Of course, beauty's vital. It's part of the art of getting things done briskly and well. And beauty's aided wonderfully by such a great perfume as Yardley's Bond Street—by such a mist-fine powder as Yardley's English Complexion Powder (delicately perfumed with Bond Street)—and by such finely prepared things as Yardley Beauty Preparations.

KEEP YOUR BEST FACE FORWARD WITH

Yardley

ENGLISH COMPLEXION POWDER
AND BOND STREET PERFUME



Smile your brightest!

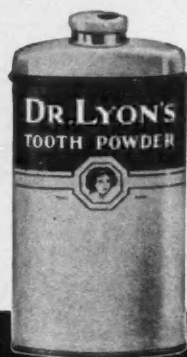
... by keeping teeth lustrous the
DR. LYON'S way—with Powder

LIGHT your smile with loveliness! Keep your teeth more lustrous ... brilliantly clean ... with powder—Dr. Lyon's used on a moist brush. Try it; prove for yourself what millions have learned—that no dentifrice can clean teeth more effectively than the simple combination of powder and water!

A distinguished practicing dentist developed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder. So it is *all* powder—all cleanser. No acid. No pumice. Nothing to injure tooth enamel. Yet it is so effective that it makes teeth brighter right from the first brushing, and keeps them

brighter—looking their best—as long as you use it. Refreshes your mouth, too. Yes, and saves you money. As you use Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, you'll find it outlasting similarly priced tooth paste two-to-one.

Before you forget, ask for Dr. Lyon's—Canada's leading tooth powder—at your nearest drugstore. No empty tube needed.



For brighter, cleaner teeth ...

DR. LYON'S
TOOTH POWDER ... on a moist brush

cheekbones didn't look the way they felt as she raised her chin and entered the Coffee Shop

She saw Greg before he saw her. He was sitting, hunched over in a booth, staring moodily at the smoking cigarette stub in his hand. Just so he had looked before in an uncertain situation. It might have been yesterday ...

"Did you tell them, Greg?"

"I started to. But well, Dad was under the weather. I didn't really have a good chance."

"Then when are you going to tell them?"

"As soon as I get back ... I promise. Now don't talk, darling. I want to kiss you."

That was the answer to everything, thought Marcia suddenly. "Don't talk. I want to kiss you." Don't let's think, let's drug ourselves. Let's not face it, let's forget it ... A new easiness came over Marcia, as if she had removed a choking collar from her throat. Her face cooled and her breath came freely. Her voice was even as she sat down opposite Greg. "Hello, stranger."

"Marcia! Let me look at you." Greg grabbed her hands. "Well, you haven't done so badly, funny-face."

Marcia slipped her hands smoothly from his grasp. "You're rather well preserved yourself. But doubtless the table hides your paunch."

Greg laughed. "Always belittlin'." He paused, and his voice lowered. "I knew you'd come, darling."

"Why?"

"Because you feel the same way I do. You can't forget, can you?"

"There are a lot of things I can't forget," said Marcia enigmatically. "But are they the same things?"

Greg twitched restlessly. "There you go. Playing it heavy. You know what I want to do this minute? I want to take you in my arms and kiss you. Can't we go somewhere where we can be alone, Marcia?"

"I think not," said Marcia coolly. She glanced at her wrist watch. "Is that all you wanted to say to me, Greg?"

"All. Isn't that enough?"

"No, it isn't enough. It never was enough." It was blindingly clear now, as bright as midday sun on glare ice. Oh, why had she never seen it before? Libby had seen it, but then Libby was outside of it. And now Marcia was outside of it, too, for the first time.

"You mean," said Greg, "that you don't believe I still love you. You were my first love, Marcia."

"There's nothing like first love, is there?" Carrie had said

"No, there isn't," said Libby. "What's a slight case of starvation?"

No, there was nothing like first love if you wanted it enough to fight for it. Nothing like it if it was big enough and you were big enough and tough enough.

And looking at Greg, now, Marcia knew that their love hadn't been big enough. Neither of them had been tough enough. When the idyll of their imagining had come to grips with reality, it had withered. By marrying they thought they had attained their goal, only to find it farther away than ever. From that point on there had been a slow decline which neither of them had had the courage to arrest.

Greg had been frightened at the reckless thing he had done. He hadn't had the courage to tell his parents and strike out for himself. The prospect of success looked too bleak. And Marcia had been too frightened to give up her precious toehold on a career for an unknown alternative. So they had made a pitiful compromise which could only have one end. You had to know what you wanted most in order to achieve it, Marcia realized now. And not knowing, Marcia and Greg had foundered.

Marcia smiled. "Oh, yes, I believe you. I think that if you ever loved me you love me now. But we were never quite sure about that love, were we? Either of us?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Greg irritably.

"Just that it was easier to cry out at fate and enjoy being star-crossed lovers than it would have been to do something about it."

"Everything was against us."

"Everything was against Libby, but she came through it."

And everything was against Jean, but somehow Marcia knew that Jean would come through it too. Libby was right. People were different. It was Jean's right to try, if she wanted to. And to fail or to succeed. Marcia could help her not to fail.

Greg's dark eyes were unbelieving. "Why don't we try again, Marcia? I'm all set, now. I'm doing well. This time it would be different."

A sudden tenderness rushed over her—a remote tenderness for something that was gone forever. Something that was as dead as yesterday. "It will be different, Greg. I promise myself that it will be different." She picked up her purse. Time was running perilously short, and there was so much to do.

She had to see a young girl and tell her that she had changed her mind. She had to see a young man and talk to his parents. And first of all, she had to make an important telephone call to New York. +

"Thank You!" ...

The other day a young war wife received a Victory bond receipt from her R.C.A.F. husband overseas. With it came a hastily scrawled note which said: "I finally got this paid for, and the \$100 bond will be delivered to you direct. I thought it would be another little way of saying thank you for being so good to me."

The rest of us can thank him by buying the Fourth Victory bonds to the limit of our capacity. **SPEED THE VICTORY!**

FASHION

a department of
Style,
Home Sewing
and Needlecraft

Night Out

By CAROLYN DAMON, Fashion Editor.

THREE GUESSES who the service lad on leave and the extra-tired businessman want to take out, their precious evenings off duty this winter?

The glamour puss, of course. And how to achieve reasonable facsimile of same, without benefit of long gown, ankle-swishing?

Nothing to it. All you do is get a short party dress with a long-dress feeling.

Short skirts can swish, if they're gracefully rippled, and show a neat touch of silken calf (save your super socks for evening dos). Have a special dress for dating even if the boy friend doubles as friend husband. Especially if the boy friend doubles as friend husband.

Have it dark and mysterious, with a soft fragile lace topsides. Or light and floaty with sparkly stuff to make you twinkle like a Christmas tree. Or slick and svelté, to go with smoothie hair-dos and a flat lacquered flower at the mast.

Go into the same pre-party routine you used to feature for your trailing elegance. (Remember? The facial, the hair-do, the foamy fragrant bath?) Feel special from the skin out.

Betcha he won't know whether you're in short or long.

Just that you're—well—glamorous!

A bodice of black lace over shell pink; supple black rayon skirt (pre-tested for durability). Alfandri design.

—Photograph courtesy Courtaulds.

"I'm the one who should have been twins!"

a harried mother told
her Singer Sewing Center



"I love to plan dresses for my girls," this mother said, "but it's the finish-up work that finishes me! Rows of buttonholes multiplied by two, double sets of trimmings, double rows of seams. What I need is four pairs of hands!" Well, she'd certainly picked the right place to find them—right here at her Singer Sewing Center!



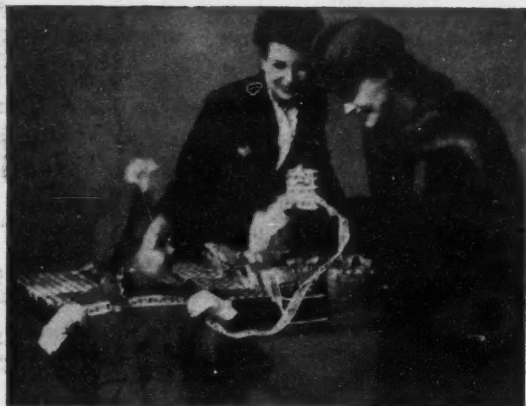
"Singer will make your buttonholes!" we told her. And we explained all about our Fashion Services at Singer—covering buttons and buckles, pinking seams, hemstitching and picoting. "The cost is very reasonable," we said, "and you save hours of time. Just turn those things over to us!"



"Oh, this is just what I need," she exclaimed and picked up our Make-Over Guide booklet. It's cram-packed with ideas for salvaging old clothes, complete with directions, for only 25¢. "Do you think I could make skirts for the twins from my old suit," she asked.



"Of course you can," we said. "And we'll be glad to help you." Singer gives special help in make-over and alterations for a small charge. Saves you money and helps conserve materials and labour, so needed in wartime. Singer helps in Home Decoration too.



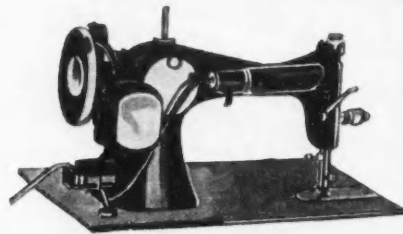
"Look, Mommie!" "Wouldn't this be pretty on my dress?" Our Notions Counter captivated the twins. And their mother, too. She picked up lots of trimming tricks to use on their school dresses—tiny rickrack braids, pleated frills, from 2¢ a yard up. And sewing supplies galore—binding, threads, shoulder pads. "So handy—and so reasonable!" she marveled. "Singer Sewing Centers certainly do help."

News about Sewing Machines

Of course you know that Singer is making war supplies instead of sewing machines now. But we still have some machines on hand.

New and reconditioned machines are available, in limited supply.

Rental machines may be had by the hour at your Singer Sewing Center, or by the month at home.



SINGER Sewing Centers Everywhere

SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY
Copyright, 1943, by The Singer Manufacturing Co.
All rights reserved for all countries.



All Singer factories are engaged in producing vital war materials.

the plant (lucky you!) and set down at a supper dance or a hotel dinner table.

Make him wait fifteen minutes while you do yourself a face and fix some bows in your hair (you can slip into the 10-cent store and pick up earrings and ribbon, can't you, at noon?).

A bit of perfume, a fresh collar and gloves, a fluffed-out hair-do and a new coat of nail polish can give you a shatterproof party morale.

And don't forget—even if it's just brother, or a boy you're being nice to because he's here on leave but doesn't give you a flicker—these are the days when the men you know are always running into more and more men you don't—boys from camp, fellows from the office, people from the ship. So look your priority best every time you go out with a man.

I'VE ASKED our fashion artist to sketch some favorite ideas here for you, to give you suggestions for getting that "special" look about your clothes for party nights. Isn't that bit of braiding on the lapels of a suit, with a bag to match, and a crazy little scrunched-up hat, a honey? And here's a girl who has cut down an old evening dress, stitched in a pretty lacy inset and upswept her hair with blossoms a-top. There's a very gay dinner dress for parties that are as near to formal as we get these war days. It has a short skirt but a back cut down to leave the arms bare. With long gloves and three matching bows across her curls, doesn't it look very gay?

WE'VE sketched a lot of little legends here for you too. Some do's and don't's for today's going out and about. Take that little number in the tight black dress, in the top sketch for instance. She's been taken to one of the happy-go-lucky holiday parties that will be held in all the messes and barracks across Canada in the next few weeks. Her beau in uniform is a little uncomfortable as he takes her to meet his superior officer. He's not quite sure why, until he sees his senior officer's wife. Then he knows that Mamie has tried to outdress everybody present. It's a very good idea to look young and quiet and simple, and not to attempt to outflank the colonel's wife at a military affair. Let her do the dowager stuff. You'll have lots of time for it—if that heartthrob of yours comes along the way he should, with the right kind of womanpower behind him.

Then there's the munitions gal, home with the all-too-familiar smudges and grime. And only half an hour to get ready for a date! But does she jump into it! Keep him waiting long enough to make a complete transformation. When you come out of your coveralls and get into a party frock, make it a 100% high dive.

That goes for the little woman home by the range, too. Of course, he's a doting father, and as a husband is interested in the plumber's reaction to what Johnny did to the bathroom wash basin. But he wants to remember that you were the one he picked out from among all others, once upon a time, when you go a-dancing; and it won't hurt your rating any if you can indicate that you're still something to look at on the dance floor or in the movie lobby. So change your dress, do your hair and fuss up, and don't let the children crumple you when they hug you good-by.

And of course, there's the girl in the Services—the sketch farthest down on the page. We've pictured her entering Cinderella's magic coach, and coming out all magic-wanded into a fluttering little bit of fluff and femininity. We know how capable you are, of course. And how much you know about ceremonial and routine orders and barracks behavior . . . But now that you can change into civvies for a 48, you can have all that and still be as prettily feminine and as teasingly glamorous as any girl at the party.

Yes, our menfolk want us to be pretty and feminine this winter. They know that women are marching side by side with them through the hard days, keeping up the home front in a thousand different ways.

But men, being what they are, want all this, and heaven too.

So keep your feet on the ground and your head in the clouds, when he takes you out during his brief moments off duty.

His praises all go to efficiency; but he's still singing about marrying an angel. ♦



Anne Picard of Canadian Pacific Airlines

During rest periods—Hand Cream



HANDS ON THE JOB

• Anne Picard married Pte. René Picard, R.A.M.C., two years ago in Surrey, England. When Pte. Picard was transferred home to St. Johns, Quebec, his young English bride came, too . . . joined the staff of Canadian Pacific Airlines Air Observers' School in St. Johns as a mechanic. Notice Anne's hands . . . strong and capable . . . yet smooth and soft as if she spent her days at home. She smooths in fragrant Cutex Hand Cream during rest periods. It keeps her hard-working hands looking soft and feminine.

CUTEX HAND CREAM



"MisSimplicity"
DESIGNED BY GOSSARD
TO ENHANCE
Your Figure-Beauty

You won't know what sleek molding, beauty of line and true comfort are until you wear Gossard's "MisSimplicity." This inspired design, with its exclusive cross-over straps fastening at centre-back, separates and uplifts the bust in lovely contours; molds and indents the waist; gracefully curves the hipline. See the "MisSimplicity" for YOUR figure-type . . . try it on . . . that graceful figure in the mirror will be yours!

The GOSSARD
Line of Beauty

THE CANADIAN H. W. GOSSARD CO. LIMITED
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Chicago	New York	San Francisco	Dallas	Atlanta
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We women in white wear SANFORIZED UNIFORMS ...and save washables!



All of us, V.A.D.'s and Registered nurses alike are working 24 hours a day, in hospitals and homes, helping keep Canada healthy. We're proud that we can help; and of our uniforms and the work that stands behind them. We want to keep our uniforms looking as new as they did the day we earned them. So be sure, they're Sanforized. That means we can wear them and wash them as often as we like . . . they'll never shrink out of fit. Our off-duty washables are Sanforized too, we've found it so successful. That way we never waste even an inch of precious material that's doing double-duty on the fighting fronts and at home.



**You too can help save textiles by buying
your washables Sanforized!**



Avoid waste . . . buy Sanforized washables for the whole family. Less than 1% shrinkage on men's and women's work clothes . . . men's shirts, shorts, pyjamas . . . women's sportswear, housedresses, slips . . . washables for boys and girls . . . slipcovers and draperies. In this way you can ease the burden on our hard-working Canadian Textile Mills.

•SANFORIZED•

Reg. trade-mark

Checked standard of the trade-mark owner

The "Sanforized" trade-mark is used by manufacturers on "Compressive Pre-Shrunk" fabrics only when tests for residual shrinkage are regularly checked, through the service of the owners of the trade-mark, to insure maintenance of its established standard by licensed users of the mark.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

**BUY
VICTORY
BONDS**



Brief Moments

By **CAROLYN DAMON**

Sketches by Nancy Caudle

WHEN HE was ten, he used to get a kick out of saving his pennies to buy double-malts for the pin-up girl of grade five.

But he's saving something more important these days for the one-and-only (you, silly).

It's his brief moments.

So if you used to scrub your face and put on your best pink hair ribbons for him then, please, please, be as lovely as you can for him now, when he takes you dancing, or dining, or out to a show. He's going to remember everything—from the rosy tint of your little fingernail, to the toppest petal of your coiffure corsage.

When you dress to go out for those rare gay bright-light evenings this winter—give him something to remember you by.

Don't look around and say, "Who, me?" as though I were talking about models or movie stars. It's you he wants—but he wants you as pretty and as feminine and as very specially done up for him as you can possibly be.

BUT OF course dates are often hurried these days, and you're whirled off straight from the store or the office or

Necklines are News on the Fashion Front



Pattern Descriptions on Page 27

Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.

HIGH AND HANDSOME—4837. Long sleeves, pert bow and throat snugness give this new dress its special tailored look. Yet it has a feminine softness in the way the gathers are released in the blouse, in the easy flare of the skirt.

SCALLOPS ARE FLATTERING—4831. Try this peplum top number with the three pleats on either side, in a new version of the two-piecer that has become a wartime favorite. Rounded edges give the peplum a new waistline flare.

RUFFLE TO THE LEFT—4823. Here's a new trick in slimming softness — a cascade of ruffle down the left side of a simple neck-rounded number that will take you from desk to dancing — downtown to dinner-time. Three-quarter sleeves are very office-wise these days.

LIGHTHEARTED WITH LACE—4836. One of the pretty-pretty dresses the Services like to see their womenfolk in, come forty-eights. Scalloped collar and short sleeves edged in lace, slim-gathered waistline, fullish skirt and dainty back-tie are young and feminine. Can't you see it in heavenly blue?



Christmas Preview

FROM something for the man of the house to the youngest unmarried — you can do a hand-turned job on Christmas presents this year. Take those ties everybody always buys for father. Here are some wonderful patterns (4816) that give you either type his master's voice demands — and you can do them out of remnants. Rather fun to make one to match YOUR new frock!

Then there are the toys for the pre-school set — those soft woolly thingummies they love to hug at bedtime — deer and bunnies and horses — and here are the patterns (4815) all in a single envelope, so you can make a zoo if you have a mind to!

Finally, there's the baby doll's outfit (4830) — a must in every household where young daughters reside. This doll layette includes everything, including a diaper and booties . . .

And for big sister or girl friend, get started now on a blouse like the one shown (4817)—a perfect gift for a suit year like this — or the hat and bag set (4844) that any girl from sixteen to sixty will find useful and gay.



they are made out of tool steel and stay sharp almost indefinitely.

But what makes the 1959 food so incomparably easy to prepare is the fact that you have all the labor-saving equipment and you're not afraid to use it. You don't stop to wonder whether it's worth while to get out the mixing machine to squeeze an orange; you simply plug the reaming tool into the wall outlet and hold a bowl under it as you press the orange against it. Your mechanical reamer is no bigger than an old hand reamer and is no more trouble to clean.

You probably haven't had a new cavity in your teeth since 1944 when calcium, fluorine and phosphorus capsules were added to everyone's diet. Your children's chief acquaintance with the dentist has been when their infant teeth were dropping out. To your old-fashioned eyes their teeth are not as lovely as those of the movie stars of your youth—they're just as white and healthy, but more spaced out, have a definite "air-cooled" look about them which has been one of the results of better diet and consequent better bone development. (Bigger jaws are already becoming noticeable in the younger generation, and their teeth are no longer jammed together as yours were when you were young.)

Very few people wear glasses in 1959. When a child, or a grownup for that matter, shows signs of failing eyesight, he is taken to the eye specialists for a course of exercises that strengthen the muscles and give him perfect vision without the aid of spectacles.

Cancer (in the late nineteen-fifties) has become a minor ailment. It demands careful treatment, of course, but it can be detected in its earliest stages and the sick cells that used to grow so rapidly that they could destroy life are now brought early under control. In fact, forces that used to cause cancer are now harnessed to cure other diseases. Where people used to suffer from under- or overactive glands and organs, the deficient parts can be stimulated or retarded by stepping up or down the rate of growth of the cells composing them.

Infantile paralysis and the common cold have both yielded their secrets to research, and the whole health program has been tremendously aided by the improvement in our homes and our diet.

Mental health has also made rapid strides. You no longer look askance at someone who is supposed to have "insanity in the family," or who is just "queer." Such people still exist, but everyone regards it as just one more leftover from the "bad old days" when people did not know what to do about mental quirks and tried to conceal them. Nowadays people are healthy in body and don't develop the twisted minds that sometimes spring from internal maladies. Children are brought into contact with other youngsters at an early age, rub off the rough corners that in some cases used to be carried through to manhood. Financial worries no longer need oppress anyone who is willing to work, and more time for relaxation has lessened the "strain of modern living" which used to make nervous breakdowns and stomach ulcers so common.

In short, the things that used to drive people crazy have largely disappeared. It is no longer possible to go through life under the shadow of a real or fancied

raw deal, since the community of 1959 has recognized that "underprivileged" people are a community liability and takes steps to see that opportunities for education and any advancement it may bring are open to every youngster, regardless of his parent's earning power.

When on that day in 1959 you sum up all the progress that has been made since you bought your Victory bond in 1943, you will probably come to the conclusion that the greatest improvement has been in the increased health of yourself and your friends. Your 60-mile per gallon automobile, with its safe 100-mile per hour speed, the clear twin-lane highways that permit you to cover half your province in an afternoon if you feel like it; the built-in television set that brings the opera and the news reel to your living room (and slapstick comedy to your children's playroom), every one of these, and a dozen more besides, means more to you because you're healthier.

But this isn't 1959, and you may feel that all this is just dream talk.

Actually, almost everything we've talked about is possible, not in 1959, but in 1943. The only place where the facts have been stretched a little is in assuming that cancer and infantile paralysis will be licked by the medicos in the next ten years or so.

All the principles embodied in the automatic kitchen have already been produced. Time and temperature controls are already installed on the most modern ovens and on automatic toasters. The dishwasher and drier and garbage digester have been built. So have all the elements for controlling temperature and humidity in the home of tomorrow. There is no need for cities to be sooty today, let alone 10 years hence. Weatherproof and soundproof homes have already been built by the score. Nursery schools are already in operation and have proved their worth. The automobile makers could turn out the fast and efficient car of the future within a year or so of the war, and the oil companies could provide them with 100-octane gasoline even sooner.

Does that mean that we'll get all these improvements automatically within a few years of victory?

Not unless we want them badly enough to demand them and buy them. No one is going to build the car or kitchen of tomorrow for a consuming public that is willing to buy only today's model. Almost every labor-saving device in industry has meant a new course of training for the industrial worker, and the world of tomorrow will be realized only when housewives become used to handling moderately complicated equipment. And the same goes for the house-husband. If he wants to get satisfaction out of the trim cars of tomorrow, he will have to handle them more carefully than he did the cars of day before yesterday.

Actually we'll probably become rapidly accustomed to our new responsibilities. Boil it all down, and you'll find that in the world of tomorrow we'll be as businesslike about our daily life as we've always been about our business life. We'll be as scientific in our living as we've always been in earning our living—and that may not mean as big a change as you might think. After all, most mothers in 1943 can knock spots off their grandmothers when it comes to efficiency, although few of them would dare to say so. ♦

*Treasure your Kayser
treasures...gloves...hosiery
underwear...products of
superior quality....
fewer and more precious
but always dependable*



KAYSER

"IMAGINE ME IN A JUNGLE!"

Tomorrow we push off and your guess is as good as mine as to where we'll land up!

It may be any one of dozens of field hospitals, or base hospitals, in any one of dozens of battle fronts. It may even be in a jungle! But wherever we go, we know we'll be badly needed — and plenty busy.

And just in case it is a jungle, one of the things I'm taking with me is Modess. (You can buy it most any place else.) Any nurse will tell you that what counts most in a napkin is comfort. And we agree, that Modess with its soft downy filler is the most comfortable napkin we know of!



Modess — for busy girls



TAKE YOUR CHANGE IN WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

The Future of Being a Woman

Continued from page 13

secretions, may cause all sorts of unpleasant symptoms, such as hot flashes, dizziness, nervous upsets and a general feeling of gloom. In some cases these symptoms may drag on for years, ruining what should be a happy time of life. But now, with the knowledge of hormones, these secretions can be replaced artificially so that the change occurs gradually without causing disturbance.

Before the war tremendous advances in all branches of medical science were well under way, brought about by years of incessant and meticulous work on the part of researchers. All over the world they compared and fitted their discoveries together like the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle—with Canadian scientists playing a leading role. Unfortunately a great deal of this research has had to be discontinued for the duration. But now that the groundwork has been laid, it won't be many years after war ends before women will be relatively free from the familiar handicaps peculiar to the female of the species, which have added an extra burden to their chosen tasks. ♦

Your Life Tomorrow

Continued from page 41

Drapes and much of the table linen are woven of spun glass, can be wiped clean with a damp cloth.

Result is that the week's laundry has dropped to half its 1943 size. Even families with young babies no longer have the gigantic washes of bygone days, since diapers are now made of a cheap paperlike fibre and can be thrown away after use. Although many families in outlying communities still do their own washing, smaller bundles and lower bills have influenced most housewives to send their washings to outside laundries. Incidentally, fewer launderings have meant a longer life for textiles, and clothing bills are considerably lower than they were 15 years ago.

Let us return to our newsreel of the daily routine of 1959. You had finished with breakfast, and the automaton in the kitchen had washed the dishes and disposed of the garbage. (Garbage is dumped into the sink with the dishes and is swirled into the garbage digester at the first rinse, after which it is chopped finely enough to go down the drain.)

Unless you have guests, luncheon is a simple meal for yourself (in most families the children stay at school through the day), and after lunch you'll probably make a few quick motions toward dinner as well.

Preparing food for dinner is incomparably simpler than it was in 1943. Most of your vegetables reach you ready to cook, wrapped in sealed bags to prevent loss of vitamins. You will have your own stock of quick-frozen foods (probably in your home freezing-locker), and of course a good-sized larder of tinned and dehydrated foods for off-season consumption. You have a mechanical mixer, vegetable peeler and juicer. Even your paring knives are better than they were in 1943, since

Send **Seaforth** to **YOUR Man** overseas or in camp or on civilian war duty

A spot of real luxury to remind him of home! He'll appreciate *Seaforth* Toiletries with their he-man blend of bracken and heather, clean and refreshing as the hills and fields of home. In handsome stone jars.

Men's Cologne — Shaving Mug — After-Shave Talc and Lotion—Men's Hairdressing—Men's Deodorant—
\$1.50 each.

Gift Sets
\$3.00 and
\$4.50

AT ALL
GOOD STORES



HAND-WOVEN HARRIS TWEED

EVERY yard of these superb fabrics is hand woven by the crofters from 100% pure Scottish wool in their own homes on the islands of the Outer Hebrides. Noted for style, quality and long wear.

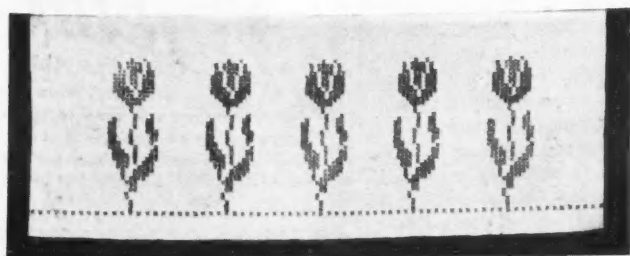
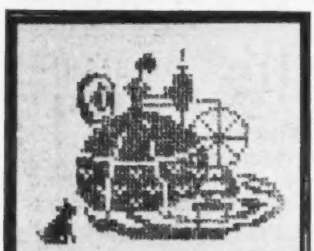
LOOK FOR THE TRADE MARK ON THE CLOTH
LOOK FOR THE LABEL ON THE GARMENT



Issued by The
HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LTD.
10 Old Jewry, London, E.C.2, England



Bluebirds on your breakfast tray, stamped in cross stitch on finest white or cream Irish linen, tray cloth measures 15 x 21 inches. With serviette and cosy it is priced at \$1.25; cottons for working, 20 cents; cosy form, 35 cents. Order No. 25C.



NEEDLECRAFT Gifts in Cross Stitch

By Marie Le Cerf

"Pickaninnies at Play"—an attractive pair of cross-stitch picture for a child's room or for the nursery. They are stamped on cream Irish linen, size 9 x 12 inches, and are priced at 50 cents the pair. Colored cottons for working come to 20 cents. Order No. 38C.

Add a touch of colonial charm to your living room or bedroom with these quaint little needlework pictures in cross-stitch silhouette—"Old Spinning Wheel" and "Embroidery Frame." They're stamped on finest white Irish linen, size 9 x 12 inches. The price is 50 cents per pair and cottons for working come to 10 cents. Order No. 36C.

With linen so scarce this year, the receiver of these little guest towels at lower left, will doubly appreciate your gift. They're stamped for work in cross-stitch on finest white Irish linen, size 12 x 18 inches, and are priced at 60 cents per pair; cottons for working in color desired, 10 cents. Order No. 35C.

Bright notes for your kitchen—tulip border tea towels to be worked in gay-colored cross-stitch. They are stamped on strong peasant linen in oyster shade, size 18 x 30 inches, and require hems at one side and end. Price is \$1.00 per pair and cottons for working come to 14 cents. Order No. 23C.

Order from Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto, enclosing postal note or money order. On out of town cheques add 15c for bank exchange.

Can you date these songs?

K-K-K-Katy



War songs, war short-ages. Even skirts shortened—to the ankle! Shapeless fashions. High buttoned shoes. It was 1918, and hospitals in France, short of surgical cotton, welcomed a new invention, Cellucotton* Absorbent. Nurses found it perfect for sanitary pads. Thus started the Kotex idea, destined to bring new freedom to women.

SWEET GEORGIA BROWN



"Flaming Youth". Women plucked eyebrows, discarded corsets. People applauded the Charleston. "Collegiate" slickers, knickers (baggy plus-fours for golfers). Silhouettes became slimmer, flatter in 1925, and Kotex laboratories planned an improved narrower pad with new rounded ends replacing the original square corners... softened gauze, for greater comfort.

Beer Barrel Polka



Jitterbug Era. The Conga. Cheers for their Majesties, the King and Queen, on their Canadian visit. New York World's Fair. September—and WAR! 1939 saw women in uniform... grateful for the latest Kotex improvement; a snug, softer, cushioned pad with a special double-duty safety centre—best feature yet to prevent roping and twisting—to increase protection by hours.

Three O'Clock in the Morning



Flappers flaunted the first champagne-coloured stockings. People were mad over radio. Mah Jong. They were "The bee's knees"! And women everywhere enthused about the new discovery in sanitary napkins, comfortable, truly hygienic. In 1922, women gladly paid 60c a dozen for this convenient new product.

I FOUND A MILLION DOLLAR BABY



Empress Eugenie was everywoman's hat. "I'll Tell the World"—the slang. Mesh stockings. Boneless all-in-one corsets. Challenged by 1931's clinging fashions, again Kotex pioneered... perfected flat, pressed ends. Only Kotex, of all leading brands, offers this patented feature—ends that don't show because they're not stubby... don't cause telltale outlines.

ROSIE THE RIVETER



It's a Woman's World today. Women at home, in war plants, in the services... far more active, yet far more comfortable in this war. For today's Kotex provides every worthwhile feature... and is made to stay soft while wearing; with no wrong side to cause accidents. No wonder Kotex is the choice of more women than all other brands put together.

Because you love
nice things—



"Slither Slip"
2709/609
... \$2.75

**For longer wearing
lingerie, do this:**

Wash lingerie carefully—by hand. Use mild, pure soap. Don't rub or twist garments. Gently does it!

Iron on the *wrong* side with a *cool* iron. Remember, rayons can't take a hot iron.

It's unpatriotic to buy *more than you need*. But—when you must buy—buy Mercury Van Raalte. The carefully cut, exquisite rayon fabrics used in all Mercury Van Raalte lingerie mean longer wear—lovelier wear. Next time you buy, insist on Mercury Van Raalte.

**Mercury
Van Raalte**

Mercury Mills Limited, Hamilton, Ontario

Sea Dust

Continued from page 11

disaster he had come, Eve endeavored to direct him to the comforting things of the common day.

"You must be hungry, Scott. It's a cold day to come in. What would you like for supper? Most of the sailors like ham and eggs—"

"Yes, thank you," he agreed without enthusiasm.

Eve punched a ticket and put it in his hand, but when he still waited, she spoke in a clear warm voice she had trained to be heard through a general din.

"What's the trouble, Scott? Were you torpedoed? Did you lose your ship? We are used to the sea here."

Scott's eyes searched Eve's intensely, but when they saw nothing but friendly interest, touched with a little smile that held more compassion than humor, he replied, at first slowly, then with gathering tension.

"The port I sailed from was standing upright in the morning, miss, and I never thought it could be any other way. It was the place where I was born, where I went to sea, and where I always went home. We sailed out of it—"

Scott swallowed and his neck strained from his sailor collar.

"Yes, Scott," she prompted gently. "You sailed out—"

Scott swallowed again. "Yes, miss, we sailed out—I remember looking back thinking how good the old place was—" He hesitated, then continued in a rush. "We sailed out of sight of land, miss, but we were ordered back in the evening. The place was flat on its face—the whole waterfront—all the hills were smoking—and the sights we saw—"

Scott ran his nails into the palms of his chilled-looking hands, and half-turned away, but the sight of the men packed at the counter made him swing back to Eve.

"Some fellows don't seem to mind it as much as others," he said like an explanation of tougher men. "I—I—it was more than the loss of my own folks—"

"Yes?" She questioned with such firm encouragement that Scott spoke more lucidly.

"I lost my parents, miss, but other people looked after them. We were ordered to clean up a school, that had been bombed with four hundred children in it."

"Oh," mourned Eve on a long note, as Scott stared into her brown eyes, offering her his tormented memories of shattered bricks and broken bodies. She looked back wishing she could transfuse some rich blood into his bleak-looking flesh, but she did her best to warm him with her voice.

"There's not much to say about things like that, Scott. Perhaps the children were taken away because it was not fit for them to be there." Scott stood silently, with his eyes gathering pin-points of light. "And remember," she continued clearly, "that every child had only one little death each, and not four hundred."

"That's the sensible way to look at it, miss. Thank you," said Scott with less strain in his voice.

Both rested in a moment excluding their surroundings. Then with the

+ Continued on page 52

**No Secret
When You Have
BAD BREATH**



Play Safe—USE

COLGATE'S TOOTH POWDER

If it's kissin' you're missin', remember this—76% of all adults have bad breath. And unfortunately, OTHERS always detect it before YOU do. Take no chances! Use Colgate's Tooth Powder.

Scientific tests prove conclusively that in seven out of ten cases Colgate's Tooth Powder instantly stops oral bad breath.

SAVES YOU MONEY!

Compared to other leading brands, a large tin of Colgate's gives you up to 30 more brushings, a giant tin up to 46 more brushings—for not a penny more!

TIP TO SMOKERS!

Colgate's Tooth Powder is one of the quickest, easiest ways to guard against tobacco stain and tobacco breath! Get Colgate's today.

**COLGATE'S
TOOTH POWDER**

25c 40c

**CLEANS YOUR BREATH
AS IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH**



**For a Skin that
Attracts Choose
Mercolized Wax Cream**

Is your complexion as young as you? Or has dryness, grime, or neglect made it look dull and years older? Use Mercolized Wax Cream and let it help your skin regain some of its lost suppleness. Begin tonight with Mercolized Wax Cream. Don't delay. Tomorrow or next week your skin may have lost a little of its ability to recuperate. Mercolized Wax Cream makes it possible for every woman to give her skin expert, inexpensive care at home. Use Mercolized Wax Cream regularly, an easy step to a better complexion.

Try Saxolite Astringent. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel to make a beneficial astringent lotion for daily skin care.

At all drug and department stores.



**Brush Away
GRAY
HAIR
...and Look
10 years younger**

Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-looking shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 50c at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

FASHION SHORTS FROM NEW YORK

by Kay Murphy

Wool Hose, matching the sleeves of your winter dress in both knit and bright, bright colors, are giving our young damsels what the fashion editors are calling the "stockinged look!" By that they mean the slim, young warm lines so popular now—especially with more and more of our girls in uniform. Honest, the uniform is the smartest fashion just now. Frou-frou and chi-chi look haggled alongside of it! So that for those who are not fortunate enough to be in uniform, fashionists have struck upon this "stockinged" look to make young women appear useful, practical yet pretty. Other methods to include this

yarn or felt. Of course, broad-faced gals shouldn't wear 'em. Leave them for the thin, wanlike types. If your face is deliciously plump, wear bright earmuffs for the cold weather—and turn 'em back on top of your bonnet for that high effect.

☆☆

Weskits back to warm and brighten you during these cold days . . . tweed fronts and knitted backs very well put together. In fact, many women take husbands' vest discards and knit in the backs. No law to prevent them from knitting in sleeves, either . . .



One of New York's many ideas that have quickly infiltrated north of the border. All the doodads on jacket and beanie are felt appliques that come in packages, ready to sew on.

—Wide World Fashion Photo.

"stockinged" look are colorful wool turbans matching the above-mentioned wool stockings — sweaters matching stockings — gloves matching stockings. And, what the heck, until we get nylons again I think we should all be grateful for any interest we can get into our stockings! For the younglings, those colored wool stockings are warm, smart and durable.

☆☆

Speaking of Nylon—we should all be pretty proud that we women did the big test job for this fabulous fabric that is now playing such an important part in the Allies' victory program. The first nylon parachute tested was tested by a woman. Said she, "Nylon in hosiery was certainly wonderful. I trust it to be as good in a parachute." And she sailed through the air with the greatest of ease, coming down safely and soundly in the first nylon parachute flight!

☆

Helmet type hats back again—Cleopatra liked them too! About once a century the helmet is copped by the ladies to make cute and cosy little winter hats. Seeing them down here in fur—to match your fur muffs, or a huge fur bow on your fabric bag—or snug and warm all by themselves. Also super in bright

Purple has come up again so suddenly that some fabric houses, caught unawares, are sending back bolts of lighter-colored materials to be redyed into this sought-after color. Worn with black or brown, purple accessories run to hats, gloves, bags and—for that "stockinged" look.

☆☆

Head Scarves are no longer being worn as "shawls"—(for which I say thanks be!) Now they are tying them backward, with the triangle snooded over the back hair, and the ends tied as a bow on the top. Very neat and keeps the back hair looking in place.

☆☆

Fur-lined Coats, with the lining easily removable by means of buttons, one of the leading ways and means of keeping warm this winter—yet a coat suitable for warmer weather without the lining. Leather linings also cosy, especially in weatherproofed coats which keep out wind, rain and sleet . . .

☆☆

The Girl in Red again stands out—red coats, red dresses, red accessories—red has been a wartime color here, and this winter shows no abatement of the trend. Red with turquoise (of all combinations!) very effective IF you

"Three Men to every Girl— and still I don't rate!"



"You're one of the prettiest girls at the Canteen, Babs, but you're letting the boys down. A sparkling smile is what they want to see—but you can't expect to have that kind of a smile if you ignore 'pink tooth brush'."



"You see, Babs, it's really up to you. Yes, darling, you could certainly have a smile that would make all the boys' hearts beat faster—if only you made up your mind to. See your dentist and ask him for the facts."



"A sparkling smile largely depends on healthy gums. Soft foods rob gums of work—so massage your gums regularly." (Note: A survey shows dentists prefer Ipana for personal use 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice.)



"That Canteen hostess was a real friend! I know now that my gums need regular care as well as my teeth. And for both jobs—Ipana and massage certainly deserves an efficiency award. My teeth look brighter already."



(Thoughts of a Popular Hostess.) "I'll say 'there are smiles that make you happy'! Yes, with a big credit line to Ipana and massage! I haven't missed out on a dance since I learned to make my smile sparkle!"

IF YOU notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist! He may tell you that soft foods have denied your gums the exercise they need for health. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, aids the gums. So when you brush your teeth, massage Ipana onto your gums. Let Ipana and massage help you to firmer gums, brighter teeth, a lovelier smile!

A Product of Bristol-Myers—Made in Canada

START TODAY! IPANA AND MASSAGE

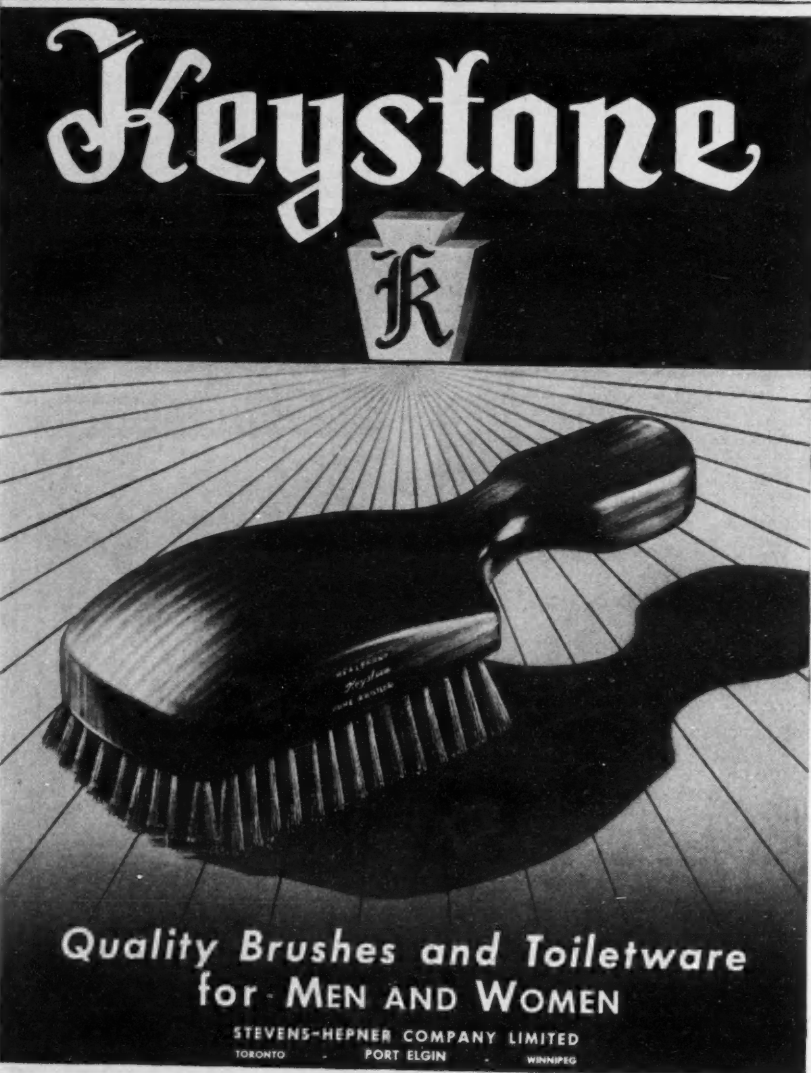


Barbara Gould

VELVET OF ROSES
DRY SKIN CREAM

...rich with the promise of a lovelier complexion. Its smooth lushness creams your dry, dull skin to a softer, fresher radiance.

ONE OF THE WELL KNOWN BARBARA GOULD BEAUTY AIDS



Keystone

**Quality Brushes and Toiletware
for MEN AND WOMEN**

STEVENS-HEPNER COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO PORT ELGIN WINNIPEG

Sea Dust

Continued from page 50

impossibility of prolonging quietude in such a place, the clatter of the canteen came back. Another sailor appeared behind Scott, a blithe hearty fellow with brown eyes and gleaming teeth, the type who finds life uncomplicated, and whose smile wins him many favors. He looked as if he could see nothing in life that could not be accepted with a laugh and a joke, and he gave Scott a rousing slap that could have knocked him down, had not Scott's shoulders been toughened by the navy.

"We're all in the same boat—ship-mates, miss," said the rollicking sailor. "Now with a spot of leave I mean to have four eggs to give m'self a bit of a treat. Tea and cake, and three scoops of ice cream. I'm tired of the top of the sea, miss. I'm going to volunteer for a submarine, to get a bit of peace."

Eve laughed, but her eyes stayed gravely on Scott as she punched a ticket and gave change.

"Cheer up, old top," commanded the new sailor administering another slap to Scott's back. "He's been going round like his own ghost, miss, and when things get bad, I tell him 'tis not so bad—he's still got his cat."

"He's Bill, miss," explained Scott to Eve.

Eve smiled at the newcomer. "Tell me about the cat, Bill," she entreated, but Scott took up the story first.

"It's mine," he said quickly, as if someone was appropriating his most precious possession. "We saved her from our last ship. She's a beauty—black as coal, and we call her Jet, though she had a Dutch name when she came to us—"

"Couldn't bear what happened to her own navy," interrupted Bill. "She left one of their ships, miss, one that escaped from Holland to England, and Puss—"

"Jet," insisted Scott quietly. "She climbed up to us as we lay alongside. She went with us to Dunkirk—"

"No?" said Eve in wide-eyed interest.

"Indeed she did, miss, and not a feather out of her, though the decks were so crammed she had to find a perch for herself. Then we were torpedoed, and we saved her for another ship. Now—"

"She's here?" asked Eve, as Scott gestured toward the harbor. "Can I see her? Could I have her?"

Bill shook his head. "Ship's cat, miss, signed on for the duration."

But Scott looked at Eve, considering her suggestion. "I'd hate to part with her, miss, but it's hard on her always getting wet. Cats hate water—perhaps when we come in again—"

"When another ship is shot from under us," said Bill with utmost cheer. "In the meantime—"

"Jet goes to sea?"

"Yes, miss," agreed both sailors, but they had to move on when other men appeared behind them.

Bill went happily, ready for the next good thing in a day, but Scott lingered until Eve spoke to his wounded eyes.

"Have a good supper, Scott."

In the lighting of his whole face his appreciation was eloquently expressed. Then he followed Bill, who was elbowing his way to the front of the counter,

Continued on page 55

Wonderfully simple Beautifully made



Love-Face
panties

Sweetest, neatest, little pantie of them all. Tailored! Trim! Adorable! Runproof lacey knit that washes like a charm. You'll love them in white, tea rose, sky blue and black.

At all your favorite stores.
SUPERIOR SILK MILLS LIMITED, PRESCOTT, ONT.

HAIR... MUST BE KEPT CLEAN

As long as you can get Evan Williams Shampoo you need not worry about your hair—its cleanliness, health, beauty and preservation are fully safeguarded under the present trying conditions.

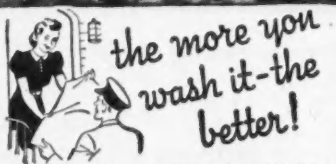
Evan Williams

15c., 2 for 25c. SHAMPOO

Dall's
limited

VANCOUVER
CANADA

IRISH
LINENS
and
REAL LACES



IT'S GUARANTEED COLORFAST

Viyella
FLANNEL

Buy Viyella by the yard. Make your own sportswear—suit, dress or blouse for yourself or the children.

The British Fashion Fabric that Wears and Wears
GUARANTEED WASHABLE & COLORFAST
36" and 54" wide. At all leading stores or write
Wm. Hollins & Co. Ltd., 266 King St. W., Toronto

Sea Dust :: Continued from page 52

where his sparkling smile won him immediate attention, but Scott waited patiently, and whenever Eve could she smiled at him, accepting with warm friendliness the silent homage of his eyes. Inwardly she recognized some fatalism in him. He would go back to the sea, she thought, and it might return him to the land, once or twice more, but finally its arm would draw him in, and Scott would rise and fall in its moving depths. But there was an enduring quality about Scott. It was in his quiet voice, his sea-soaked hands—in the tang of salt that roughened his hair. Twice he returned to the desk for tickets he did not want, and later Eve let him sit beside her, because she knew he was not the type of sailor who wanted to paint the town red on a short shore leave. He wanted a corner where he could get warm, so she let him stay and talk to her for the rest of her four-hour

Scott tried to speak. Then he gave it up. As he turned to go, light flashed on his salty hair, and in his eyes, while his hand looked warmer as he gave Eve a backward wave.

"Bless you," she whispered. "God bless!"

TWO MONTHS later Scott appeared again. Eve was thinner, with flesh lying closer to her bones, but her eyes and lips remained rich and full in the way of a girl who is sustained by an ardent spirit. By that time Don Raynham was flying over Germany every second night, and in dreams Eve seemed to rise in the air with Don, and share those hours, those minutes, of kill-or-be-killed. She chose harder work to fill up her day, but in spite of her preoccupation with Don, she remembered Scott, the sailor.

With Don's danger intensifying she accepted a breakfast-shift for the naval

Wanted: 1,000 Girls . .

THERE'S WOMAN'S work to be done for the Navy, and the Women's Royal Canadian Naval Service is seeking 1,000 young women to take it on for the duration. It's cooking, and laundering, and waiting on the men of Canada's navy at the east and west coasts. It's keeping them well fed, clean and comfortable; and starting them back to sea again refreshed and renewed.



The need is urgent. Before January 1, 1944, the WRENS must have 1,000 recruits who will volunteer for duty as cooks, stewardesses and laundry assistants. They want eager, ambitious young women who enjoy home-making and housekeeping. The Navy will teach them the rest, pay them while they learn, and give them the same chance of promotion as elsewhere in the service.

Wrens Marjorie Rinehart, Edmonton and Germaine Wilson, of Vimy, Alberta, getting some pointers from Petty Officer Cook Helen Major, Galt training ship.

shift, and when he helped with the cash, she suggested the things he might do, and the places he might go tomorrow.

Scott stood up, listening to her voice rather than her words.

"Perhaps the movies—"

Scott looked at Eve with whole-hearted gratitude. "This evening is all the leave I've got, and meeting you, miss, is the best bit of luck I've had."

With her cash box in her hand Eve studied his face under the cap that should have made him look jaunty, but he looked lonely and cold, a sailor who had not known enough time to recover from the chill of the sea.

With a wish to detain him, Eve offered her hand, and when Scott took it, his felt strong, yet with a sense of cold fluidity; like the hand of the sea itself.

"I will think of you, Scott," she said simply. "I will wish you well, and if you like, I will have Jet when you come again. This place will be standing, and I'll be here to welcome you in."

survivors billeted in the canteen while they waited to be outfitted for other ships.

Now, with her knowledge of devastation, Eve had become aware of privilege; of the way she could get up in warmth and spaciousness, and have her breakfast served by a competent maid. She was sipping her coffee one morning, and glancing idly at the paper when a big-lettered caption caught her eyes.

"DOUBLE ACT OF GALLANTRY —SAILOR SAVES CAT AND SHIPMATE"

Eve clutched the paper in the effort to read a whole paragraph in one glance. "A remarkable instance of kindness to animals, in which a young sailor risked his life to save a cat, was reported to this paper today. It appears that when a certain ship was torpedoed, and its surviving boats were being launched, a cat was seen on the deserted deck.

Why Cupid quit in the case of Claire!



The Plot: Is it really over between them? Does Jack's letter say an end to the happy plans they made together?

How easy to take love for granted, to

think it's yours for keeps. How quickly romance can fade if a girl forgets to guard precious charm. Poor, foolish Claire, to take chances with underarm odor!



The Clue: Claire's evenings are lonely. One night in a magazine she reads: "Baths only take care of past perspiration. To prevent risk of future underarm odor, use Mum!"



The Rescue: "I was silly, I was reckless to take chances with love! I'll never skip Mum again. Half a minute like this will protect charm all day or evening!"



UNDERARM odor is the enemy of your charm! Play safe—with Mum! In 30 seconds, you smooth on Mum—it's quick! Then you won't offend all day or all evening. Mum is dependable.

Mum is safe—safe for your skin, even after underarm shaving. Safe for clothes, says the American Institute of Laundering. Millions of women prefer Mum!

For Sanitary Napkins — Mum is gentle, safe and dependable. Use it this way, too!



MUM

**TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF
PERSPIRATION**

*A Product of Bristol-Myers
Made in Canada*



Don't cover up a BLEMISHED, IRRITATED SKIN

DON'T think there's "nothing you can do" about ugly, beauty-marring pimples! Try NOXZEMA, the famous *medicated* cream acclaimed by scores of nurses for its effectiveness. Thousands of women have been thrilled to see the improvement Noxzema has made in their skin!

HOW IT WORKS

Noxzema does so much because it contains *medicinal* ingredients. It's a greaseless skin cream that not only helps soothe skin

irritations—but also *helps heal unattractive pimples and blemishes!*

TRY IT TODAY

If your skin is marred by blemishes, start using Noxzema today! If you're a war worker, or working harder these days at home, use Noxzema regularly to help protect your skin against the dirt and grime that so often cause blemishes to start. See if it doesn't help you! Ask for Noxzema at any drug or dept. store. 39¢, 59¢.

MY EYES WERE OPENED

wide

"I had expected to do my part when rubber went to war. Of course, war needs must come first, which means less elastic in Girdles. *** But I hadn't expected anyone to design them better than the pre-war models. HICKORY has done just that with Girdles just as comfortable, wearable, but more controlling than ever. If you want to be put on a winner—or, I should say, if you want a winner put on you—say HICKORY for Girdles—\$3.50 up at leading stores. *** And ask to see PERMA-LIFT Brasieres with 'The Lift That Never Lets You Down,' that can't wash out or wear away." *** A. Stein & Company, Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

**HICKORY
GIRDLES**

"THE FOUNDATION OF LOVELINESS"



are dark and handsome! When wearing red, always try to get your lipstick to match it. Helps both your face and your dress.

☆☆

Balloon Cloth showing now in lingerie. This is a fine-quality batiste that, originally intended to make barrage balloons, has been released in some quantities to relieve civilian needs. Shows you you never know just what you are wearing these days.

☆☆

For Evening the average woman is content to wear a dress with a little—or a lot—of glitter added by means of sequins, beads or bright embroidery. However, a new appeal to basic dresses that have to go out in the evenings is the smart apron that can run from sequins to ruffled lace. Many of these aprons come with the dresses—while other dress-up aprons can be bought separately. Nothing to prevent you from making a glamorous evening apron, is there?

☆☆

Accent on Youth continues! Honest, folks, there is no such thing as an old woman any more. With women up in the seventies doing war jobs and taking positions in stores and the like, we have all had our faces lifted. Sets me to wondering if we will lose this youth after the duration. I sincerely hope not. I suggest we battle to hold the place we have made for our grey hairs in the postwar world. Maybe many of us will be glad to go back home and many of us should, thus opening up jobs for those coming home from the war—but hold out for your youth! Youth starts with the mind, of course. But I do say a trim figure—a smart dress—and the right make-up can hold back the calendar for any woman.

☆☆

Earrings to Match Dress Buttons were mentioned before—but worth mentioning again. Now the fashion-minded are turning Grandma's trunk inside out, trying to locate dresses that have old-fashioned buttons on them. Some of the buttons go on the dress—and two are held over for the ears. (Jewellers make these into earrings for you.) Black jet is particularly sought after—also cut-steel buttons and those hand-painted china buttons that we kids used to go into kinks over, years back! Stop laughing and see what treasures your button box, or the attic may hold.

☆☆

In Seeing Fashions every day, as I do, I am struck anew with the thought: Whatever is available is FASHION-ABLE! I mean by that that we cannot pick and choose the way we used to. Of course we have a really remarkable choice (considering the restrictions) in fabrics, styles and colors. But the truth is we don't go into a store any longer thinking, "I want such a dress—or hat—or shoes—or underwear." We shop with open minds and choose what is best suited to our needs and our purses. These conditions are making better shoppers out of us. This is especially true in rationed shoes. When that precious ration stamp has been used, we see that it is used to the best advantage. Reports from England, where clothing coupons are required, prove the same thing—we are learning to really shop for our fashions, and appreciate them the more when we get what we wanted.+



**For these
non-stop days
Madam—**

Volunteer Work calls for many extra hours strain on those precious feet of yours. Treat them kindly, wear Research Shoes designed and built with the necessary support feature to carry you through without fatigue.

**you need
Research
Shoes**

BLACHFORD SHOE MANUFACTURING CO.
Toronto

MEAT is material of war, use it wisely!



Meat is delicious. Meat is nutritionally tops. Meat is precious. Yet Canada produces enough meat to fulfil our pledges to Britain and other United Nations, to feed our armed forces, AND to supply our actual needs at home . . . IF WE USE IT WISELY!

To help meet this problem, to help you get the most out of every ounce of meat you buy, this series of advertisements has been prepared under the supervision of Martha Logan, Swift's famed home economist.

Study the five points she gives. This month Miss Logan deals with number one: wise *buying* of meat. The others will be covered in detail in later advertisements.



MARTHA LOGAN says:

"These are the 5 points to watch in making meat go further."

- 1 BUY WISELY:** Dealt with in this month's article.
- 2 STORE CAREFULLY:** Don't risk spoilage. Next month this important aspect of meat conservation will be discussed in full.
- 3 COOK CORRECTLY:** You can save $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. on 4 lbs. roast by cooking slowly at 325° instead of the conventional 450° . And the meat is juicier too!
- 4 CARVE PROPERLY:** Particularly in larger families where roasts and pot roasts are an economical buy, proper carving with a sharp knife may give you an extra meal from your roast.
- 5 USE UP COMPLETELY:** Here is the test of a good cook. Famous French chefs owe their fame to savoury ragouts and fricassees (in plain English, stews), because the French have learned never to waste food.

No. 1 BUY your meat wisely



PLAN AHEAD

Before you buy, plan! Of course you always have . . . but more and more housewives are finding that where they used to plan for a day or so ahead, now it pays to try to plan for a week, if possible. Try to keep plans flexible, especially with the non-rationed meats, which are sometimes hard to get.



BE ENTERPRISING

Keep a very open mind about all kinds of meat. Take your butcher's advice. For flavour and nutrition the cheaper cuts of meat *properly cooked* are just as good as the top priced. Sausage meat and hamburger, because they combine so well with alternates, and because they help meat go further.



BUY ONLY WHAT YOU NEED

Ground and chopped meats should be used promptly. Meat of all kinds should be cooked as soon as possible. Don't risk spoiled meat. Next month we'll tell you about storing meat. But the first essential is, buy only what you need!

MEAT



SWIFT CANADIAN CO. LIMITED

... a Dominion-wide organization devoted to the conservation and efficient distribution of Canada's food resources.

FAST ASPIRIN METHOD

Relieves Sore Throat
from a cold
Almost Instantly



1. Dissolve 3 Aspirin Tablets in $\frac{1}{2}$ glass of water and gargle. This eases pain and rawness of sore throat almost at once.



2. To relieve headache, body discomfort and aches, take 2 Aspirin Tablets and drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.

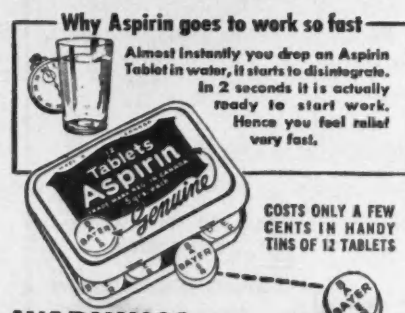


3. Check temperature. If you have a fever and temperature does not go down, if throat pain is not quickly relieved, call your doctor. This is important.

Try this swift relief that
millions now use

Once you try this way to get quick, effective cold relief you'll understand why Aspirin is rated one of the fastest and safest reliefs for cold pains.

So get Aspirin at your druggist's and keep it handy. It comes in tins of 12 tablets—convenient to carry in purse or pocket. But when you buy Aspirin, be sure you get the genuine by asking for it by name. Made in Canada, "Aspirin" is the trademark of The Bayer Company, Limited.



WARNING! This cross appears on every Aspirin Tablet

Immediately a young sailor returned to the sinking ship, and succeeded in rescuing the cat. At a time when so much human life is being lost and animals might not count, this incident makes a story for the SPCA. The story of the cat is interesting too. It was a Dutch 'deserter' to the British, attending the evacuation of Dunkirk and Brest, and this makes its second survival from a torpedoed ship. We regret to report that its rescuer is in hospital with a crushed leg, due to the rolling together of two boats. The sailor was in the act of rescuing a shipmate, who had been badly burnt by an explosion—

Eve dropped the paper. Now nothing could detain her. Already in her white smock she had only to grab a loose coat, rush outside and settle herself behind the wheel of a car. Then she was speeding down the high hills, to the waterfront, until she was in the canteen being met by the familiar smell of frying bacon and eggs. That morning she forgot work entirely, in the search for evidence that might justify the newspaper report.

Where was Jet, Scott's rescued cat?

Where was Bill, his hearty friend? At least Bill would be safe, Eve decided, but the canteen seemed unreplying, and concerned only with a routine of serving breakfast to the shuffling line of men.

Eve stood and stared out of the window at the congested harbor, before her eyes left it to examine the cash desk, unoccupied, because breakfast for survivors was free. But there in a chair was a coiled black lump that could only be a cat, and Eve smiled to note that it had found the strongest ray of sunlight in the room.

In a split second she was across the room and standing over the sleeping cat.

"Jet," she asked urgently, "are you Jet?"

The cat merely opened a segment of one green eye, but when Eve touched its black sides she found them warm and full of comfortable life.

"Jet," she murmured, in wonder that a cat could go through so much, and sleep. Then Eve became conscious of a figure by her side, and instantly she knew it was Bill, because she recognized the undismayed heartiness, that unshaken rollicking life.

"Bill?" she questioned, finding no cause for wonder that he was ruddy and smiling.

In unconscious answer Bill shrugged his shoulders.

"Not a feather out of me, miss. Like the bad penny, I always turn up."

"How do you do it?" she asked simply.

Bill shrugged again. "I take it as it comes. Never did a day's thinking in my life. Scott thinks and I don't."

"How is he?" asked Eve soberly.

"Bit scuppered, miss," announced Bill cheerfully. "What with the cat and the other fellow—"

Bill's strong hand ruffled the cat, whose green eyes opened to give him a baleful look.

"Now none of your lip, Puss," he said in a way that made Eve laugh, but in deference to Scott she corrected him.

"Jet," she said for the cat. "Bill, I must go to Scott."

"Yes, miss, it would do him good," Bill agreed at once. "I saw him settled away, but that bloke he pulled out of the water is cursing him something awful for saving his life. Next bed too—

ungrateful I call it—but he's burned to a crisp—"

"Oh," mourned Eve.

"He'll be thankful some day when his burns are better—if not—"

Bill's shoulders were eloquent and accepting.

"Better land and all that," he said cheerfully.

"I must go to Scott," murmured Eve.

"There are plenty of helpers for breakfast."

IT HAD pleased Eve to be extravagant—to buy Scott a great bunch of snapdragon, early chrysanthemums and orange-hearted calendula. They would mean more to him, she thought, than a gift of books, or food, and as she walked through the hospital corridors the flowers pushed away strong antiseptic smells. With an assenting nod the sisters directed her, and Eve crossed a ward on her feet that would not disturb any suffering creature, before she paused by a high white bed.

Scott must be asleep, she thought, to

look so empty. His eyes were closed, and his lids were smooth and tinged with blue. His fair hair looked slightly matted as if sea dust was in it to stay. Sea dust, sea dust, she thought sombrely, finding the same suggestions in his chilled-looking hands, but above them, where the sea and the salt could not reach, his wrists were fine-skinned and fair, as well as his neck below his browner face. In the narrow bed and under the bed clothes his body looked long and thin, like relaxed weary young bones. Eve did not disturb him, but she lowered the flowers within the friendly vicinity of his nose, and while she waited for them to announce her she looked across to the next bed. Steady as she was she almost recoiled at the sight of a blinded, bandaged figure of a man throwing himself around, while his blurred lips cursed the burden of living. Eve felt her breath grow cold with shock, and she had to grit her teeth to remind herself that tears would not advance any man's cause.

✦ Continued on page 61

What's the Answer?

A QUIZ based on general knowledge for an evening's entertainment at home. Try it out on the family—there aren't any \$64 questions, but you'll have a lot of fun.

1. Which end of a mosquito stings you, the head or the tail?
2. In Europe and Asia there are many walled cities but there is only one in North America. Where is it?
3. When you open a window which do you move: (a) the sash or (b) the frame?
4. Bobbed hair is the most popular style these days. Who started it first?
5. When you're making ice cream in an old-fashioned freezer, do you sprinkle salt in the freezer (a) to make the ice melt, or (b) to keep it from melting?
6. Which can see most clearly in total darkness: (a) an owl, (b) a bat, (c) a leopard or (d) a man?
7. If you heard a man say he had "hit the silk," would his occupation be (a) horse-racing, (b) promotion, (c) flying?
8. You've often watched a cat washing its face. Does it do this by (a) rubbing its paws over its face or (b) rubbing its face over its paws?
9. What percentage of the world's surface is water: (a) fifty, (b) sixty, (c) seventy, (d) eighty?
10. What living creatures are used to detect the presence of poisonous gas in a coal mine: (a) rats, (b) mice, (c) canaries or (d) gold fish?
11. You have four cans of paint—blue, yellow, red and black. You want to paint a table green—which two of the colors will you mix?
12. Which weighs more: (a) a quart of milk or (b) a quart of cream?
13. Which end of a cucumber has no seeds—the end nearest or farthest away from the vine?
14. In traffic signals, which color is on top: (a) the green or (b) the red?
15. When filled with boiling water, which is more liable to crack: (a) a thick glass, or (b) a thin glass?
16. Is the statement that it's unlucky to light three cigarettes from one match, sheer superstition?
17. Which of these Canadian cities has the highest tide in the world: (a) Halifax, (b) Vancouver, (c) Charlottetown, (d) Moncton?
18. Certain connecting bodies of water are said to contain more than half the fresh water in the world—are they in (a) North America, (b) Europe, (c) Asia?
19. What food is used by the greatest number of people?
20. What is the nearest planet to the earth?

Answers on page 88

"No, Carlos, I tell you there is no one. Yes, he is here now, but I told you about him. He is only an innocent schoolboy."

Ben eased himself up from the sofa and tiptoed across the rug to the front door. She saw him just as he opened it. "Oh, Ben," she called, with her hand over the mouthpiece, "could you come back about nine-thirty? It is very important. You will come?"

He nodded timidly and went out into the hall. Now then! What would his father have to say to this? It was too bad that he didn't seem to realize the sort of world he was living in, he was no better than an old—

BEN WIPED his feet half-heartedly on the mat at the back door and walked into the kitchen. Everything seemed to be buzzing around in his head at the same time. He cut himself a quarter of a chocolate cake and ate it slowly, sipping a quart of milk with it. The situation was impossible. His father flatly refused to believe that there was anything wrong with Miss Gomez, Jane flatly refused to believe there was anything right about her, and he was in the middle. He sighed and cut himself another small sliver of cake.

He had just disposed of the last bit of evidence when his mother came into the kitchen. "Go up and wash, Ben," she said. "Dinner will be ready in five minutes."

He walked up the stairs on his heels. It was particularly good for the muscles in the thighs. As he picked up the cake of soap, he suddenly remembered the ninth inning of the last school game of the year before. Gee, if they had only let him pitch! He clutched the soap tightly and started his wind-up, then he remembered the runner on first. He was taking a slight lead. He eyed the batter and heaved the soap over to first. A bit of plaster fell on the tile and brought him back to his washing hurriedly. He slid a comb through his hair twice, and went down to dinner.

Ben looked up from his soup to find his mother staring at him. When he looked at her, she went back to her eating. They ate in silence for awhile, then his mother put her spoon down and cleared her throat. "Your father says that you called him an old fogey today." She glanced at the professor, "It was an old fogey, wasn't it, dear?"

Professor Blakely nodded gravely and went on spooning soup. "Something of the sort, my dear. All I seem to recall of it now is that it was rather disrespectful." He broke a piece of bread and gazed at the ceiling for a moment. "I believe it was old fogey."

His mother shook her head. "Is that true, Ben?"

He nodded, looking at his soup. There were one, two, three, four pieces of barley chasing each other around after the spoon. He watched them carefully.

"Then, of course, you will apologize." She waited patiently, then her eyebrows went up. "You will apologize, won't you, dear?"

The professor shrugged and looked up at his wife. "Very well, I apologize, sweetheart."

"No, not you. It's Ben who must apologize."

Ben shook his head. "I can't, mother. I'm worried about something and father just won't help me. He doesn't seem to realize that a young boy has to be careful of his reputation. He's got to be careful

of the people he gets involved in intrigues with. He's allowing me to be a laughingstock for the whole school, just on account of my Spanish lessons!"

Professor Blakely dropped his bread and glared at his son. "Benjamin seems to think that a violent assault is being made on his honor. He's practically accused this Gomez woman of being a spy, or something equally as odious. I have personally assured him that this woman is perfectly all right."

Mrs. Blakely looked at her husband carefully. "You know her personally?"

THE PROFESSOR straightened his tie, knocking the clip off his collar. He pushed his plate away. "She was at a faculty tea last winter. Danced the rumba, I think, or something. She's a friend of Williams, had some sort of family trouble, and he's seeing that she gets some pupils to bring in some money." He coughed a little. "I had a rumba with her myself. Very nice girl."

Ben looked at his mother. "See? That's why I called him an old fogey, mother. One dance with her and he's trapped. She has him in her clutches."

"Rot! I am not an old fogey, I am extremely broadminded. This poor girl is doing nothing but trying to teach you a little Spanish, and I don't mind saying I feel very sorry for her!"

Ben lowered his eyes and prepared to light a fuse. "She asked me to come over to her apartment tonight at nine-thirty. She said it was very important."

Mrs. Blakely looked very thoughtful as she removed the soup plates. When she had put the roast on the table, she had made up her mind. "William," she said, "I will not have Benjamin going to that woman's apartment at night."

The professor muttered something under his breath, but his wife didn't stop. "And furthermore, I want you to go over there tonight and talk to her. There must be some basis for Ben's suspicions, and I don't want anything to happen to him."

Professor Blakely tore at his hair and sputtered. "What on earth could happen to him?"

"I was reading a book, just the other day, about a woman of that same type. William, I insist that you go over there."

"More trashy novels," the professor groaned, slashing at his roast beef savagely. "Very well, I'll go see her."

Mrs. Blakely beamed at her son. "And now will you apologize to your father?"

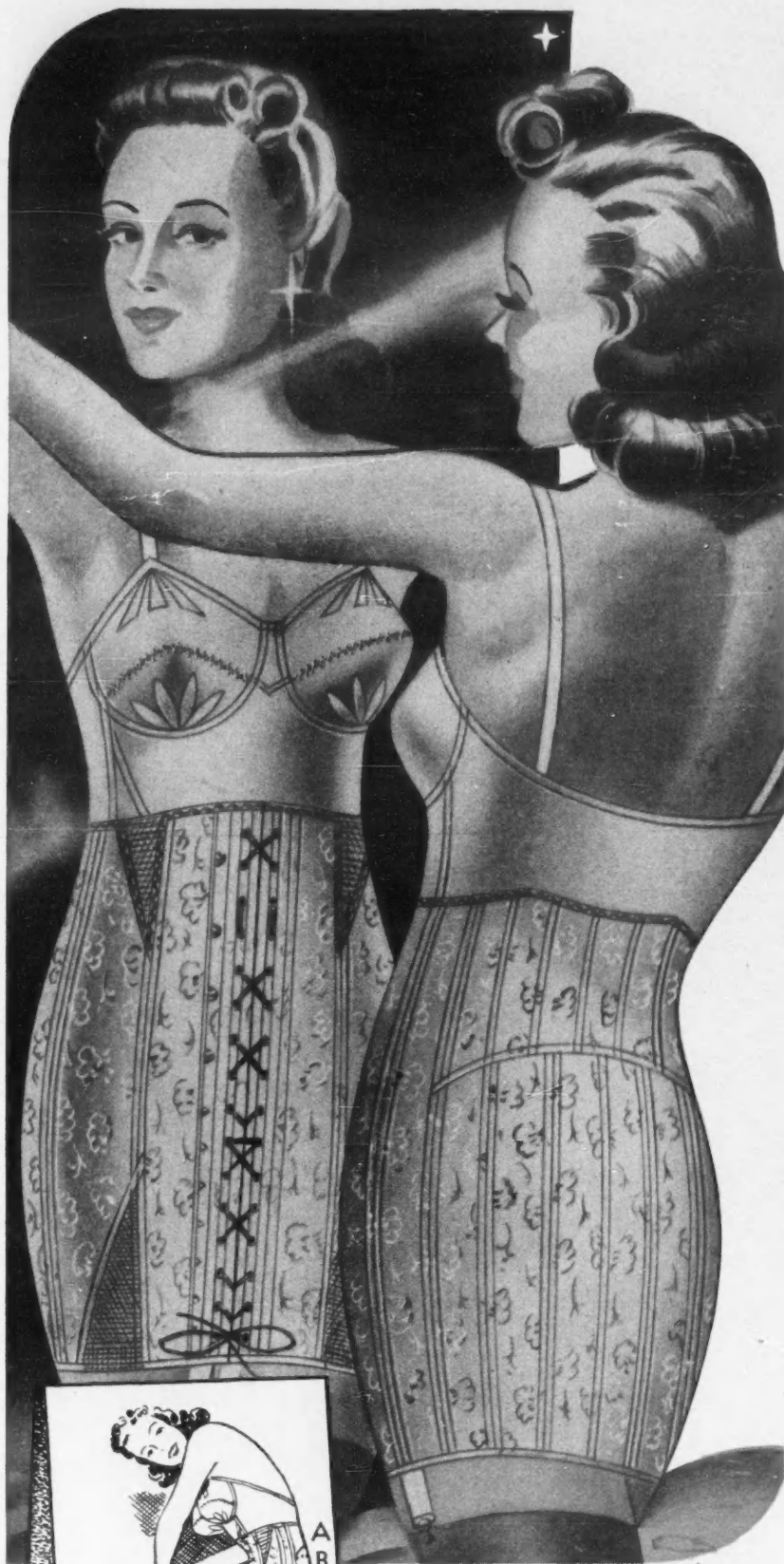
Ben shook his head. "I'll apologize when he comes home. He's still acting like 1910 as far as I'm concerned."

The professor pointed across the table with the carving knife. "I'll deal with you in the morning, young man!"

AT NINE-FIFTEEN the professor clamped his hat on his head and went out of the house. He sloshed along through the hateful mud, devising new methods of torture for disobedient, headstrong children. He decided that he must be a little more severe with his wife in the future, too. No use letting the whole family get the upper hand. They didn't seem to realize the strain a man in his position was under.

He didn't have to look for Miss Gomez's apartment, the beat of a rumba was sneaking out from under her door. He rang the bell and waited.

The door swung open and Miss Gomez smiled out. As she saw the professor the smile bent a little around the edges.



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Step Lively, Professor :: Continued from page 15

Ben gazed down at his shoe thoughtfully. He could feel the red burning on his cheeks. "Jane saw us dancing one day when she passed the house." He sighed in anguish. "How would you like everybody talking about you and a Spanish dancer, and not being able to see your girl on account of it?"

His father seemed to be losing interest so he played what he hoped was his trump card. "Father, I think she's up to some sort of intrigue or something." He cleared his throat and looked at his father slyly. "You don't know any defense secrets, do you, father, that she might want to find out?"

Professor Blakely stood up and grabbed his coat lapels. "Benjamin, if all this has been leading up to a request for me to permit you to drop your lessons, please don't go any farther. I have no idea why your mother lets you read trashy books, but I will not have you acting them out in an attempt to befuddle my brain! Now, then, I suggest that you have about fifteen minutes to get to Miss Gomez's house and if I were you, I'd go!"

Ben batted his eyes sadly and walked toward the door, his face full of woe. At the door he turned and looked back at his father. He was hurt. "All right, if that's the way you feel about it." He shook his head dismally. "I've tried to protect myself and this family." He gulped and his face grew more pained. "And there's Jane. I wanted to be true to her, I didn't want to drag her name into the mud."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Ben! Stop it!" Ben ran his hand through his hair. "And I used to fight anybody who said that you were an old fogey—well . . ."

The professor grabbed a heavy Latin book and it crashed noisily against the door, which Ben had closed, just in time.

He'll be sorry! he thought mournfully as he went out of the house, conveying his Spanish grammar. He put his feet gratefully into the mud and slopped toward Miss Gomez's, relieved to find that it was still spring.

DAWDLE AS he might, and dawdle as he did, including a fruitless five minutes standing in front of Jane's house, it only took him fifteen minutes to reach Miss Gomez's apartment on the other side of town. Exercising that portion of his mind usually reserved for doctors and dentists, he hoped that she would be out. She was very much in—he heard her bouncing across the floor almost before the sound of the bell died away.

"Buenos dias, señor estudiante!" Dona Maria's black eyes reached out and welcomed him. His chest thumped like a kettledrum and he felt slightly out of breath. He nodded gravely and entered the apartment.

"Let me take your hat," she said. He grinned somewhat foolishly and she noticed that he was wearing none. "A gentleman should always wear a hat, so that a lady may take it for him. You understand?" Her musical voice hit every bump on his spine until he tingled like a marimba.

He smiled back at her and walked awkwardly across the living room and sat on the sofa. "Nice day, isn't it?" he said.

Miss Gomez stared out the window

for a moment before answering. "It was a nice day," she said sadly. "Shall we start the lesson?" She took a Spanish grammar from her desk and opened it, just as Ben closed his mind with a slight creaking. She sighed and looked at him. Trying to stuff him with a decent vocabulary was as futile as trying to stuff two pieces of pimiento into the same olive.

Ben looked out through his half-closed lashes at Miss Gomez, just hearing the sonorous roll of the words without attempting to understand them. She certainly was beautiful, just the type that would be engaged in some sort of intrigue. After all, he thought; what does anyone here in town know about her?

HE KNEW, of course, that she had been a rumba dancer in some little place downtown, and that she was a personal friend of Professor Williams, but what did Williams know about her?

She stopped reading and frowned. "You are listening, Ben?"

"I am listening," he said.

"You were not listening," she said sadly. "You were sitting there playing the game with baskets."

Ben grinned foolishly. "Basketball? I don't like basketball."

"Nevertheless, you were not paying attention to me." She put the book on her desk and walked with a gentle sway over to the phonograph. "We will dance a rumba and you will be in the mood for Spanish." She put some records on the turntable and flipped the switch. "It is very important in the learning of Spanish that you think in a Spanish way, you understand?"

Ben stood up and his knees trembled just a little bit. He shuddered as the music started. What kind of a father would throw his only son in front of a speeding express train?

He put his arm around her cautiously and they whirled around the edge of the room. It was funny, very funny, he never felt this way when he danced with Jane at the Wednesday evening dancing class. And yet, he loved Jane, and she loved him, or had until this Spanish business started.

Dona Maria's head was thrown back, her lovely black hair swirled out behind her, her heavy-lidded eyes and her glistening red lips seemed to mock him as they spun over the floor. The little piece of leather that was loose on his shoe kept scraping across the floor and embarrassing him.

She left him standing there burning with confusion when the telephone rang. He went back to the sofa and sat there, fingering the dirty necktie. The darned old thing hadn't served its purpose at all. At first he tried not to listen to her on the telephone. It was best, if she was involved in some sort of undercover work, that he know nothing about it. But it was impossible not to hear.

She was watching him carefully out of the corner of her eye. "Very well, if you will come over tonight, I will give you the papers."

A cold plaster of horror spread across his chest. The mystery was growing right before his eyes, and he was practically a party to whatever it was! Why couldn't parents ever listen to their children?

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Sea Dust

Continued from page 56

Scott's nostrils were moving. Then his lids lifted wearily, to reveal wounded eyes suddenly expressing a strong sense of wonder.

"Miss," he murmured with weak spontaneity, as his hand crept over the bed clothes. Eve covered it with her own, glad that shock had not made her hands cold. Then when Scott's eyes contracted from near looking at the flowers, she held them away where he could see better.

"For me?" he muttered unbelievably. "All that for me?"

"For you, Scott, and don't talk when you're so tired. I'll put them in water." His eyes closed, willing to rest. Then they opened quickly and anxiously.

"Jet, miss?" Eve smiled, as she bent toward Scott's ear. "I've seen her, Scott. She's quite at home in the canteen. You know what cats are. She found the one bit of sun, and got up on a chair to be near it."

Scott's shoulders recorded a sense of cosiness under the bed clothes. But he stirred restlessly when his ears picked up the unhappy mumblings of his shipmate.

"He's been cursing me, miss, for saving him. Could you say a word—"

Eve looked up the ward, instinctively appealing to the nurses, but they were so occupied with bodies that they had little time for wounded spirits. A glance back at Scott's face gave Eve the courage to step toward the tormented man and lay her free hand on his tossing shoulder. Its human warmth made her conscious of just another sailor, blinded with suffering, so she could speak without thought of herself.

"Sailor, sailor," she called softly, and when the restless figure became momentarily still she followed her slight advantage. "Sailor, you hate your life now because you are terribly burned, but tomorrow, the next day maybe, the pain will not be so bad. Then you'll be glad Scott saved you. Try and think of that."

If she had not helped the burned sailor, she had helped Scott, for when she returned to his bedside he was blessing her with his eyes. Suddenly Eve realized that Scott was loving her as a man loves home, consideration, and all he knows of dear familiar things. It was a love that would ask nothing in return. It was a love like the one she gave all the men in the canteen. It let her touch Scott's wrist with a calm hand before she sat beside him, holding the flowers like a baby on her arm.

"I'll come every day, Scott, if I can." "I thought of you often, miss, and when it happened, Jet's eyes shone in the dark like yours shine in my mind—I couldn't leave her. You said you'd think—"

"And I did. I did," she assured him, "and I'll always remember—"

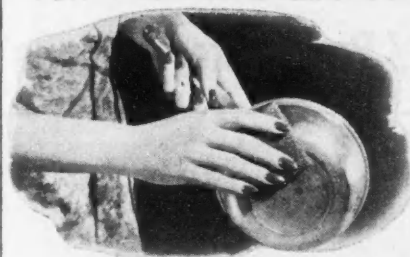
"When I go to sea again, miss," he said quietly, but Eve touched his hand with a wish to give him so much present that he would not think of his past or future.

DURING THE time that Scott was in hospital he did not dwell on yesterday or tomorrow, because Eve made his todays timeless and sweet. The nurses were



No Tears at Parting

give him the memory of soft, feminine Hands



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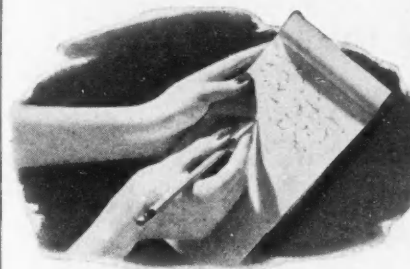
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"Why, it's Professor Blakely!"

The foolishness of his mission suddenly struck him and he blushed. "I—ah, perhaps I shouldn't have come."

"Nonsense," she said, "I am glad to see you. I was expecting Ben, but I guess you will be just as good. You can explain to Carlos."

"Carlos?"

"Come, professor, let's go in. Don't stand there in the hall." She took his hat and he walked into her living room. For some strange reason he felt nervous and ill-at-ease.

"I came to see you about Ben's dancing — I mean Ben's Spanish lessons." He grinned at her.

"The Spanish lessons? He is doing beautifully. We dance and I converse with him in Spanish. Come, I show you!"

Before he could say anything, she was in his arms and they were turning about the room. "You danced with me before, remember?"

As the professor tried to pick up the step, feeling very stupid, the door burst open and a small dark man strode into the apartment. His eyes gleamed angrily as he saw the professor. "So," he hissed. "So, this is your little schoolboy! I have known there was someone else! You will suffer for this, my friend. I will beat you both!"

The professor's mouth swung open and he stared at the little bundle of rage before him. "Good evening," he said cautiously.

"This is Carlos, my dancing partner, my husband."

Carlos' eyes snapped, "A very sad husband I am, too!"

"Look out, professor, he's going to hit you!" But she spoke too late. The professor's jaw was ringing until he was sure that his teeth were going to fly out. There was only one thing to do. The professor clenched his fist and did it.

BEN AWOKE early the next morning and ran to the window. It looked as if the ground was hardening up in a very satisfactory manner. A few more days and it would be just right. He whistled gaily as he dressed. After he had knotted his tie, he put his baseball glove between his Latin book and his geography and went downstairs. It was funny, here it was quarter of eight and there wasn't any smell of bacon and coffee.

There was no one in the dining room, or the living room. He was just going to go upstairs again when he heard low voices in his father's study.

His mother and father were sitting at the professor's desk. A headline in the newspaper that lay on the desk caught Ben's eye. The headline was big and black:

PROMINENT PROFESSOR IN LOVE NEST BRAWL

Ben whistled shrilly and looked at his father. The professor shuddered and turned away. Ben grabbed the paper and read through the story:

It took two police cars and the riot squad to subdue Professor William Blakely of Hildor College and Carlos Gomez, rumba dancer, last night as they fought over the affections of Miss Maria Gomez, Carlos' estranged wife. Neighbors, at 1456 Elmwood Lane, who called the police, said that Gomez threatened to kill the professor, saying, "This man

has stolen my wife and broken up my home."

Professor Blakely was released early this morning after John M. Adams, President of the college, provided bond. Gomez is still in the Poplar Street jail. Professor Blakely, when questioned at police headquarters, said that he was, "only consulting Miss Gomez about some Spanish lessons." Professor Blakely is head of the romance language department at Hildor College.

"WELL," SAID Ben, looking at his father, "what in the world did you do over there? What is the president going to say about this?"

The professor sighed. "I went home with him from the—police station. He understands perfectly that it was all a misunderstanding. We are just going to let the matter drop as quietly as possible."

Ben shook his head, and made a clicking sound with his tongue. "Gee, you'll get an awful riding from the students and the other professors. I feel sorry for you, because I know how it is."

Mrs. Blakely wrung her hands together. She stared at her husband as if she had never seen him before. "You're quite sure, William, that all this isn't true? You didn't really break up this man's home?"

Professor Blakely allowed one eyebrow to express a note of surprise.

Mrs. Blakely seemed reassured, she smiled tenderly at her husband before going to the kitchen. "After all, dear," she said, "you are attractive. In a dignified way, of course."

The telephone rang as the professor gazed thoughtfully at the swinging door. Every so often his wife amazed him with her astuteness. The telephone rang again as he clipped a flower from a vase for his buttonhole, the first in twenty years. Slowly he walked over and put the receiver to his ear.

Ben sat glumly on the stairs. At least his father was all right, and he wouldn't have to take lessons from el senorita any more, but Jane was still beyond his reach. Just a vision of beauty who would flutter by him in the corridors not seeing his heavy heart.

"Ben? Ben?" The professor said vaguely, "What's his last name? Blakely? No, I don't recall any student of that name in any of my classes. Perhaps you'd do well to call the registrar's office—"

Ben nudged his father gently. "I'll take it, dad."

The professor smiled into the mouthpiece. "Here's my son, Ben, perhaps he can help you."

"Hello," Ben said gloomily, then the clouds on his face began to move rapidly. As he listened a glow of red lit them in a perfect sunrise. "I told you all the time that there was nothing to it." He grinned and looked at the professor. "Nope, no divorce. She forgave him—just like you're doing me. 'By, Jane, see you at school."

He looked for a long time at his father, then he spoke gently, "Thanks for helping me out, dad."

Professor Blakely smiled. "Out is not needed in that sentence," he said.

"I know," Ben said, looking out the window. "Out is where I'm going. Look at that beautiful mud!" The professor looked and was forced to agree. It was spring. ♣

The House You'll Live In :: Continued from page 9

predictable. The former varies greatly from year to year and has a tendency to run in cycles with a peak demand every four or five years. So what? Well, can you imagine what would happen if the large floor space required in a factory to prefabricate houses stood practically idle for even one year? The accumulated overhead on idle equipment would make the cost of manufacture prohibitively high in a very short time. This is one of the bugs that has to be ironed out before any manufacturer could even attempt to solve the problems, assuming that he had an assured market. With war conditions creating a constant demand, prefabrication has advanced to some extent in the United States, but the only truly successful prefabricator of a portable house to date, in America at any rate, has been the Indian.

EVEN IF some of us are a bit sceptical about prefabricated houses, it doesn't necessarily follow that we think this type of construction will not be developed in some form. It probably will. It has started already in a somewhat limited way. Kitchen units, for example, were on the market in pre-war days. There is no reason why refrigerator, cupboards, sinks and cooking units cannot be developed to fit into standardized units that can be built together like children's blocks.

There is also the possibility that prefabrication could be carried to the extent of building wall and partition units. This form is more correctly called "demountable." It is commonly used for temporary buildings, but the same principle might be applied to permanent structures. Such units are made up in sizes that can easily be handled. Four feet by eight feet, for example, is a common size. These wall units can be made complete with window or door frames, with doors or sash complete, and hardware fitted in the factory. Office partitions of this type have been on the market for some time. Canada's temporary wartime houses are built in this manner.

AMONG THE new building materials, plastics have fired the imagination of the public more than any other. There are

so many different kinds suited to so many different uses that to lump them all under one heading and assess their value is rather difficult. There are plastic substitutes for various articles formerly manufactured in metal, such as pipes, moldings, and fittings of various kinds. Transparent plastics have been used as substitutes for glass.

As to the extent that they will be used in postwar house building, it is difficult to say. A great deal depends on cost of production when metals, etc., again become available, and the market is competitive. As a material for finished surfaces, and as a substitute for window glass, there is some doubt unless further advances are made. Most of the plastics so far developed will not stand severe abrasion and would therefore be ruled out as a substitute for any hard-surfaced or transparent material like glass where any scratching or dulling of the surface would be injurious. Heat is another factor with the majority of plastics. A great number of them soften under comparatively low temperatures. It wouldn't be funny to have your bathtub fold up on you if you got the water too hot.

THERE IS another important development that may influence not only *what* we build but also *where*. It is all tied up with the greater problem of urban decay. All our great cities are suffering from it. It is one of the vitally urgent problems to be tackled in the immediate postwar period.

What is to be done with our derelict downtown districts? Before this can be answered, there are a great many related problems to be solved. The answer will have a tremendous influence on future living conditions for us all. If blighted areas are reclaimed, we will need a different kind of dwelling suited to urban conditions instead of the semi-urban dwellings we have been accustomed to in most of our cities, particularly in Ontario. On the other hand, if our cities are to be restricted in size and suburban traffic facilities improved, we may find ourselves with larger lots and neighborhood landing fields for our helicopter bus. Who knows?+

Home is Where the Heart Is :: Continued from page 9

surroundings than we can don an entirely new personality or face.

IN SPITE of what I may think of post-war living, I know there will be a lot of people who will get stung. The minute someone promotes furniture made of goose feathers and pink eggshells, some people are going to have it all over the house because it's new. That's great for about two months until someone else comes along with a setup of glass and grapefruit seeds, and the poor eggshell people are behind the times. Moral, never follow fads! Follow your own common sense.

I started to write about the kinds of houses people would live in after the war—well, I seem to have digressed. I've written about the kind people should live in, but I'll bet my bottom dollar few of them will.

The big idea of this article is to make people realize they are individuals. Stand up and fight for your homes—after all that's what this war is for, to save the home. Don't be taken in by overnight fashions and styles—have it your way. You've got the world and all history to choose from—why live with a three-piece suite and a bridge lamp?

That old chestnut about home being where the heart is—it's still a good chestnut. After this war there are going to be a lot more hearts in a lot more homes, and in the final analysis that is the important thing. If, on the other hand, our homes have beauty too, then there will be a lot more hearts in a lot more homes for a lot longer. And maybe if this could happen we'd miss those hectic postwar years that are sure to follow peace.+

HOW OLD ARE THEY?



DON'T LET YOUR SKIN ADD YEARS TO YOUR AGE

ALMOST nothing ages a woman as quickly as "old-looking" skin. If yours is giving the impression you're older than you are—do this: try the remarkable, new-type Noxzema Cold Cream.

The very first time you use it you can tell it's different. Your skin feels cooler, tingling, stimulated! That's because Noxzema Cold Cream contains many special ingredients not found in

other leading beauty creams. That's why it gives such *different* results. Not only cleanses so thoroughly, quickly removes all makeup and dirt, but leaves the skin looking and feeling so much fresher... invigorated! Get Noxzema Cold Cream at any beauty counter and start using it today! 17¢, 29¢, 55¢ sizes.



Supersilk Hosiery Mills makes the best of the present war situation!

TWENTY per cent of the Supersilk staff is on Active Service. A further large percentage has joined up in various branches of the war services.

As a result, Supersilk production is little better than 50% of normal. Before the war, as well as now, Supersilk produced Canada's best stockings.

Supersilk No. 300
is today
Canada's most durable
Chiffon Stocking

Owing to restricted production, Supersilk Stockings are not so easy to obtain as before.

Therefore, when you are able to get a pair, take good care of them and enjoy their wear that much longer.



YOU WILL HOLD YOUR MAN

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SPEED THE VICTORY!

BUY...

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CONSERVE PAPER — WRITE ON BOTH SIDES

Speed the Victory! Buy Victory Bonds

Lovely

rings to make you happy
in the wearing . . .

confident of the future
and ever-conscious of

the love they represent



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DIAMOND & WEDDING RINGS

LOVELY FOR A LIFETIME

good to him and his tormented shipmate ceased to curse his rescued life. The day came when he lay still within his bandages, and Scott could tell Eve that he had been thanked across the space between the two beds.

Scott's crushed leg mended, gaining a state where it merely needed rest. Scott relaxed in the little hospital world, waiting for the high spot in the day when Eve would appear. Always she came bare-headed, in a loose sports coat that hung smartly from her gallant shoulders. Her hair would be girlish and free in a groomed way, and her face would be dominated by her radiant eyes. Other kindly women and girls arrived to distribute flowers, books, and fruit, but Eve was the only one who could get past Scott's reticence, the one to whom he could reveal himself. She became his life, and the delight of his eyes. Love for her illumined his face, but it stayed as the unspoken thing, the sweet intangible essence, like the taste of water or the smell of earth.

The hospital was on a high hill, in sight of the North Atlantic that could always remind Scott of his calling, and the ship to which he must return. But for a time he could rest on a lee shore and forget his bitter future.

Eve did not tell Scott that her teeth were becoming more and more on edge from thinking of Don's flights over Germany every second night. She let herself be the ship that passed during Scott's darkest night—the near voice that could always dispel his loneliness.

Jet made a topic where they met equally, and Eve would report how she walked delicately round the canteen, bearing within her animal consciousness a recognition of the friendly legs she could brush against, or the brutal ones she must avoid. Then toward the end of Scott's hospital experience Eve began to report that Jet had grown extraordinarily lazy, sleeping away most of the day.

The afternoon came when Eve found Scott dressed, and sitting in a little chair near his bed, while his eyes appraised the distant sea. There was a chilled moment between them, but it hovered like the chill of outer spaces, rather than the chill of human hearts. There seemed nothing to say, nothing to add to the fact that Scott was well and ready to go to sea again.

Eve also appraised the North Atlantic rolling beyond the grim harbor hills. "Scott against the sea," she thought, and she knew that the sea would win.

Within the same week she arrived at the canteen to take her place at the cash. There she found Scott sitting with Jet in his arms, and immediately she felt a stab in her heart from the way he was trying to warm his white hands against the cat's black sides. When Scott started to rise, she bade him sit on, with the comfortable Jet perched on the uncomfortable lap made by his long thin legs.

Conversation could only come in spurts, during the lulls when men were not standing in line demanding tickets for late lunch, early supper, or a snack at any hour of the day.

In the way of cats Jet got bored, leaving them to explore the larger world of the canteen, but Eve and Scott laughed, like a pair of doting parents watching a capricious child. They saw Jet leap up on a chair beside a sailor who was idly



ABSORBINE JR. helps relieve sore, aching muscles because it speeds up your circulation in the affected areas. Then fresh blood can carry pain-causing fatigue acids away. Apply a few drops of Absorbine Jr. full strength and rub it in—a little goes a long way. At all drugstores, \$1.25 a bottle. W. F. Young, Inc., Montreal, Que.

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GET ALL THE A&D
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*Easy to take
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Lack of sufficient vitamins A and D can interfere seriously with good health and nutrition. Especially is this true for growing children and young people. But now every member of the family can be sure of getting both A and D vitamins by taking One-A-Day brand Vitamin A and D Tablets.

Each tablet contains 5000 international units of vitamin A and 500 int. units of vitamin D, the same amount of vitamins A and D that there are in 1½ teaspoonfuls of minimum cod-liver oil. "One-A-Day" brand Tablets are pleasant to take. They may be swallowed whole, or chewed . . . or for young children, crushed and added to food or drink.

You take only one tablet a day—and this costs only a cent if you buy the family size package. Ask for ONE-A-DAY brand Vitamin A and D Tablets.

30 tablets—one month's supply for one person . . . 45¢
90 tablets—one month's supply for family of 3 . . . \$1.00
180 tablets—one month's supply for family of 6 . . . \$1.80

Made by Miles Laboratories, Toronto

ONE A DAY
VITAMIN A and D TABLETS

✦ Continued on page 65

How to Relieve 'PERIODIC' FEMALE PAIN



And Help Build Up Resistance Against It!

If you, like so many women and girls suffer from cramps, headaches, backache, weakness, distress of "irregularities", periods of the blues—due to functional monthly disturbances—

Start at once—take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. This well known liquid not only helps relieve monthly pain but also tired, weak, nervous feelings. This is because of the soothing effect of its effective roots and herbs on ONE OF WOMAN'S MOST IMPORTANT ORGANS.

Taken regularly — Lydia Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such symptoms. Thousands upon thousands of women have reported many benefits. Also a fine stomach tonic. *Worth trying! Made in Canada.*

RASHES

To help heal and clear up irritations fast, use pure, emollient



CUTICURA SOAP and OINTMENT

Cuticura is gentle, medicinal, dependable, world-known. Start using Cuticura today! All druggists! *Made in Canada.*

GOT CATARRH?

New British Remedy, 'NOSTROLINE,' instantly relieves your Catarrh. Clears head. Opens breathing passages. Stops nasal discharge. 'NOSTROLINE' acts in 30 seconds. Defeats infection in nose, throat and chest. Ends Head Colds overnight. Banishes Head Noises. It must be 'NOSTROLINE.' 50c. all Druggists.

'NOSTROLINE' CLIFTON, BRISTOL, ENGLAND

"HOUNDED" BY HEADACHES

Blinding pain, constant throbbing made her life a misery. It seemed as though she would never get lasting relief until a friend said: "Faulty kidneys may be the cause, use Dodd's Kidney Pills". If kidneys fail, poisons remain in the system and headaches, backache, rheumatic pains and other ailments often follow. Treat headaches by helping restore your kidneys to normal action. Use Dodd's Kidney Pills, a favourite remedy for over half a century.



Dodd's Kidney Pills

Sea Dust

Continued from page 62

licking an ice-cream cone. They saw that the sailor was half drunk, and they laughed like children when the sailor shared his cone, lick for lick, with the greedy cat. When there was no more ice cream to be licked Jet jumped to the floor, and stretched herself in satisfied length.

Eve gave a little gasp. "Kittens," she said spontaneously.

A tiny smile played round Scott's lips. "I'm afraid, miss," he said gravely, "she's met a Newfoundland gentleman." Then he sobered, staring at Jet like a man who must part with his last possession.

"I would have taken her—but she can't go to sea now."

Eve punched several tickets before she spoke sideways, in a voice that was slow, sincere and reassuring. "I'll take Jet home with me, Scott. I'll look after her and all her kittens, and I'll keep her until she's a fat old lady sleeping by the fire."

Scott stared at Eve's fall of dark hair, but she did not turn round. "You mean it, miss?" he asked intensely.

"Wherever I go," she said solemnly.

All Eve could hear was Scott's uneven breath.

"Thank you, miss, and now I can tell you I join a ship today."

Mercifully for Scott there was a lull that left the desk momentarily isolated. Then Eve turned and faced him.

"Never feel lonely," she commanded him. "Never feel empty of anything. I'll think of you often, and look after Jet. Bless you, always God bless!"

Scott gave a laugh that held a surge of elation. Then he rose, ready to go on that note, while Eve watched him with a sense of last-looking at someone who would make sea dust. Lastly she held his blue eyes with her own, knowing she could have put her arms around him in true tenderness and compassion, but it was a time when a handclasp had to say everything.

Scott stood receiving the unspoken things she had to give before he made his simple expression of faith.

"You've been the whole of my life, miss, since the day I saw you. Nothing is hard to do now."

"I'll think of you," she whispered. "Bless you, many times."

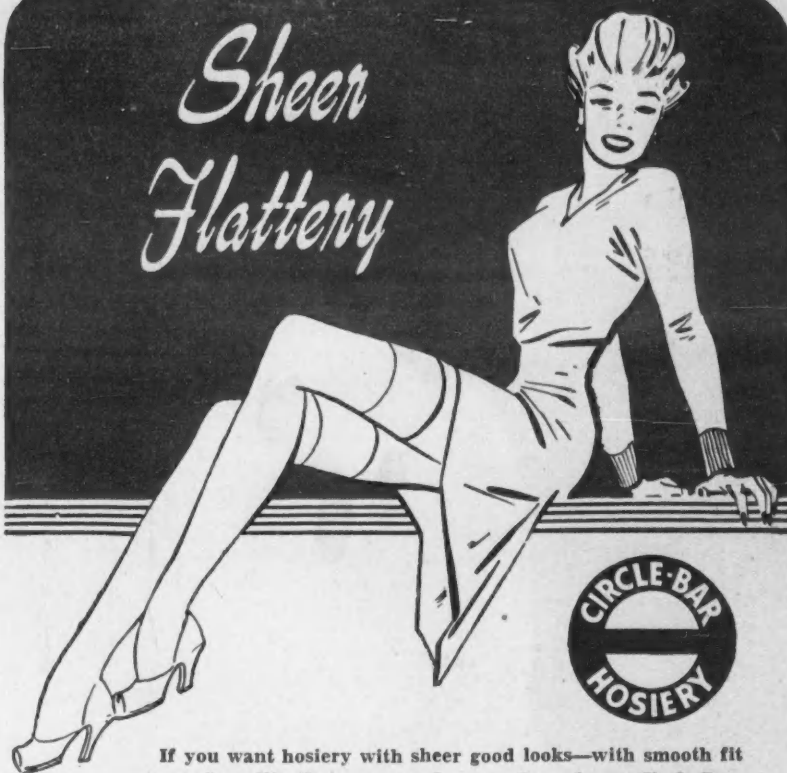
He left, as a sailor would leave Royalty, taking three backward paces before he was off without another turn of his head. When he reached the dark portal of the door, there was nothing more than a wave from his bleak, sea-soaked hand.

BECAUSE JET was a troupier she did not mind another change of quarters. As Eve's family was composed of people who could always widen a circle for another, Jet was petted and lionized because of her war experience. Eve buttered her paws, but Jet showed no signs of running away. She slept on comfortable chairs by day, and at night in a padded box. Eve could continue her work feeling that Jet was a sailor cosily retired to the land.

The sea and the air filled Eve's mind. Once as tireless as a bird on a flight, she dragged slightly through time that seemed a long-drawn-out monotony.

+ Continued on page 85

Sheer Flattery



If you want hosiery with sheer good looks—with smooth fit—and quality that wears and wears, then choose Circle-Bar.

You'll like the slim, trim look they give your ankles, the diminutive seaming, the reinforced heels and toes that make them wearable for miles. In refreshingly clear colors, to lend accent to your suits and frocks—in different weights for different occasions. You'll find Circle-Bar Hosiery at leading shops everywhere.

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First on your list of figure needs is a Flexaire Bra. Flexaire is made for you by Flexees — long famous for flexible figure beauty in girdles and combinations. Flexaire's new skilful design models bosom lines into lovelier contours; brings you new, unconstricted, free-as-air comfort. Made for Full Bosom, Average, Junior types.



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240 Richmond St. W., Toronto

The BRA for Bosom Beauty

Which is your one worst skin trouble?

OILY SKIN

FLAKY SKIN

TINY LINES

DRY SKIN

BIG PORES

BLACKHEADS

?



Read How My New 4-Purpose Face Cream Brings Back Your Smooth "Baby Skin"!

by *Lady Esther*

Look at your skin closely in the mirror. Touch it gently with the tips of your fingers.

Is it a soft, fresh, young-looking skin? Does it feel satiny and smooth to your touch? Or is it dry and coarse—a bit flaky—perhaps marred by blackheads and an occasional big pore?

The cause of many skin troubles is an accumulation of dirt, stale make-up, dead skin cells—lodged firmly in the mouths of the pores. My 4-Purpose Face Cream is scientifically designed to *clean out* the mouths of the pores—remove the rancid accumulations—cream away the dry, dead skin-flakes.

My face cream serves not one, but *four vital needs of your skin*. That's why it seems to end skin troubles like magic.

You see, the skin is a living, reproducing organ. Under the surface layer, a new,

fresher layer is constantly growing. This is your newborn skin, your "baby skin." By softening and removing clogging tissue, Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream gives this soft new "baby skin" a better chance to show itself!

My 4-Purpose Face Cream keeps your skin looking its cleanest and loveliest at all times. It does all these four vital things for your skin every time you apply it. (1) It thoroughly, but gently, *cleanses* your skin. (2) It *softens* your skin, relieves dryness, flaking. (3) It *refines* the pores of your skin. (4) It *smooths* your skin, prepares it beautifully for powder and for make-up.

Try Lady Esther Face Cream Today

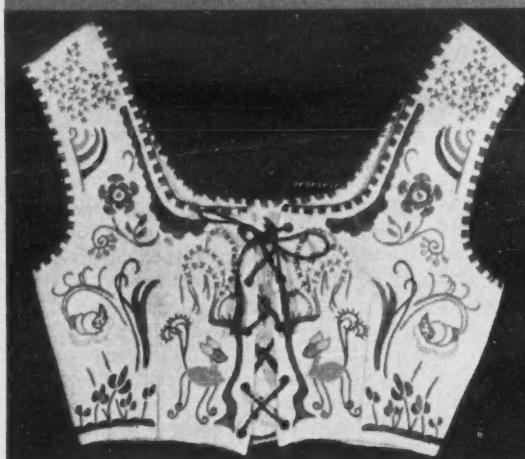
Seeing is believing. Get a jar of Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream and try it today. See for yourself, in your own mirror, how much clearer, fresher and smoother this one scientific cream leaves your skin after the very first application. See if any other face cream you have ever used can even compare with it.



Lady Esther
4-PURPOSE
FACE CREAM

Gifts by Your Own Fair Hands

By MARIE LE CERF



Order from Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto, enclosing postal note or money order. On out of town cheques add 15 cents for bank exchange.



TYROLEAN WAISTCOAT—warm and gay, it is stamped on fine art felt in red, navy, black, English royal, sand, seal brown or bright green, work to be done in bright colors. In medium size, with instructions for adjusting to fit smaller or slightly larger figures. Stamped waistcoat, with instructions for making, cottons for working and made-up cord with tassel ends—\$2.00. Be sure to state color of felt desired. Order No. 39C.

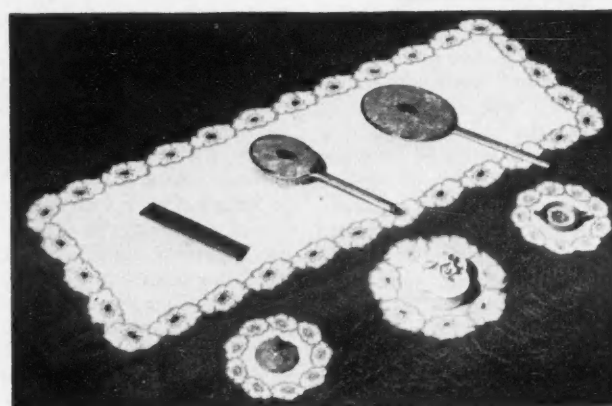
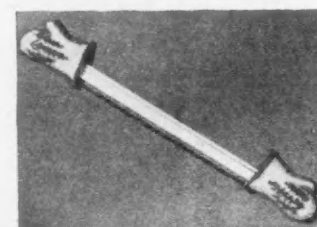
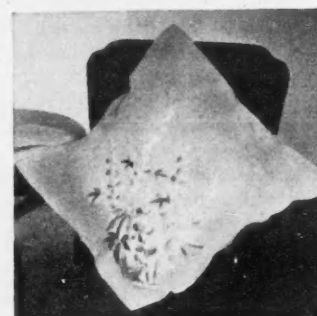
Fine cashmere bed jacket in white, pale French rose or periwinkle blue. Price, \$1.75; cottons for working, 20 cents. Order No. C869.

Taffeta silk cushion in black or old gold, the English lupin design to be worked in pastel shades. Size, 19 inches, \$1.35; form, 75 cents. Or on finest black art felt, 18-inch size \$1.00; form 65 cents. Cottons for working, 30 cents. Order No. 3C.

Novelty pin cushions with cotton for working and lining for filling (filling not sent). Sweetheart (No. 21C) stamped on red art felt; Heart of Gold (No. 22C) on gold, 25 cents each. Topsy (No. 30C) on brown art felt with applique, 35 cents.

Knitting needle mitts stamped on colored art felt with cottons for working and elastic, 20 cents per pair. (No. 28C).

Wild rose vanity set and runner on finest white or cream Irish linen. Vanity—12-inch mat and two 9-inch mats, 65 cents; cottons for working, 27 cents. (No. 33C). Runner (No. 34C), 15 x 36 inches, 75 cents; cottons or working, 37 cents. Additional 12-inch mats, 25 cents each; 9-inch, 20 cents; 7-inch, 15 cents each.





A STAY-AT-HOME evening once a week allows the girls to catch up on "personal service." Also the WD officers and airwomen have a chance to know one another as they chat over sewing kits and ironing boards, and finish off with cocoa and a singsong before "lights out." Here LAW Edith Deeble puts just the right creases in her uniform so she'll be one of Canada's Best on parade next morning. "Not once have I heard of a girl who wants to return to Canada until she has played her full part in victory" is the statement of Flight Officer Craig, Officer Commanding the station.



SHE'S GOT a lot to say, but she wants to say it in the nicest way possible! Corporal Eleanor Goodeve gets set for the most important off-duty job—letter-writing. Almost every bedroom in the WD's barracks boasts a treasured picture of a lad in uniform. The girls at this station serve as secretaries, clerks, transport drivers, teleprinters, wireless operators and chefs—all of which duties were formerly performed by airmen.

VIBRANT SKIN

Beauty

MIREILLE'S CLAY AND FRUIT MASK restores natural firmness to the flesh and beautifies the complexion by releasing nourishing fruit juices to the pores.

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TOMORROW'S SCIENTIFIC CORSETRY

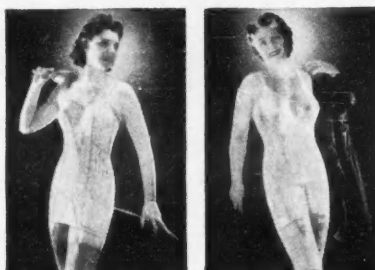
HERE TODAY!

YOU need not wait for the great advantages of 4th Dimensional Corsetry. Charis designers have perfected this miracle of scientific figure study now. It is ready for you—TODAY!

Phone or write your local Charis Establishment—now. Talk to your Charis Corsetiere about 4th Dimensional Corsetry as soon as possible. No obligation. Or mail the coupon below.

Your Charis Corsetiere is waiting to measure the 4th Dimension of your body. She is eager to show you how this one vital measurement assures smart, slender lines and controls the fit and comfort of your foundation garment.

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Please send me, without charge or obligation, complete information about FOURTH DIMENSIONAL CORSETRY.

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This is the hand that helps produce the mighty weapons of war . . . knits . . . rolls bandages . . . keeps the home fires burning until the boys come home. This is the hand, once pampered, now as busy as any in the land . . . still kept beautiful by Peggy Sage's luxurious manicure preparations, the same luxurious preparations used in Miss Sage's famous New York salon, economically applied at home.

At better drug and department stores.

Peggy Sage

"Somewhere in England" the W.D.'s

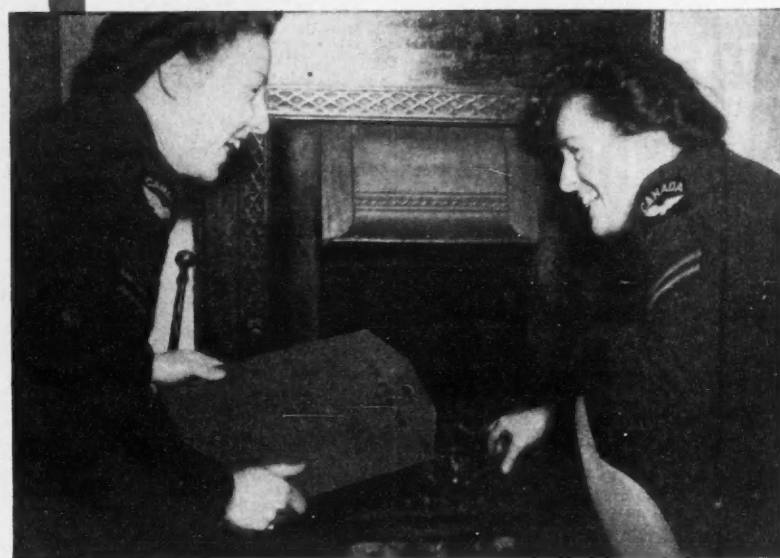


CANADA'S AIRWOMEN in Great Britain have now settled into the essential jobs for which they were carefully trained before proceeding overseas. Here are some of the first pictures showing a few of the hundred RCAF Women's Division personnel posted to a Canadian bomber station "somewhere in England."

Left: Evening treat over a box from home, featuring Leading Airwoman Betty Winter, Toronto; LAW Edith Deeble, Chemainus, B.C.; Corporal Eleanor Goodeve, London, Ont.; and LAW J. M. McGillivray, Valois, Que. Folks at home please note: the box is empty—time for a refill!



A SPOT of mending and an extra shine for the buttons. LAW McGillivray watches LAW Mildred Davis, Beauharnois, Que., and LAW Barbara Coates, Regina. Perhaps they're cooking up ideas for the bi-weekly "beef board" when suggestions and complaints are aired, giving the girls a definite say in the management of their station.



THE OLD-FASHIONED fireplace in the barracks needs tending, and Corporal Helen Ledingham, Sudbury, and Corporal Lillian Hall, Ottawa, spring into action.

HOUSEKEEPING . . . A Department of Home Management

Fall Festival

LOOK on the bright side—and November isn't nearly so bad as it's usually painted. The view from our windows may be bleak, but brilliance has come indoors to dress our tables with the red and gold and amber of a Canadian autumn.

Flavor of the season's foods—the kinds that go with frost on the ground and a crisp tang in the atmosphere—is as deep and lusty as the colors they wear. Bite into an apple, dunk a doughnut, toss off a glass of sweet cider, and even if winter is just round the corner, who cares!

Wooden bowl and cider set, with bamboo-bound glasses, courtesy Robert Simpson Co.

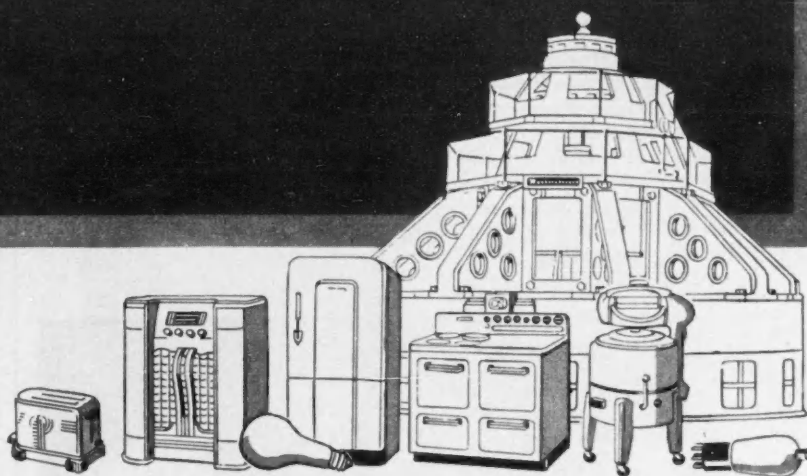
Nothing like This has Ever Been Done Before . . .

These words might well be the motto of the electrical industry.

Ever since George Westinghouse developed the Alternating Current system in 1889, electricity has been tackling jobs that never were done before . . . and doing them.

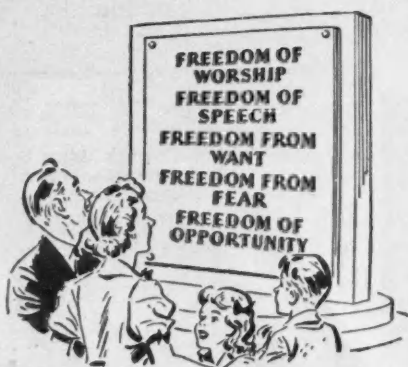
Our homes, our cities, our industries and our farms all bear evidence of the miracles which electricity has achieved.

The war has created new and perplexing problems for electricity to solve . . . and called forth new wonders of ingenuity and skill . . . new developments in electronics, in electro-chemistry, in metallurgy, in the application and use of electric power for production, communication and protection. Many of these achievements cannot be disclosed.



And, when victory comes, other new tasks and problems will face us . . . the creation of new industries to provide employment and opportunity for Canada's fighters and workers and to speed peacetime production . . . the development of more and better electrical devices to bring more of the good things of life to all our people.

We will have to do things that have never been done before. But that should present no obstacle to a free people, working together to utilize the experience, ingenuity and resources which we in Canada possess . . . and using to the full the power of mankind's greatest, most versatile servant, Electricity!



Westinghouse

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Sales Offices: VANCOUVER, TRAIL, CALGARY, EDMONTON, REGINA, SASKATOON, WINNIPEG
FORT WILLIAM, TORONTO, SWASTIKA, LONDON, MONTREAL, OTTAWA, QUEBEC, HALIFAX



Hats off to the Commandos. They are helping to bring Victory — and the return of such good things as Peek, Frean's famous English Biscuits and Vita-Weat Crispbread.



Peek Frean

BISCUITS FROM LONDON, ENGLAND



EXPECTANT and NURSING
MOTHERS
DON'T WORRY
about VITAMINS and MINERALS

You know how important Vitamins and Minerals are, but don't worry about them. If you are in average health you will get all the Vitamins and Minerals you need from 3 good meals each day plus 2 glasses of New, Improved Ovaltine.

Ovaltine is both a balanced food supplement and an excellent source of Vitamins—"A" for better sight—"B" for strengthening nerves and digestion—"D", rarest of all the Vitamins in food—Extra IRON for rich, red blood; Extra CALCIUM and PHOSPHORUS to help build sound bones and teeth.

So make this your diet rule: 3 average good meals including fruit juice each day plus 2 glasses of Ovaltine.

MAIL FOR FREE SAMPLE

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Please send me a sample of New, Improved Ovaltine and informative pamphlet on its nutritional values. (One sample offer to a person).

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OVALTINE**

135

the string and brown in a hot oven. Melt the fat, add the chopped onions and cook until lightly browned. Stir in the flour and gradually add the liquid, cooking and stirring until the mixture is thickened. Add the chopped parsley and pour over the hot meat. Serve at once. Six to eight servings.

Sailors' Pie

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- $\frac{3}{4}$ Pound of stewing meat
- 1 Tablespoonful of flour
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of dripping
- 1 Pound of small onions, one stuck with 3 cloves
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 1 Cupful of canned tomatoes
- 3 Carrots, sliced
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of pepper
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Bay leaf
- 1 Tablespoonful of vinegar
- 2 Cupfuls of water
- Biscuit dough

Cut the meat into one-inch cubes, trimming off the fat, then dredge with the flour seasoned with salt and pepper.



Piping hot soup served in an old-fashioned tureen — if you have one.

Melt the dripping and the fat from the meat in a casserole and brown the meat in it. Add the onions and blend in the two tablespoonfuls of flour. Add the tomatoes gradually, stirring constantly until the sauce is thickened and smooth. Then add the carrots, seasonings and water. Bring slowly to a boil and simmer on low heat or bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for three to four hours. One hour before serving roll out the biscuit dough to fit the top of the casserole and cover the top of the stew, then cook the remaining hour. The crust should be a golden brown.

Old-Timer Gingerbread

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of shortening
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of brown sugar
- 1 Cupful of molasses
- 2 Eggs
- $2\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of flour
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of baking soda
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of ginger
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Cupful of sour milk

Cream the butter and sugar thoroughly, add the molasses and beat well. Add the eggs and beat again. Sift the flour, measure and sift again with the remaining dry ingredients. Then add alternately with the sour milk to the first

GELATINE IS A WEAPON OF WAR!

War takes gelatine. Capsules to hold the drugs that save men's lives are made with gelatine. So are the films used in X-rays and in all military photography. Those are just two of its essential uses. And for them all, only the best grade of gelatine will serve.

Perhaps, when your grocer's present supply is gone, you will not be able to get Knox Gelatine until after victory. But if you can't, we know you'll understand that the great and urgent needs of war come first!



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Canadian mothers and wives—Canada's Housoldiers—are backing up the "Food for Fitness" urge by following Canada's Official Food Rules—so that Canadians may become an even more healthy and hardy people.

A good dinner or luncheon menu is not complete without a tasty, appetizing dessert. Good cooks, ever on the lookout for new treats to serve their families, have learned that the delicious custards and puddings made with pure, high quality Canada Corn Starch, are the answers to a frequent problem. They provide an excellent way to sometimes serve the milk and eggs so necessary to our well-being.

And—delicious Crown Brand Syrup, as a sauce, makes them an even more appreciated treat.

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EVERY family with growing children should know these facts. Less meat per day means less of a basic vitality-growth element, protein. Yet, every growing child must have protein for growth. Every adult needs protein to fight fatigue, for real stamina and energy. And no other food element can be substituted for protein.

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Nature favours natural oatmeal in many ways. It is also the richest thrifty source of precious Vitamin B₁. This vitamin helps guard growing children against irritability, nervousness, constipation. Helps guard you against nervousness and easy fatigue.

Give big bowls of hot delicious Quaker Oats to the children every morning to help guard wartime growth. Recently, 504 out of 514 food authorities recommended a hot breakfast for every growing child and working adult. So guard your own stamina and energy by enjoying this great natural whole-grain food daily.

The Quaker Oats Company of Canada Limited



DELICIOUS WHOLE-GRAIN
QUAKER OATS
TRULY CANADA'S FAVOURITE BREAKFAST



Homespun Dishes

By Helen G. Campbell



Bean Pot courtesy Robt. Simpson Co. Ltd.

Help yourself to baked beans and Boston brown bread, spotted with raisins.

WARTIME PUTS a premium on good plain cooking. If you can take a few meat bones, a few vegetables, a bit of barley and emulate your grandmother in producing a fine nourishing soup, you're considered a very up-to-date young lady. If you have a "way" with stew, chowder, gingerbread, an apple dumpling or spicy steamed pudding, you qualify as apt and thrifty according to the most modern ideas.

Today's housekeeper is a chip off the old block, proving herself as competent as the born cooks of past generations. Once more the fragrant odors of simple homespun dishes are filling our kitchens, and their hearty old-fashioned flavors are providing our palates with lip-smacking satisfaction.

Boston Brown Bread

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Cupful of graham or whole wheat flour
- 1 Cupful of cornmeal
- 1/2 Cupful of sifted pastry or rye flour
- 1 1/2 Teaspoonfuls of soda
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1/2 Cupful of molasses
- 1/2 Cupful of brown sugar
- 1 1/4 Cupfuls of thick sour milk
- 2/3 Cupful of raisins (if desired)

Combine the flours, soda and salt, mix the sour milk and molasses and add to the dry ingredients. Stir in the raisins and fill a well-greased mold two thirds full. (Baking powder tins are good for this.) Cover tightly and steam for three hours. Turn out of the tin onto a baking pan and place in a hot oven for a few minutes to dry the surface.

Harvest Chowder

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Pound of dried beans
- 1 Large onion, sliced
- 1 Can of tomatoes (28 ounces)
- 4 Potatoes, diced
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Green pepper, diced
- 4 Frankfurters—cut in 1/4 inch slices

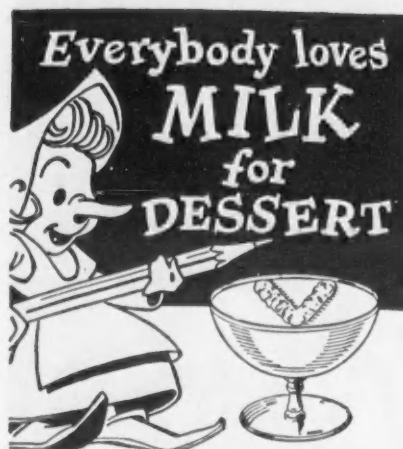
Wash the beans, soak them overnight in about two quarts of water. Then drain, add two quarts of fresh water and the sliced onion, and cook gently for one hour or until the beans are tender. Add the tomatoes, diced peeled potatoes, salt, green pepper and frankfurters. Cook for 15 minutes longer and serve hot. Serves 8-10.

Brisket And Onions

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 1/2 to 3 Pounds of brisket
- Dried celery leaves, small piece of bay leaf or other herbs
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of mild-flavored dripping
- 1/2 Cupful of chopped onions
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 1 1/2 Cupfuls of liquid in which the meat was cooked
- 1 Tablespoonful of minced parsley

Wipe the meat with a damp cloth and tie into shape. Place in a deep kettle, add boiling water to cover and a few herbs for seasoning. Simmer until the meat is tender (approximately three hours) adding salt when half cooked. Place the meat in a baking pan, remove



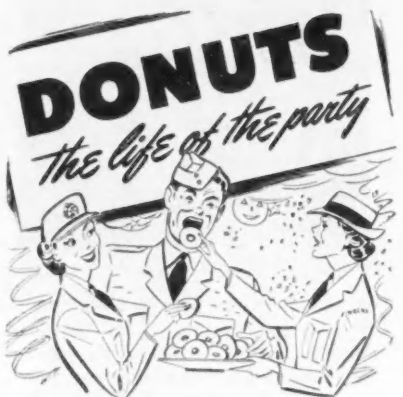
when made into delicious RENNET-CUSTARDS

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GOOD NUTRITION *Plus* EATING PLEASURE

Homespun Meals

Continued from page 71

mixture. Bake in a greased eight-inch square pan in a slow oven—335 deg. Fahr.—for 50 minutes. Serve upside down with apple slices; as pudding with sauce; with cream cheese topping; as an accompaniment to fruit, apple sauce or syrup.

Sour Milk Steamed Pudding

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1/2 Teaspoonful of soda
- 1/2 Cupful of sour milk
- 1 Cupful of bread crumbs
- 1/4 Cupful of shortening
- 1/2 Cupful of sugar
- 1 Egg
- 1/2 Cupful of flour
- 1/16 Teaspoonful of nutmeg
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of cinnamon
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of true vanilla
- 1/2 Cupful of raisins
- 1/2 Cupful of chopped nuts or mixed peel if available

Add the soda to the sour milk, then add the bread crumbs and let soak for a few minutes. Cream the shortening, add the sugar and blend thoroughly. Beat the eggs and combine with the milk-crumbs mixture, then add this to the sugar and shortening. Sift the flour and spices together and add them. Lastly add the raisins and nuts or peel. Steam for one hour in a greased mold. Six servings.

Barley Pudding

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 4 Tablespoonfuls of pearl barley
- 2 1/2 Cupfuls of water
- 1/2 Cupful of milk (or 1 1/4 cupfuls of canned evaporated milk and 1 1/4 cupfuls of water)
- 1 Egg
- 1/4 Cupful of sugar
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of true vanilla

Wash the barley and soak in the water for 24 hours. Drain off the water which remains, and cook the barley with the milk in a double boiler until tender—about 45 minutes. Beat the egg, add the sugar, salt and vanilla and combine with the hot mixture. Turn into a greased baking dish and bake in a moderately slow oven—325 deg. Fahr.—for 15 minutes. Serve with cream. Four to six servings.

Additions: Raisins, orange rind, spices such as cinnamon, nutmeg, allspice.

Fruited Oat Muffins

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 1/2 Cupfuls of pastry flour or
- 1 3/4 Cupfuls of all-purpose flour
- 5 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- 3/4 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Cupful of rolled oats
- 1/2 Cupful of brown sugar
- 2/3 Cupful of raisins (may be omitted)
- 1 Egg
- 7/8 Cupful of milk
- 1/2 Cupful of melted shortening

Sift the flour, measure and sift again with the baking powder and salt. Add the rolled oats, sugar and raisins. Beat the egg, add the milk and melted shortening. Combine with the dry mixture, stirring only until blended. Bake in greased muffin tins in a hot oven—400 deg. Fahr.—for about 20 minutes. Ten to 12 muffins. +

Women are wonderful!

Keeping house and feeding a family isn't any picnic these days. You're working overtime—all the time, with your hands, your head, and your heart ...and doing a grand job.

You know that food and fitness, victory and vitamins are all related. You know rationing is necessary so you cope with more and more mental arithmetic and remember more and more dates. Shortages can't be helped so if you can't get this you substitute that. You conserve, preserve—you stretch and save.

You're ingenious, industrious and cheerful. Your patience and good humour are unfailing.

You've got all the courage of the pioneer women and you're armed with the power and influence of much new knowledge and many new skills.

In fact you're wonderful! That's what we think and we want you to know it.

HOUSEKEEPERS OF CANADA—WE SALUTE YOU!



It's a satisfaction to the makers of OXO to know that OXO Cubes and Fluid OXO are a great help to the Housewife in planning Wartime Meals.

Meals of the Month NOVEMBER

BREAKFAST

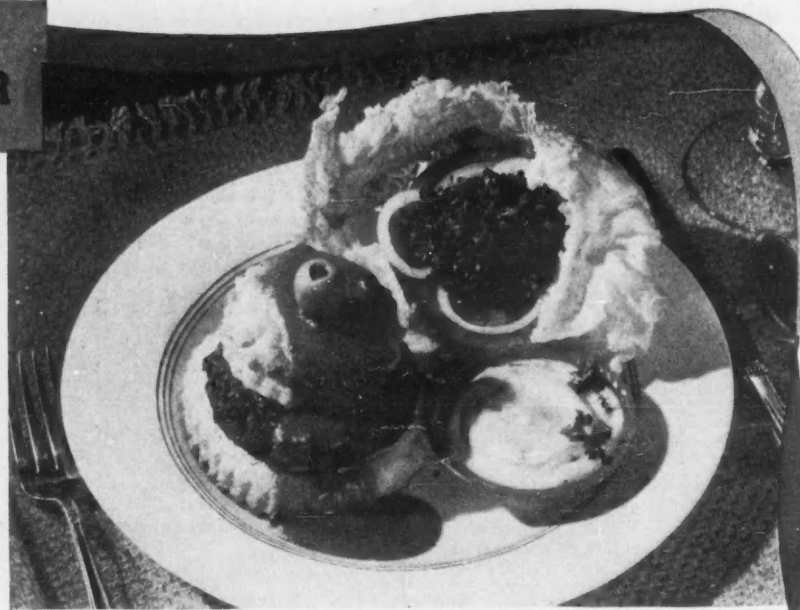
1. Sliced Orange
Scrambled Eggs
Brown Toast
Coffee Tea
2. Stewed Prunes
Cereal
Toast Marmalade
Coffee Tea
3. Tomato Juice
Cereal
Toast Coffee Jam
Tea
4. Stewed Apples
Bread and Milk
Bran Muffins Honey
Coffee Tea
5. Cranberry Juice
Cereal
Toast Conserve
Coffee Tea
6. Cereal with Added Wheat
Germ
Creamed Fish on Toast
(from Friday)
Coffee Cocoa
7. (Sunday)
Half Grapefruit
Buckwheat Pancakes
and Syrup
Coffee Tea
8. Tomato Juice
Cereal
Soft-cooked Eggs Toast
Coffee Tea
9. Orange Halves
Cereal
Toast Jam
Coffee Tea
10. Cranberry and Apple Juice
Cereal
Scones Marmalade
Coffee Tea
11. Grape Juice with Lemon
Poached Eggs
Brown Toast Jelly
Coffee Tea
12. Apples
Cereal
Toast Syrup
Coffee Cocoa
13. Tomato Juice
Cereal
Brown Toast Jam
Coffee Tea
14. (Sunday)
Grapes
Cereal with Added
Wheat Germ
Toast Marmalade
Coffee Tea
15. Sliced Oranges
Cereal
Toasted Rolls Jelly
Coffee Tea
16. Orange Juice
French Toast
Cereal Syrup
Coffee Tea
17. Cereal with Raisins
Grilled Small
Sausages
Toast Jam
Coffee Tea
18. Tomato Juice
Cereal
Graham Muffins
Conserve
Coffee Tea

LUNCHEON or SUPPER

1. Grilled Bologna
Chopped Cabbage, Green
Pepper and Onion Salad
Tapioca Custard
Tea Cocoa
2. Corn Pudding
Whole-wheat Bread
Butterscotch Apples
Doughnuts
Tea Cocoa
3. Creamed Pilchards on Toast
Canned Fruit
Cookies
Spiced Cocoa
Tea
4. Baked Stuffed Onions
(use left-over beef)
Tomato Soup Sauce
Rolls
Rennet Custard with Orange
Slices
Tea Cocoa
5. Carrot Soup
Toasted Tomato-Cheese
Sandwich
Hot Scones Apple Sauce
Tea Cocoa
6. Vegetable Soup
Biscuits
Apple Cottage Cheese
Coleslaw
Fruit Bread
Tea Cocoa
7. Creamed Salmon in Pastry
Cases
Celery and Carrot Salad
Lemon Chiffon Tarts
Tea Cocoa
8. Cold Roast Lamb
Creamed Corn
Apple Sauce
Ginger Cookies
Tea Cocoa
9. Baked Stuffed Potatoes
(add minced left-over lamb if
any)
Pear, Prune and Cottage
Cheese Salad
Hot Scones
Tea Cocoa
10. Tomato Soup
Toasted Sardine Sandwiches
Head Lettuce
Fruit Cup with Grapes
Tea Cocoa
11. Creamed Sliced Wieners
on Toast
Dill Pickles
Carrot Fingers
Canned Plums Cake
Tea Cocoa
12. Mixed Vegetable Salad
Oat Muffins
Stewed Prunes
Cookies
Tea Cocoa
13. Macaroni and Cheese
Lettuce Salad
Prune Whip
Tea Cocoa
14. Cream of Potato Soup
Green Salad Bowl
Rolls
Plain Cake
Chocolate Sauce
Tea Cider
15. Creamed Left-over Chicken
on Toast
Salad Bowl
Hot Apple Sauce
Doughnuts
Tea Cocoa
16. Grilled Smoked Fish
with Lemon
Potato Cakes
Cornstarch Molds
Fruit Sauce
Tea Cocoa
17. Sliced Brisket
Pan-fried Potatoes
Mustard Pickles
Creamy Rice
Tea Cocoa
18. Split Pea Soup
Cheese
Crackers
Stewed Prunes
Drop Cakes
Tea Cocoa

DINNER

1. Lamb Stew
Boiled Potatoes
Squash
Dutch Apple Cake
Brown Sugar Sauce
Coffee Tea
2. Tomato Juice
Pot Roast Horse-radish
Gravy
Boiled Potatoes
Mashed Turnips
Barley Pudding with Cream
Coffee Tea
3. Bean Chowder
Cold Sliced Pot Roast
Browned Potato Cakes
Creamed Onions
Carrot Pie
Coffee Tea
4. Cider Cup
Boiled Tongue with Piquant
Sauce
Mashed Potatoes Carrots
Sour Milk Steamed Pudding
Coffee Tea
5. Baked Fish Fillets
Top Dressing
Scalloped Potatoes
Green Salad
Diced Oranges in Lemon
Jelly
Coffee Tea
6. Tomato Cocktail
Sausages
Creamed Potatoes
Brussels Sprouts
Blancmange with Chocolate
Sauce
Coffee Tea
7. Roast of Lamb
Browned Potatoes
Harvard Beets
Creamy Rice Mold
Cranberry Sauce
Coffee Tea
8. Chicken-Noodle Soup
Vegetable Plate
(Casserole of Potatoes and
Celery, Green Beans, Baked
Squash with Cheese)
Prune Upside-down Cake
Coffee Tea
9. Beefsteak and Kidney Pie
Spinach
Creamed Oyster Plant
or Turnips
Oatmeal Apple Pudding
Coffee Tea
10. Pork Hocks with Sauerkraut
or Hot Cabbage Slaw
Baked Potatoes
Ice Cream Cookies
Coffee Tea
11. Tomato Bouillon
Liver and Sausage
Mashed Potatoes
Buttered Onions
Deep Apple Pie
Coffee Tea
12. Fish and Squash Scallop
Boiled Potatoes
Tomato Jelly Salad
Cherry Roly-poly Pudding
Coffee Tea
13. Grilled Hamburgers
Mashed Potatoes
Apple and Parsnip en
Casserole
Baked Custard
Coffee Tea
14. Tomato Cocktail
Stewed Chicken
Dumplings
Peas Buttered Beets
Lime Apple Whip
Coffee Tea
15. Brisket with Mustard Sauce
Baked Potatoes
Boiled Shredded Cabbage
Barley Pudding
Coffee Tea
16. Swiss Steak with Onions
Mashed Potatoes
Turnips
Baked Apples
Oatmeal Drops
Coffee Tea
17. Hot Tomato Juice
Baked Beans (precooked)
Boston Brown Bread
Jellied Vegetable Salad
Cottage Pudding
Caramel Sauce
Coffee Tea
18. Savory Apple and Sausages
Scalloped Potatoes
Carrots
Sliced Oranges
Hot Gingerbread
Coffee Tea



Barbecue Shortcake—recipe on Page 76

BREAKFAST

19. Grape Juice
Plain Omelet
Brown Toast Fruit
Coffee Tea
20. Baked Apples
Cereal
Toast Jam
Coffee Tea
21. (Sunday)
Orange and Lemon Juice
Cereal
Sausages
Corn Muffins
Coffee Tea
22. Apple Sauce
Cereal
Toast Honey
Coffee Tea
23. Tomato Juice
Soft-cooked Eggs
Toast Jam
Coffee Tea
24. Oranges
Cereal
Toast Apple Butter
Coffee Tea
25. Stewed Prunes
Cereal
Toast Cocoa
Coffee
26. Grape Juice with Lemon
Whole Wheat Pancakes
Syrup
Coffee Tea
27. Baked Apples
Cereal
Brown Toast
Coffee Tea
28. (Sunday)
Chilled Grapefruit
Cereal
Kippers Toast
Coffee Tea
29. Cereal with Added Wheat
Germ
Toast Apple Sauce
Coffee Cocoa
30. Prunes with Lemon
Cereal
Fish Cakes
Toast
Coffee Tea

LUNCHEON or SUPPER

1. Noodles in Curry Sauce
Head Lettuce
Raw Turnip Slivers
Gingerbread (left-over)
Sauce Cocoa
2. Cream of Celery Soup
Biscuits
Tomato Jelly Mold
Hot Mince Turnovers
Tea Cocoa
3. Cup of Hot Consomme
Potato, Egg and Green
Pepper Salad
Custard
Caramel Sauce
Tea Cocoa
4. Hot Roast Beef Sandwich
with Gravy
Mustard Pickles
Rennet Custard with Cookies
Tea Cocoa
5. Diced Vegetables in Cheese
Sauce
Canned Cherries
Bran Muffins
Tea Cocoa
6. Codfish Cakes
Tomato Sauce
Sliced Onions in Vinegar
Lime Apple Jelly
Tea Cocoa
7. Tomato Juice
Scalloped Potatoes with Liver
Celery and Carrot Salad
Fruited Oat Muffins
Tea Cider
8. Pilchards in Baked Potatoes
Stewed Tomatoes
Brown Bread
Crackers and Cheese
Tea Cocoa
9. Curried Kidney Stew with
Boiled Rice
Celery
Fruit Salad
Icebox Cookies
Tea Cocoa
10. Cold Meat Loaf
Apple Cottage Cheese
Coleslaw
Mustard Mounds
Individual Fruit Shortcakes
Tea Cocoa
11. Savory Spaghetti and Tomatoes
Turnip Sticks Cauliflowerettes
Chilled Prune Whip
Cake (from Sunday)
Tea Cocoa
12. Vegetable Salad with Diced
Left-over Cottage Roll
Raisin Scones
Hot Apple Sauce
Tea Cocoa

DINNER

1. Oven-fried Cod Fillets
Scalloped Potatoes
Creamed Potatoes
Baked Lemon Pudding
Coffee Tea
2. Stewed Spareribs
Mashed Potatoes
Baked Beets
Apple Tapioca with Cream
Coffee Tea
3. Rolled Roast of Beef
Browned Potatoes
Baked Squash
Cranberry and Raisin Pie
Coffee Tea
4. Fried Liver and Onions
Lyonnaise Potatoes
Cauliflower
Oranges and Raw
Apple Slices
Coffee Cake Tea
5. Shepherd's Pie
Chili Sauce
Mashed Turnips Peas
Chocolate Blancmange
Coffee Tea
6. Cream of Vegetable Soup
Frankfurters Sauerkraut
Mashed Potatoes
Steamed Carrot Pudding
Brown Sugar Sauce
Coffee Tea
7. Mock Duck
Pan-fried Potatoes
Buttered Beets
Jellied Horse-radish
Apple Betty with Cream
Coffee Tea
8. Scalloped Eggs and Noodles
Coleslaw and Diced Spinach
Gingerbread Lemon Sauce
Coffee Tea
9. Hot Tomato Cocktail
Meat Loaf
Boiled Potatoes Corn
Floating Island
Coffee Tea
10. Hot Baked Cottage Roll
Mashed Potatoes
Creamed Artichokes
Ice Cream Layer Cake
Coffee Tea
11. Barley Soup
Cold Sliced Cottage Roll
Baked Potatoes Spinach
Indian Pudding with Cream
Coffee Tea
12. Baked Dressed Heart
Mashed Potatoes
Carrots
Chocolate Cream Pie
Coffee Tea

Cranberry and Apple juice — cook berries and apples together in water to cover. Drain and sweeten.

SHIRRIFF'S NEW DESSERTS

Plenty more—after the War

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BAKING SODA BISCUITS

3 cups sifted all-purpose flour.
1/2 teaspoon Cow Brand Baking Soda.
1/2 teaspoon salt.
4 tablespoons shortening.
3/4 cup sour milk* or buttermilk.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking soda and salt and sift again. Cut in shortening. Stirring quickly, add enough milk to make a stiff dough. Turn onto floured board. Knead slightly. Roll 1/2 inch thick. Cut with floured biscuit cutter. Bake in hot oven (475° F.) 15 minutes. Makes 12 biscuits.

*TO MAKE SOUR MILK, simply place 4 teaspoons of vinegar or lemon juice in a standard measuring cup, fill to the 1 cup mark with sweet milk or diluted evaporated milk.

Being pure Bicarbonate of Soda, Cow Brand Soda has many medicinal uses,—as a gargle, for soothing scalds and burns, for a relaxing bath.

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MEAT Pep-Ups!



By Helen G Campbell

PEPPING UP the flavor of meat is just about the easiest and least expensive thing in the world. All you need is a few oomph - giving accessories plus that ounce of gumption with which every good cook seasons a dish. Then any cut, from porterhouse to pig's knuckles, is more delicious than it would be on its own.

Mustard: Co-operating accompaniment for roast beef, cold cuts, wieners and a dozen or so other meats. Helpful ingredient in meat loaves, hamburger patties, casseroles or made-overs. Try a nip of its tang in gravies, sauces and sandwich fillings.

French Mustard: The mustard "bite" is toned down a bit but it hasn't lost all its kick by a long shot. Good on or in almost any meat dish. Here you have it in fancy version combined with salad dressing and "set" with gelatine. Tricky addition to your relish tray.

Ketchup and Chili Sauce: Work wonders in reinforcing and enlivening bland flavors. Team with any kind of meat and give a friendly boost to them all. Leftover dishes respond to their pep talk, proving that the little things in life—and in cooking—make a big difference.

Condiment Sauces (thick and thin): Intricate blends of oriental fruits, spices and half a dozen other zestful ingredients. Add flavor and savor to soups and stews and are equally kind to the aristocratic sirloin. Good in any minced meat combination — shepherd's pie, loaves, patties, hash and sandwich fillings.

Bouillon Concentrates: You buy them in cube or liquid form and use them for pep-up purposes. Color and richness of flavor is their contribution to stews, gravies, soups, meat pies, and leftover dishes of all kinds. They're concentrated, so a little goes a long way.

Gravy Powders: Designed to help a gravy along by giving it extra flavor and relish. They'll do as much for the pot pie, the goulash or the hotch-potch. Casseroles take kindly to a little reinforcement too.

Horse-Radish: Pepper-upper par excellence. A natural with roast beef and a good companion to cold cuts or pot roasts. Serve plain, jellied or mixed in a sauce.

GOOD? Mmmm...mmm...GRAND!



ALL-BRAN SUGARLESS APPLE MUFFINS

2 tablespoons shortening 1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup corn syrup 1 cup flour
1 egg 1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup Kellogg's All-Bran 2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
1/4 cup grated raw apple

Cream shortening and corn syrup thoroughly; add egg and beat well. Add grated raw apple. Stir in All-Bran and milk; let soak until most of moisture is taken up. Sift flour with salt and baking powder; add to first mixture and stir only until flour disappears. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in moderately hot oven (400° F.) about 30 minutes.

Yield: 8 large muffins (3 inches in diameter) or
12 small muffins (2 1/2 inches in diameter)

When sour milk or buttermilk is used instead of sweet milk, reduce baking powder to one teaspoon and add 1/2 teaspoon soda.

Save on sugar while you win praises from everyone who tastes these easy-to-make ALL-BRAN muffins. Their better taste and exquisite texture just can't be managed with ordinary bran. And remember, if you are troubled with the common type of constipation due to lack of "bulk" in the diet...KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN eaten every day...corrects it by getting right at the cause.



Keeps You
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GOT A LITTLE BEEF? GET A LOT OF GOOD EATING!



*Serve it
in tender
Biscuit-
Baskets*

BEEF IN BISCUIT-BASKETS

2 cups leftover beef (cut in small pieces) 3 tablespoons flour
1½ cups tomatoes 1 cup water
A little chopped onion Salt and pepper
2 tablespoons hot fat

Heat the meat and onion in the hot fat, and add the flour. Add the water and tomatoes and cook till the liquid is reduced about one-half. Serve in hot, baked...

MAGIC BISCUIT-BASKETS

Sift together 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons

Magic Baking Powder and 1 teaspoon salt. Cut in 6 tablespoons shortening. Add ¾ cup milk (or milk and water mixed) to form a soft dough. Roll out very thin, on floured board, and cut into 4-inch squares. Line muffin pans, prick bottoms with a fork, and bake in hot oven (475°F.) 10 minutes.

WITH only 2 cups of leftover beef, you're set with the foundation of an energy-giving, delicious main dish for dinner!

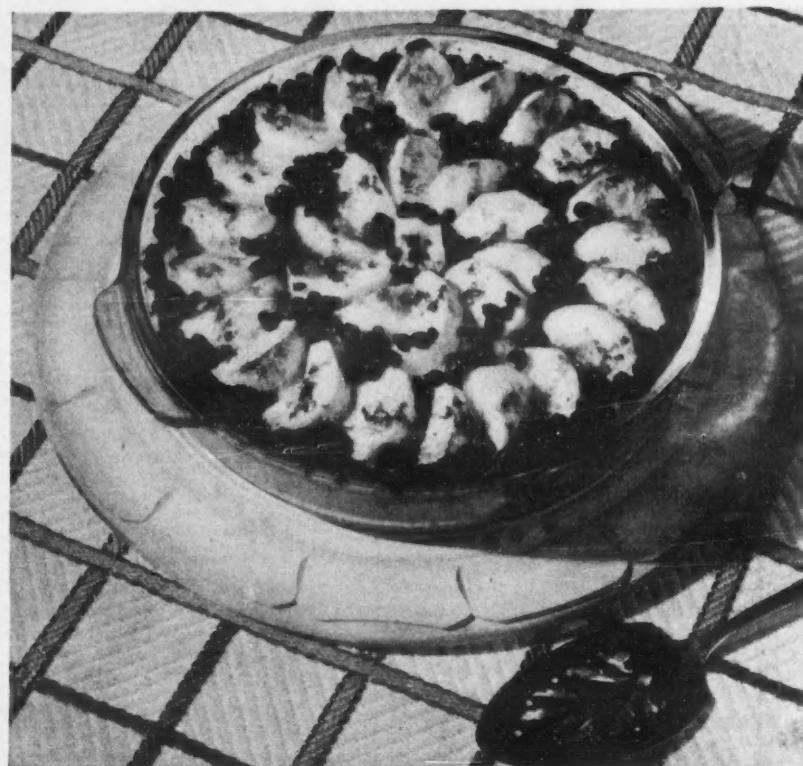
But be sure to make these meat-thrifty Biscuit-Baskets with Magic Baking Powder. Their whole success depends on the fine, even texture—the melt-in-the-mouth tender lightness which Magic gives all baked foods.

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Tablecloth courtesy the Robert Simpson Co. Ltd.

Roll Out the Barrel

By M. Lois Clipsham

LONG BEFORE housekeepers troubled their pretty heads over vitamins and what not, apples had proved their value as a healthful as well as a delicious fruit. Far as I know, folks have always thought mighty highly of them, even when they had no scientific acquaintance with foods and only good sense to go by.

They were right. According to the most modern nutrition yardsticks, apples contribute to our health and help to make our digestions tick. So we're still of the same mind as our ancestors regarding these colorful beauties from Canadian orchards.

Apples always were and always will be the apple of a cook's eye. We can do so many things with them—pass them around between meals, pack them in the lunch box, use them all through fall and winter to concoct a hundred and one different dishes, old favorites or new, as the spirit takes us.

Lucky for us nature gave them a long season. We can stretch it out even longer, by proper storage and by canning enough applesauce to tide us over the spring months, after fresh varieties are past their time and before other fruits begin to ripen. Good idea whether you look at it from an economic or a gastronomic standpoint.

Savory Apples and Sausage

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter or mild-flavored dripping
- 1 Onion, chopped
- 1 Pound of sausages, cut in 1-inch pieces
- 1 Large sour apple, sliced
- ¼ Cupful of raisins
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- ¼ Teaspoonful of pepper
- ½ Teaspoonful of poultry seasoning
- 1 Cupful of stock (bouillon cube and water)

Melt the butter in a frying pan, add



Dutch Apple Cake, before and after baking.

the onion and cook until tender. Add the sausage and cook until browned. Combine with the sliced apples and remaining ingredients and put into a casserole. Top with crumbs and bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for 35-40 minutes. Six to eight servings.

Apples and Parsnips En Casserole

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1½ Cupfuls of parsnips, peeled and sliced
- 1½ Cupfuls of apples, peeled, cored and cut in rings
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of butter
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of honey
- Salt, paprika

Cook the parsnips in a little boiling salted water for 10 minutes. Drain. Arrange parsnips and apple slices in alternate layers in greased casserole. Over each layer sprinkle a little butter, honey, salt and paprika. Cover and bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for 45 minutes or until the apples are tender. Four servings.

+ Continued on page 76



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No guessing. "Tune in" the speed to suit the need as printed on Mix-Finder Dial—easy-to-see, easy-to-set and scientifically right. MIXMASTER mixes, mashes, whips, beats, stirs, etc.—gives freedom from the tiring arm-work of cooking, baking, getting the meals every day.

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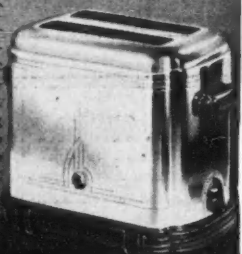
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boiling water for two minutes; adjust the tops.

Partially fill a deep kettle or wash-boiler with hot, but not boiling, water, place the jars in this on a rack at least half an inch apart to allow free circulation of water. Pour in hot water to cover the tops of the jars an inch or so. Cover and bring to the boil. Cook for 10 minutes, starting to count when the water boils vigorously. Keep the water boiling hard all the time. Remove the jars at once and screw the tops as tightly as possible. Test for leaks, and store in a cool dark place.

Apple Cottage Cheese Coleslaw

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1½ Teaspoonfuls of vinegar
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Cupful of thick sour cream
- 1 Cupful of cottage cheese
- 3 Cupfuls of shredded cabbage
- 1½ Cupfuls of diced apples

Mix the vinegar, salt and sour cream, add to the cottage cheese and mix lightly. Add to the cabbage and apples and toss together. (Use rosy apples and do not peel.) Six servings.

Pickled Apples

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Inch stick of cinnamon
- 6 Whole cloves
- 2 Slices of lemon
- 1 Cupful of water
- ½ Cupful of sugar
- ¼ Cupful of vinegar
- 2 Cupfuls of peeled apple quarters, eighths or slices

Combine the spices, lemon, water, sugar and vinegar and let simmer for two minutes. Add the apple sections and cook gently until clear and tender, but not broken.

Butterscotch Apples

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 3 Medium-sized apples
- 1 Tablespoonful of butter
- ½ Tablespoonful of cornstarch
- ½ Cupful of brown sugar
- ½ Cupful of boiling water
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice

Melt the butter, and add the cornstarch and sugar, which have been mixed together. Cook until slightly browned, stirring to prevent burning. Add the boiling water gradually and the lemon juice, stirring until the sugar mixture is dissolved. Bring to boiling point and add the apples, peeled and sliced. Cook gently until the apples are tender. Serve cold. Six servings.

Lime-Apple Salad

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- ½ Cupful of water
- 1½ Cupfuls of apple sauce
- 1 Package of lime-flavored gelatine
- Lettuce or other greens
- 1 Cupful of cottage cheese

Add the water to the apple sauce (do not sweeten unless the apples are very sour) and bring to a boil. Remove from the heat, add the gelatine and stir until dissolved. Pour into individual ring molds which have been rinsed in cold water. Pile seasoned cottage cheese in the centre of the rings. Six servings. ♦

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A little BOVRIL much improves soups, gravies, stews, hot-pot, shepherd's pie, left-overs, etc.

BOVRIL adds rich meaty flavour to meatless dishes like spaghetti and macaroni: In fact, you can use less meat if you add a little BOVRIL before or during cooking. (Mix with a little hot water and stir in).

BOTTLED BOVRIL, spread thinly, makes a deliciously beefy sandwich spread, with or without cream cheese or butter: delightful on hot toast. Try it!

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USING COVER ALONE. You've got a treat coming if you've never tried Onion Pie! Grand vegetable dish to serve with pot roast. It's easy to make in the handy cover of your Pyrex Double Duty Casserole. Clear, smooth glass washes clean — doesn't retain the most stubborn tastes or odors. Recipe:

For filling, brown one pound of sliced onions in 3 tbsp. of fat. Add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup top milk, 2 tsp. vinegar, 1 well-beaten egg and 1 tsp. salt. Pour filling into baking powder biscuit crust already rolled out in the handy pie-plate cover. Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., 20 minutes, or until crust is a golden brown.

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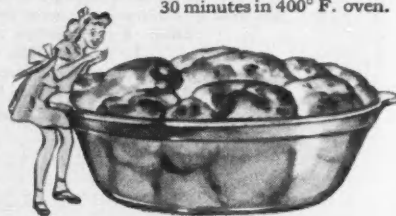


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HERE'S A MEAL-IN-ONE-DISH! Thrifty Cabbage Roll-ups above require only $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. ground meat to serve six.

Brown $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onion and $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. ground beef in hot fat. Combine with 2 cups cooked noodle rings or cooked diced potatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced celery, 1 cup bread crumbs, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. chili powder and 1 well-beaten egg. Cook 6 to 8 cabbage leaves in boiling water about 3 minutes. Roll filling in cabbage leaf, fasten with toothpick. Place in 2 qt. Pyrex casserole with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water and 3 halved tomatoes sprinkled with sugar and salt. Cover and bake 30 minutes in 400° F. oven.



USING BOTTOM ALONE. For time-saving Sweet Rolls that melt in your mouth, cut biscuit dough in squares and dip in melted butter and then into a mixture of sugar and cinnamon. Place in layers in a greased Pyrex Dish. Bake uncovered in a hot oven (400° F.) for 30 minutes. Bring to table in same dish.

Pickles (sweet and sour): From your own or your grocer's shelves. Add a spot of color and a touch of tang to the main course. Adapt themselves to accompaniment or ingredient purposes.

Barbecue Shortcake

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Pound of minced beef
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of real mayonnaise
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of hot water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of prepared mustard
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of ketchup or chili sauce
- 6 Hot baking powder biscuits (made from your favorite recipe)

Combine the minced beef with the teaspoonful of salt and form into six patties. Melt the mayonnaise in a frying pan and fry the patties over slow heat until well browned and cooked to the centre. Remove the patties to a hot plate. Add the flour to the fat in the pan and stir until smooth and slightly browned. Add the hot water gradually and stir until thick and smooth. Season with the half teaspoonful of salt, prepared mustard, ketchup or chili sauce. Place the patties between split hot biscuits and pour the Barbecue sauce over the tops. Six servings. Crisp colorful salad topped with real mayonnaise makes a good accompaniment. (Photograph page 72.)

Zippy Sauce

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Teaspoonfuls of dry mustard
- Condiment sauce (thick)
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of hot water
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Tablespoonfuls of butter
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Tablespoonfuls of shortening or mild dripping

Combine the mustard, a few drops of

condiment sauce and the water. Add the butter and shortening, heat until melted and serve with steak, boiled brisket, rolled flank or sausages.

Mustard Mounds

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Cupful of mayonnaise or salad dressing
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of prepared mustard
- 1 Teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of plain unflavored gelatine
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of cold water

Mix the mayonnaise, mustard and Worcestershire sauce and let stand at room temperature while the other ingredients are being prepared. Soak the gelatine in the cold water for five minutes, then melt over hot water. Cool to room temperature, but do not let it thicken. Add the mayonnaise mixture slowly, stirring carefully. Beat well and pour into cold wet molds. Chill until firm. Unmold and serve as an accompaniment to hot roast beef, boiled brisket, pot roast or cold meat.

Two-Timer

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Pound of ground leftover beef
- Salt and pepper
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Bouillon cube dissolved in $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of boiling water
- 1 Can of condensed vegetable soup

Season the meat to taste with salt and pepper, moisten with a little of the bouillon, then press it around the sides of a greased casserole. Fill the centre with mashed potatoes (fresh-cooked or left-over). Combine the soup with the remaining bouillon and pour over the top. Bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for about 40 minutes. Six servings. +

Roll Out the Barrel :: Continued from page 74

Dutch Apple Cake

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 3 Cupfuls of pastry flour
- 6 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- $\frac{3}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- 6 Tablespoonfuls of shortening
- About 1 Cupful of milk or water
- Apples, sugar and cinnamon
- Currants, if available

Sift the flour, measure, and sift again with the baking powder and salt. Cut in the shortening until the mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Add the milk to make a soft dough. Turn out on a floured board and knead lightly, counting twenty. Roll or pat one half to three quarters of an inch thick to fit the bottom of a greased 8-inch cake pan. Peel, core and cut the apples in quarters or eighths; arrange on the dough in overlapping sections. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon and garnish with currants, if desired. Brush lightly with butter. Bake in a hot oven—400 deg. Fahr.—for 25 minutes or until the apples are soft and the crust brown. Serve with cream or lemon sauce. Six servings. Crab apples with the skins left on, cut in quarters and the seeds removed, make a delicious variation.

Oatmeal Apple Pudding

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 4 Medium apples
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of cinnamon

- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of shortening
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of brown sugar
- 1 Egg
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of true vanilla
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of rolled oats
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of flour
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt

Peel, core, and cut the apples in eighths. Arrange them in the bottom of a greased baking dish and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Cream the shortening, add the sugar and continue the creaming until well blended. Add the well-beaten egg and the vanilla. Beat well. Mix the rolled oats, flour, baking powder and salt, and add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Pour this over the apples and bake in a moderately hot oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for 40 minutes.

Canned Apple Sauce

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Choose firm apples free from bruises. Wash, pare, core and cut in quarters, then cook gently with a small amount of water until the apples are tender. Or cut up well-washed, unpeeled apples, cook and press through a sieve. Sweeten to taste.

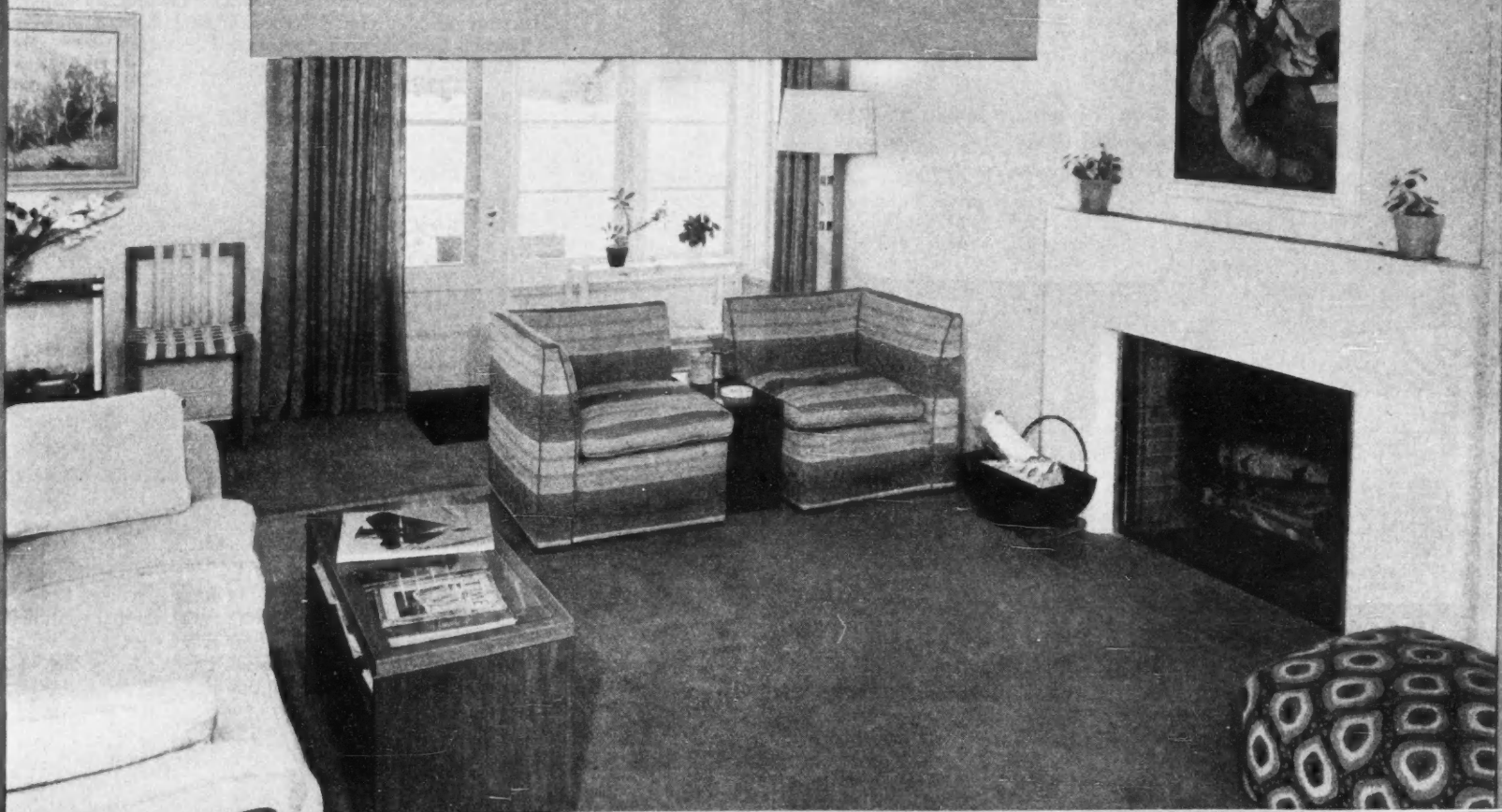
Fill sterilized jars (which have been tested for leaks) with the boiling hot sauce, fit with rubber rings dipped in

YOUR HOME

A Department for House Planning, Decorating and Furnishing
Conducted by FRED A JAMES



Space is precious, as everyone knows, and here in this moderately sized house, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Andrews, Toronto, the value of good planning is realized to the full. Dining and living rooms are in open L-shape, divided by curtaining when necessary; for entertaining there is adequate seating provision, while for daily family use this arrangement proves equally workable. Mrs. Andrews based her color schemes on the Cezanne print over the mantel, and against the neutral tones of light putty and greys in walls, curtains and rugs has introduced yellows, coral and bits of turquoise in fabrics and accessories. The natural wood tones in the contemporary furniture are repeated in the half-wall treatment behind the chesterfield, where there's a shelf for books and, on the dining room side, a convenient cupboard. These companion rooms offer an interesting example of careful planning for today's and tomorrow's living.



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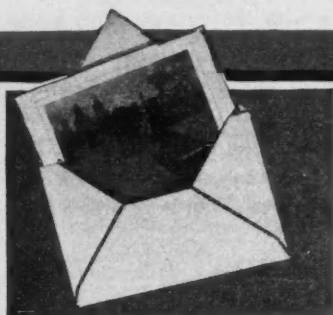
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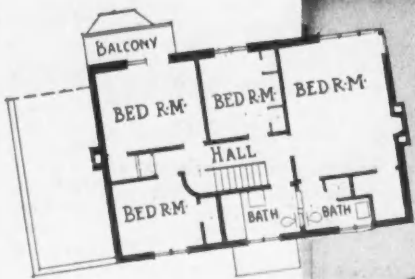
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Four bedrooms and two baths are well handled in the second floor plan, and very little space is wasted in hall arrangement. Maid's and children's rooms are served by central bathroom.



A delightful feature of the master bedroom is the simply designed wood-burning fireplace, pictured above. The tufted chair is lime yellow in color—a happy brilliant note against the plain smoky-blue walls. The latter color is combined with grey in the horizontally striped fabric of curtains and bedspreads, shown below.



The large corner window arrangement floods the bedroom with sunlight. Bed ends are covered with pale grey leather; wood is grey walnut, and two chests of drawers are in the same finish. Well-planned wardrobe space and bathroom are placed along the north side.



Man-of-the-House has this treasured corner, where built-in features utilize every possible space. The pine desk is a good workable design; the couch can accommodate an overnight guest. Walls are light terra cotta, curtains natural linen, and cocoa matting covers the floor.

Blitz on the Home Front!



1. "Bless the lads!" says Mom, "I never expected a visit from all my Armed Forces at once! But I'm ready for them! If they think they can break through my supply lines, they're all wrong. I'm ready for that all-out attack on my cooking."



2. "See, boys? I was expecting you one at a time with your usual appetites—so I've been streamlining my menus for faster service, you might say. You'll find that every dish I serve is rich in the proper kind of nutrition. Take these canned foods, for instance . . ."



3. "...they're grand nourishment and they speed up meal preparation. Canned foods are seal-cooked already to preserve their goodness . . . so I just heat them—never cook them, for that cuts down their flavour and food value . . ."



4. "Mom" said Pilot Fred, "I can hardly wait to taste your cream of pea soup and those creamed vegetables, although our Air Force kitchens sure know their nutrition."

"Well, for my part," chimed in Sergeant Bill, "I crave some home-cooked meals."

"You'll find I know my nutrition, too, Fred," smiled Mom, "now for one thing . . ."



5. "... I have the habit of saving the liquid from all canned foods, because it makes a delicious base for soups, gravies, sauces and desserts . . . it gives them extra flavour and it's very rich in vital nourishment."

"M-m-m!" breathed Petty Officer Harry, "every spoonful of this meal proves that proper nutrition can be fun—and how!"



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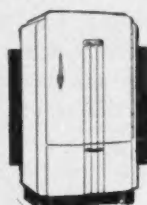
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Victory Recipe

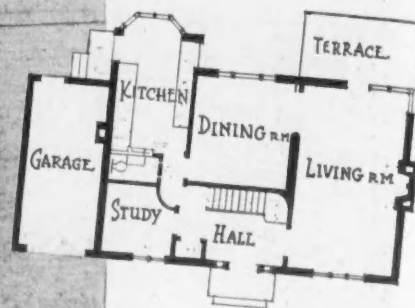
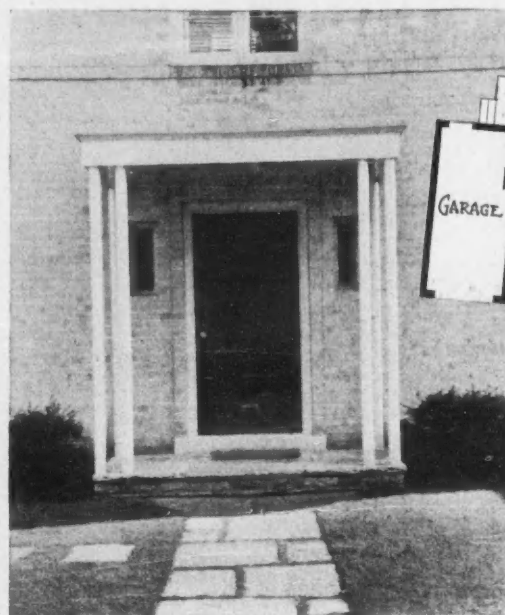
2 tablespoonfuls of shortening
1/4 cupful of brown sugar or honey
1 egg, beaten
1 cupful of sour milk
1 cupful of bran
1 cupful of flour
1/2 teaspoonful of soda
1/2 teaspoonful of salt
1 teaspoonful of baking powder
2 or 3 apples

APPLE MUFFINS

Cream the shortening with the sugar until well blended. Add the beaten egg. Stir in the bran and milk alternately with the flour, which has been sifted, measured and sifted again with the other dry ingredients. Fill greased muffin tins about two-thirds full. Place three slices of apple on top of each muffin. Bake in a moderate oven—375 deg. Fahr.—for twenty minutes. Makes twelve medium muffins.

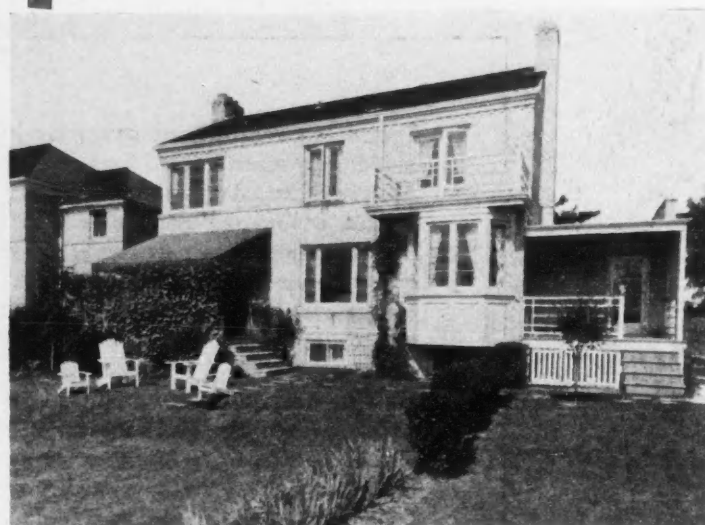


**CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO
LIMITED**



The main floor plan shows a practical division of space for today's living. Note the small washroom, tucked in between kitchen and study, convenient when children come from play

Main entrance to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Andrews' Toronto home is painted to blend with the brick. A dark green door and simple evergreen planting combine in pleasant relief against the light exterior. Inside the entrance hall has been kept to a moderate size to allow larger main rooms.



The garden side. The service porch, with a lattice screen for privacy, is a convenient play space for children on rainy days; also provides a covered entrance to the garage. Terrace at left is reached from the living room, and covered with awning and vines makes a shady sitting-out place.



One can turn one's back on the working end of this modern kitchen and enjoy sunny breakfasts at the built-in linoleum-topped table, fitted into the bay overlooking the garden. Percolator and toaster plugs are installed here. Every inch of space gives a good account of itself in this kitchen.

No Messy Work—

It's not hard work to keep toilets sparkling-clean and sanitary. You don't have to scrub and scour. Sani-Flush is made especially to remove—quickly—the film and stains where toilet germs may lodge. Cleans away a cause of toilet odors. Use Sani-Flush at least twice a week.

Toilets Glean like New—

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically. Even cleans the hidden trap. Cannot injure septic tanks or their action and is safe in toilet connections when used as directed on the can. Made in Canada. Sold everywhere. Two handy sizes. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.



Sani-Flush CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING
LIQUID VENEER
FURNITURE POLISH

Will Keep Your Home BRIGHT and CHEERFUL

... part of a winning "home front"

Your home can have a share in Victory! Liquid Veneer will help you keep it gay-looking and smiling with brightness. A Canadian favourite for over 50 years, — there's nothing quite like Liquid Veneer for keeping furniture and wood-work clean and beautifully polished. And it is so easy to use! Your dealer has it; 25c and 50c.



ATTACK FOOD WASTE!
APPLEFORD
Para-Sani
PURE and HEAVY WAXED PAPER
NEXT TO FOOD—IT'S BEST!

APPLEFORD PAPER PRODUCTS LIMITED
HAMILTON TORONTO MONTREAL

Pointers for the Home

IN THESE days of conservation and making things last, your vacuum cleaner rates the very best attention from you. Empty the bag after every use because dirt left in the bag will eventually work serious damage to the material. Also, before starting to vacuum be sure to look for pins, hairpins, tacks, etc., on your rug as sharp objects can damage the belt and other moving parts.

☆☆

If your rubber hot water bottle leaks, have it repaired with a rubber cement patch, the kind used to mend bicycle tubes. You can buy hot water bottles of metal, ceramics or glass. And, of course, there's always the old-fashioned idea of heating a brick in the oven while dinner is cooking and putting it to bed in a fabric cover.

☆☆

Now's the time to store away garden tools for the winter months. They are precious possessions and should be treated with the utmost care. Be sure to clean and oil each one carefully. Your lawn mower should be given a specially thorough oiling—not just the bearings but the blades as well. Then put it away in a dry place.

☆☆

Before storing away garden tools, be sure to look for signs of rust. If there should be a coating of rust, it can be removed with the following paste.

One part glycerine; two parts oxalic acid; two parts phosphoric acid; five parts ground silica.

After you apply this paste, stand the tool in a warm place for half an hour and then wash off. The rust should come away with the paste.

☆☆

Your garden hose can't be replaced so be sure to dry it thoroughly both inside and out, then store it away in a place where there's no danger of freezing.

☆☆

Ever have trouble with windows which refuse to budge—especially after a paint job has been done on them? If you attempt to pry up the window from the inside, you'll run a good chance of marring the woodwork and the fresh paint. If possible, therefore, work from the outside as most windows have frames which fit on the outer side. You can use a chisel to pry, if you take the precaution of placing a small block of wood under it to protect the windowsill.

☆☆

Each piece of electrical equipment is a prize possession today so here are some "do's" and some "don't's" to make them stay in good repair.

Never wet the elements in such things as grills, toasters and percolators; wash other parts with a cloth and use a brush to remove crumbs. Electric equipment should be kept in a dust-proof cupboard and cords should be hung over two hooks rather than one to avoid a sharp bend in the cord. All plugs, sockets, etc., should be examined often and kept in first-class repair. ☆

announcing



the

Guardian

Give her this most traditional of all gifts.

The makers of "Red Seal" cedar chests present "The Guardian" for the approval of Canadian women. The interior of these chests is treated with a chemical which, according to analysis made by the Research and Analytical Laboratory of Toronto, is one of the most effective moth repellants known today. Each chest carries a Moth Insurance Policy which may be had on application at no extra cost.

"Guardian" chests carry on the Honderich tradition in design and sturdy construction. Sold throughout the Dominion, additional information may be had from your furniture dealer.

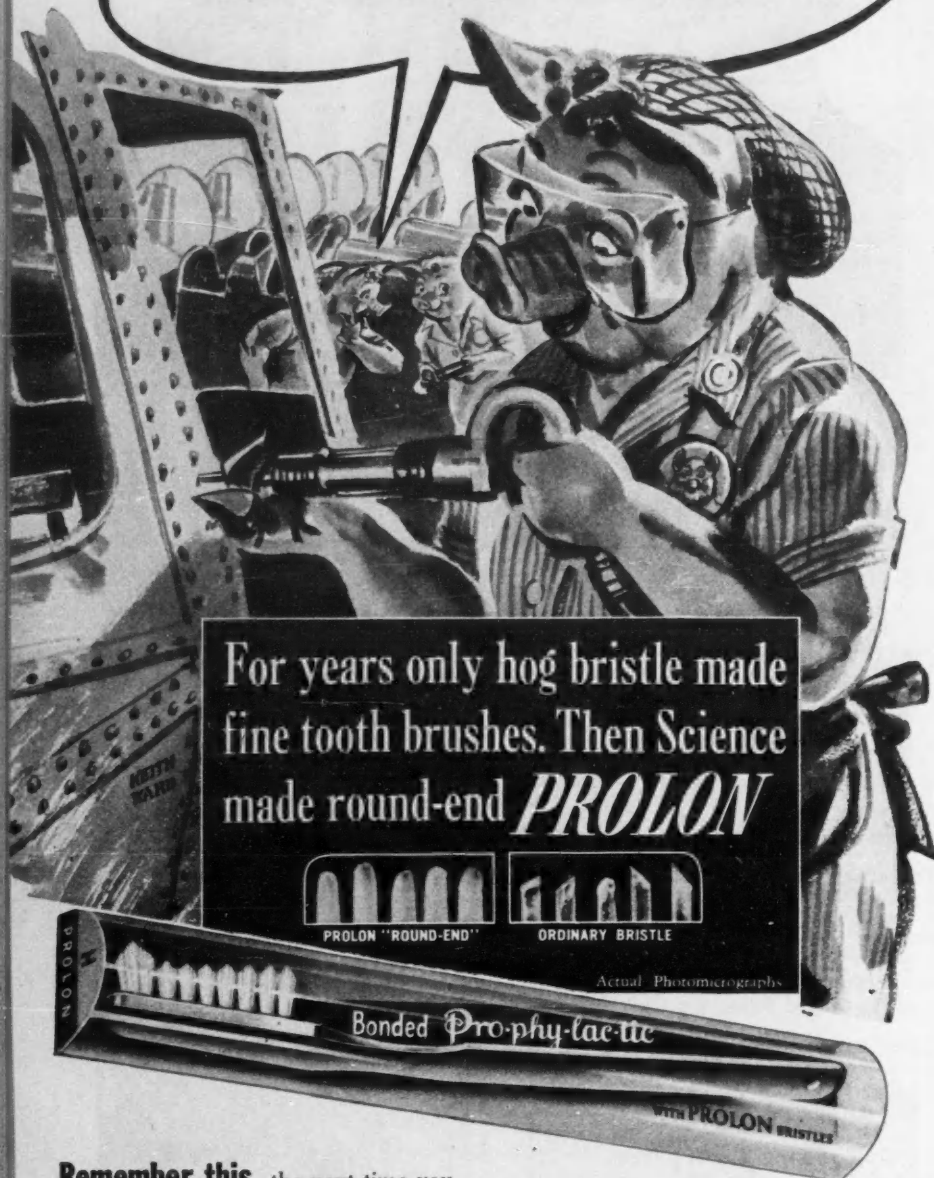


Guardian # 6870

THE

HONDERICH FURNITURE COMPANY LIMITED • MILVERTON • ONTARIO

SHE'S MAKING ALMOST AS MUCH TODAY AS WHEN
**PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC USED TO
BUY HER BRISTLE!**



For years only hog bristle made
fine tooth brushes. Then Science
made round-end **PROLON**



Actual Photomicrographs

Remember this, the next time you buy a tooth brush: Years of laboratory research have produced amazing new synthetic bristles.

"Prolon" is our trade name for the very finest grade of this synthetic bristle.

PROLON—No Finer Bristle Made

Among these new synthetic bristles being marketed under various trade names, none is finer . . . none is more durable . . . none is more costly to produce than Prolon, the synthetic bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

Only PROLON has "Round Ends"

Prolon, in fact, has a very important plus which no other synthetic bristle has. It is the only bristle that is rounded at the ends.

Yes, it's a fact! Under a special pat-

ented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": 1. The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. 2. Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. 3. A written guarantee for six full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO. (Canada) Ltd., Toronto

P.S. We also make
this 25¢ brush . . .
the best buy in the
lower-price field.



Pro-phy-lac-tic + NYLON
Lowest priced Nationally Advertised
Tooth Brush in the Country

MADE IN CANADA

HOME FRONT

Chatelaine's Ottawa correspondent brings
you facts and forecasts concerning the
changing picture of wartime living

A VERY slight easing of restrictions on one or two types of raw materials appeared after the shipping situation improved. Whether this trend will continue or not depends to a great extent on our ability to keep the upper hand in the battle of the Atlantic. Meantime, the manpower shortage affects the quantity of goods for civilian use, but our distribution system is working efficiently. As long as we are careful to keep our purchasing down to wartime levels, we may be sure that supplies will be equal to essential requirements.

Ottawa Beauty Hint. For the first time since 1941, zinc oxide is being released to cosmetics manufacturers. The quantity: 50% of the amount allowed in 1940. There has been no shortage of cosmetics at any time, thanks to efficient substitutes for ingredients on the priorities list, though until recently zinc oxide was available only for medicinal salves.

More zinc oxide is available for ordinary paint, too, as well as for the kind you put on your face.

Antifreezing Notes. Keep furnace humidifying pan and all humidifying equipment filled with water and you'll be warm at a lower temperature; don't block radiators with furniture or covers. Use cinders to bank fires—they're valuable fuel. You can lower the temperature 5 to 15 degrees at night, depending on the weather. Ask your dealer for coal-saving instructions on firing the furnace.

Blanket stretcher. If your blankets have shrunk, do this: Stitch an 18-inch length of factory cotton, or flannelette if you have a piece, to one end. This will provide the tuck-in portion and allow the entire length of the blanket itself to be used as covering. To prevent blankets and other woollens from shrinking, always wash them in mild lukewarm suds, and be sure the rinsing waters are the same temperature. If possible, dry all woollens indoors during cold weather, but away from stoves or radiators. Damp woollens shrink when exposed to cold air or heat.

Deep-Sea competition. The shark is now rivalling the cod and the halibut as a source of Vitamin A. Its liver is often richer in this health-promoting substance.

If your baby is on an evaporated milk diet, you can get special coupons from the Ration Administration by presenting a certificate signed by a physician, public health nurse or child health agency. Others, including children aged two years or older, whose health requires the use of evaporated milk, may obtain coupon cards by bringing a doctor's certificate.

You can have your cake and pudding for Christmas this year. The D coupon value has been doubled for molasses and honey, and increased a bit for other syrups. Not rationed are such things as spices, glacé cherries, candied peel and mincemeat also fresh frozen fruits.

Meat supplies will continue at normal levels and in adequate varieties to suit our rationed requirements, the Prices Board says.

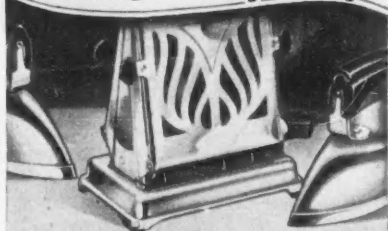
Canada's supplies of root vegetables, including potatoes, carrots, turnips, onions, parsnips, etc., including those grown in Victory gardens, are equal to the amounts we used to get in pre-war years.

The supply department of the Prices Board is doing "everything possible" to have a sufficient amount of infants' and children's wear available for essential requirements.

If you can't get 'em up in the morning, here's good news. A limited supply of alarm clocks is beginning to come on the market. For a while you couldn't get one because Canada undertook to supply Great Britain, Australia and New Zealand with alarm clocks for air-raid watchers and war industry workers. These quotas have been filled, and production for the rest of this year will be for use in Canada. +



Should I buy now?



The manufacture of Canadian Beauty products has been sharply curtailed. If you need a new electrical appliance, see your dealer who has limited supplies available. If you can make your present appliances last—through careful use and conservation—do it and help Canada-at-War!



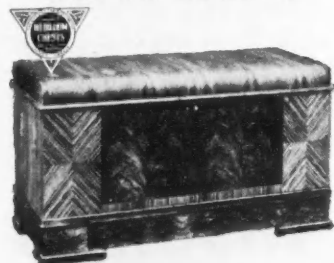
RENFREW ELECTRIC AND REFRIGERATOR COMPANY LIMITED - RENFREW, ONTARIO



Your Romance

symbolized in an Heirloom Cedar Chest is never really interrupted.

Heirloom CEDAR CHESTS



THE CHESLEY CHAIR COMPANY LIMITED - CHESLEY, ONT.

Sea Dust

Continued from page 65

When letters ceased from Don Raynham she knew it was because he was over-keered, with nothing to spare from the days and nights of gruelling activity. Only the air carried his messages, and she began to dream of Don in the starry sky, and Scott on the turbulent sea.

The unbroken monotony became painful, like the overfiling of one finger-nail, until everything broke at once, in the way that events can sometimes move quickly in a strange sequence of three.

She went to bed one evening, knowing that the sky shone with stars that would menace the ships at sea. In her mental world there seemed to be little difference between sleeping and waking, but afterward she knew she had slept, and dreamed, and that a whole long night had passed. But her head was scarcely on the pillow before the air zoomed with planes above a starlit sea. Then Don Raynham called to her exultantly, and strangely to her ears, he called from the ground. She was endeavoring to meet him, when Scott called too, but his voice was not exultant, like Don's. It was hollow, like a bell, saying nothing but, "Miss, Miss!" Then Eve strained to answer, "Never feel lonely, never feel sad. I'll think of you, Scott. Bless you, always God bless!" Then she saw a ship whitely illumined, and surrounded by sinister shapes. There was confusion, making an untidy sea. There was a hand flung up in a backward wave which she recognized at once as Scott's.

Eve was wide-awake, thinking no time had passed while the clock said morning had come.

Without need of confirmation Eve knew that Scott was dead, and she had the instinct to weep out her heart, but there were survivors awaiting their breakfasts at the canteen, so she dressed, asking herself, what of Don? Don who had called from the ground instead of the air?

She was ready in her white smock, when she heard the ringing of the door-bell, followed by an excited voice calling, "Eve, a telegram, come quick." She was downstairs, like the scud of a dry leaf. Then she read the unbelievable news.

**"GROUNDED AND GRANTED
LEAVE WILL BE HOME SOON
LOVE LOVE LOVE. DON."**

Eve was leaning against the wall, weak after infinite strain, but the maid's voice implored from the kitchen.

"Miss Eve, Jet has, Jet is—"

Then Eve was bending over Jet's box at the base of a copper-boiler. Jet was no longer sleepy, indifferent or plump. She was thin, anxious, all green eyes, and paws that trod the padding of her box. She was a mother-cat nursing one little kitten, and the sight of the tiny head seemed suddenly too much.

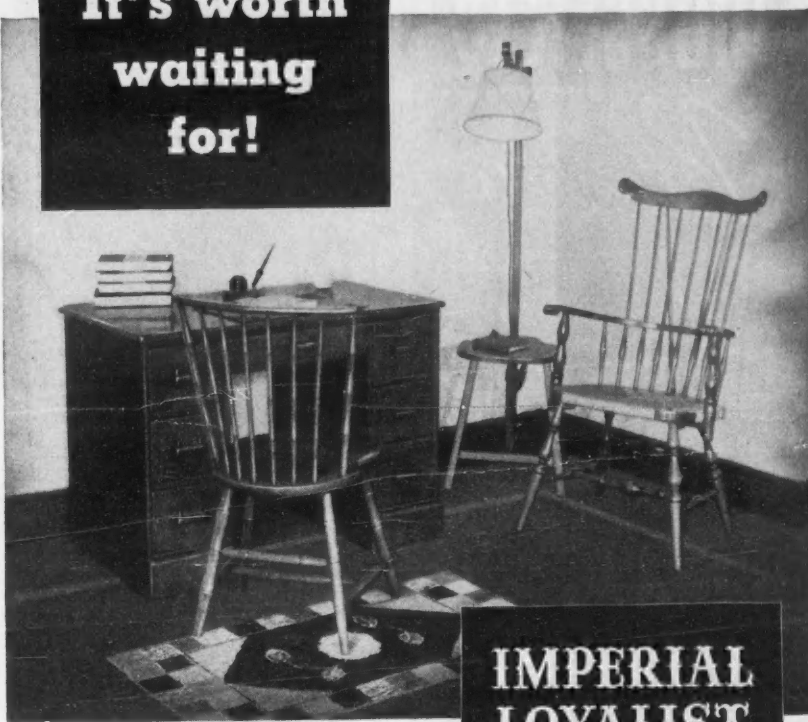
"Jet, Jet," Eve murmured brokenly. "Jet, Scott's cat with only one kitten."

It was more than she could bear. Joy and pain had their way with her at last, and her tears fell on the kitten, and the cat that represented Scott's care of small things in the days when life was cheap.

"Scott," she whispered, "you've gone on. Bless you. God bless! And Don is coming home. Can I bear it? Scott—"

Eve wept, stroking the kitten's tiny head, but every tear was a salt drop, that would run out and mingle itself with the sea that held compassionate sailors like Scott. ✦

**It's worth
waiting
for!**



**IMPERIAL
LOYALIST**

Made in Stratford, Canada
by Imperial Rattan Co. Limited



Any room furnished in the ageless charm of Imperial Loyalist will be a joy forever. But first call on your dollars today is War Savings. Instead of buying complete rooms now, buy only essential pieces. You will be able to add matching pieces to your rooms when Victory is won.

LOOK FOR THIS BRAND ON EVERY PIECE

**Girls! Get
"BABYKINS"
for Christmas ... NO COST
TO YOU!**

A big, pink-skinned, dimpled "Babykins" that's as cute as a real baby—you will just love having one to dress and to put to bed. It is practically unbreakable, 17 inches tall, has eyes that close and movable head, arms and legs.

You can have this lovely doll without any cost to you. Send us Three one year subscriptions to Maclean's at \$1.50 each, and we will send "Babykins" to your home, postpaid. You may include one new or renewal subscription from your own home. The other two subscriptions cannot be paid for by any one in your own home or immediate family—They must be sold to others.

Just list the names and addresses on a plain sheet of paper showing the amount each paid, and clearly print your own name and address. Send with your remittance of \$3.00 to:

**"BABYKINS" — CHATELAINE MAGAZINE
481 University Avenue, Toronto, Ont.**



THICK OR THIN!

**CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S
THICK SAUCE**



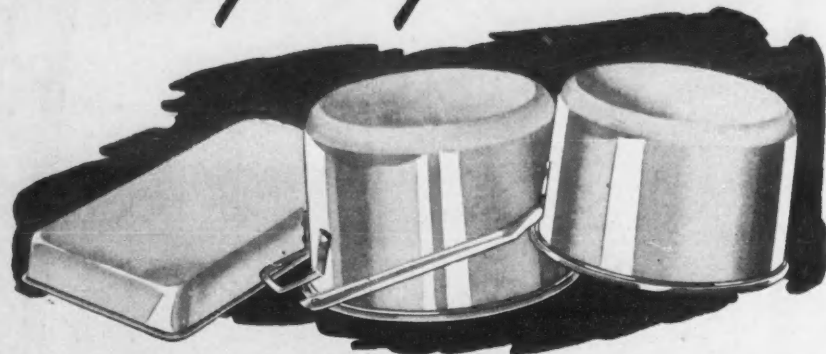
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WORCESTERSHIRE
(THIN SAUCE)**



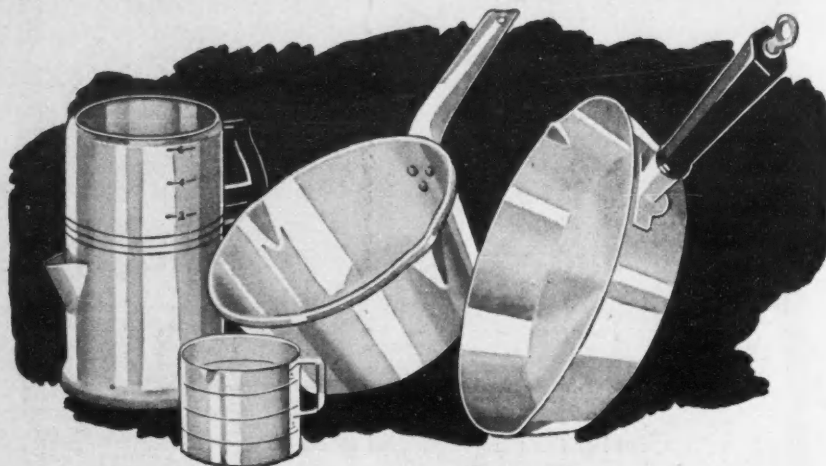
★ SAUCES ★

ADD THE TOUCH OF PERFECTION TO MEAT AND FISH DISHES

Shiny bright outside



wholesome clean inside



S.O.S keeps 'em that way



Just dip, rub, rinse—watch S.O.S. work. Scorchers disappear! Burns and grease vanish. Even your dullest aluminum shines bright as new. Because magic S.O.S. cleans, scours, polishes, all in one simple operation. Try S.O.S.—and see!



No, you can't pull an S.O.S. pad apart! That's because of its special interwoven construction. Notice, too, the handy oval shape—so you can get it into corners where dirt hides. And, of course, the soap is in the pad—plenty of it!

PROUD you are—when your aluminum and "Pyrex" ware looks new and stays that way.

SENSIBLE, too—for you feel better about cooking food in spotless pans.

THRIFTY, indeed—because *clean* aluminum *lasts longer*! Science says so. In these days, it's real economy to give your pots and pans an S.O.S. shine-up after every using. Get a package today!

Made in Canada by
The S.O.S. Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario

© 1942



THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT...

Basic English—and the fact that in the list of 850 useful words the one universally understood expression, "Okay," doesn't appear. Recently a Russian ship manned by women put in at Vancouver, and their entire English vocabulary proved to be "okay," and not too inadequate either, when accompanied by proper change of inflexion, a smile or an earnest frown. And there was that historic incident in the Mediterranean when surrendering Italian warships finally signalled "Okay" to crisp British instructions. . . . The proposal that our leading Quebec scholars look into the possibilities of a Basic French for the aid and comfort of the rest of us, Au-kais?

More Woollens—on their way now, and soon to appear on the civilian market. In the U. S. they're hoping to fight a delaying action in the purchase of new winter coats until after Christmas. Reason for the present scarcity of British wool fabrics on this side: concentration of hundreds and thousands of ships for the infinitely bigger business of the siege of Italy. . . . What a triumphant buy a seven-cent turnip seems to us now; and the reluctance of Mother to open a fresh jar of jam, remembering how long we must wait before next year's strawberries are ripe.

Eye and Ear appeal. Those British newsreels that show our Canadian lads at work in ordnance shops and bomber stations and give them a chance to send personal messages home. . . . Bob Hope's striking sentence during the war bond campaign: "The sooner we bring them back, the more we'll bring back." . . . The up-and-coming Canadian radio comedian, Alan Young, with his good sense of timing. . . . Disney's magnificent job with Seversky's "Victory Through Air Power," and the confounding discovery that visual symbolism in technicolor carries more force and vividness than newsreels from the battle fronts.

The natural death though slow, of all those whispered rumors about the girls in uniform. They were of the same shoddy stuff as the gossip that circulated 20 years ago about women who smoked or "painted," or three years ago about the girls who changed from skirts to slacks for a munitions job. And the sorry fact that many of the stories were spread and elaborated by other women, thereby disproving Mr. Kipling's idea of sisters-under-their-skins, and incidentally slowing recruiting and impeding the full prosecution of the war. . . . The enormous clothes-conscious pride the girls take in their uniforms.

Prisoners of war—more thousands of them streaming unobserved into this country. And the curious fact that most of us know slightly more about our own boys in German stalags than about the enemy's life among us here. . . . The well-authenticated story that German prisoners eat their bacon raw for breakfast, and like best of all a supper of red-raw hamburger dosed with vast quantities of pepper and salt. A meal fit for supermen, no doubt.

The new plague of mice and rats, and the increased value of a good cat in the house. . . . The fur-lined coats and how you have to be slim to wear them. And how the fur-collared overcoat worn by Canada's Prime Minister has been snatched upon as an important style source by one of the exclusive Fifth Avenue clothes shops; they give him a credit line in their advertising, otherwise we (and he) would never believe that so much could happen to a sober years-old garment made to brave the Ottawa winters.

the soap for baby



now
made with
LANOLIN



Doctors
prescribe
lanolin to

soothe and soften irritated skin. They know that lanolin closely resembles the natural oil of the human skin and that it is readily absorbed.

Lanolin is derived from soft fleece and highly refined and purified. Blended into Baby's Own, it helps to make this famous soap still more gentle and soothing for baby's velvety skin.

Ask for

**Baby's
Own**

SOAP • OIL • TALC

trained healthy child doesn't worry about such things. Actually it causes him very little discomfort—so don't worry about that part of it.

Toxoid injections are not given until baby is six months old. Why is this? It is because he cannot produce antibodies efficiently during the first six months of his life. However, once he has passed his sixth month he should be given this treatment, so that he will be protected through all the rest of his childhood. If your child was not toxoided when he was a baby, it is not too late to have it done now. Don't take any chances—your children mean too much to you. Think how you would feel if one of them caught diphtheria. We've all got to act together if we are going to banish diphtheria. If your children have not had toxoid, see your physician about it at once or attend a public health immunizing clinic. Talk to your friends about toxoid—their youngsters should have it too.

AS FOR smallpox, some people don't feel that it is much of a menace nowadays in Canada. But each year quite a number of our citizens develop this disease, and the only way we can keep it from becoming more common is by vaccinating our children. Every baby should be vaccinated when he is between six and 12 months of age. He should be vaccinated again about seven years later. If your child has never been vaccinated, have it done now. Don't put it off. The material used for vaccinating is always very carefully prepared by scientific experts. Provided you follow the doctor's simple directions about keeping the vaccination area clean, there is very little chance of any trouble following this procedure. It is true that your child may be off color for a few days after his first vaccination, but what is that, when you know it will protect him from a dangerous disease that might disfigure his face for life? Vaccination does not injure the health of the child in any way whatsoever. Vaccination has been practiced successfully for a hundred and fifty years.

In the United States each state can pass its own laws regarding vaccination. Recently they compared the records of the states in which vaccination was compulsory with those of states which did not demand this health safeguard. The difference was striking: there were ten times as many cases of smallpox in

28 Cookie Recipes

The cookie jar is more popular than ever in these days of simplified living. The wise housekeeper knows the value of having a batch of cookies on hand — to dress up a simple dessert or for the unexpected occasion. They're easy to make, taste well and are appropriate at any time.

The Chatelaine Institute offers in this booklet 28 cookie recipes to help keep your cookie jar filled.

Bulletin No. 2200, Price, 10 cents.

Order from Chatelaine Service Bulletin Department, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

"You've got no right to tell Tom I'm spoiling the baby!"



1. Tom's mother came to live with us when Tom got his commission. And we didn't have a bit of friction till she interfered with my way of raising Sue. "I'm going to write Tom," she said, "about the way you're spoiling that child, with all this nonsense about needing special baby's soap, special powder, special wash cloths. Even a special laxative!"



2. "Let me tell you," I said, "that our own doctor approved of the way I'm taking care of Sue. He says a baby needs special care because its whole system is different from a grownup's. It's much more delicate."



3. "So Doctor said it certainly makes sense to give the baby a laxative that's made especially for children—Castoria. I've found he's right, too. Castoria is effective, yet it's safe and gentle."



4. "And another thing. I've found that Castoria works almost naturally, overnight, so I can give it to the baby at bedtime and it doesn't disturb her sleep. Seems to me that's important."



5. Mother seemed willing to agree, but what finally convinced her was the way our druggist recommended and praised Castoria. "Why, it even tastes good, so children never have to be forced to take it!"



6. I bought the money-saving Family Size bottle. And next time Sue needed a laxative, I called mother to see how the baby liked to take Castoria. Well, mother just gave me a little hug that said, "I was wrong."

CASTORIA

The SAFE laxative made especially for children



As the medical profession knows, the chief ingredient in Castoria — senna — has an excellent reputation in medical literature.

Research has proved that senna works mostly in the lower bowel, so it rarely disturbs the appetite or digestion. In regulated doses senna produces easy elimination and almost never gripes or irritates.




MOSSFIELD
PURE WOOL
Blankets

Remember..

The name "Mossfield" means blankets of lasting loveliness... Quality that is worth waiting for! Right now our Armed Forces need the warmth of these pure wool blankets... and consequently there are not enough of them to meet the needs of the home front. But as soon as ever possible Mossfield Blankets will again be available.

Protect the precious Mossfield Blankets you now have... Write for FREE folder on "The Care and Washing of Blankets".

ROBERTS & SPENCER (CANADA) LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONT.



Speaking of "defense" work

Midol does a special kind—for women!

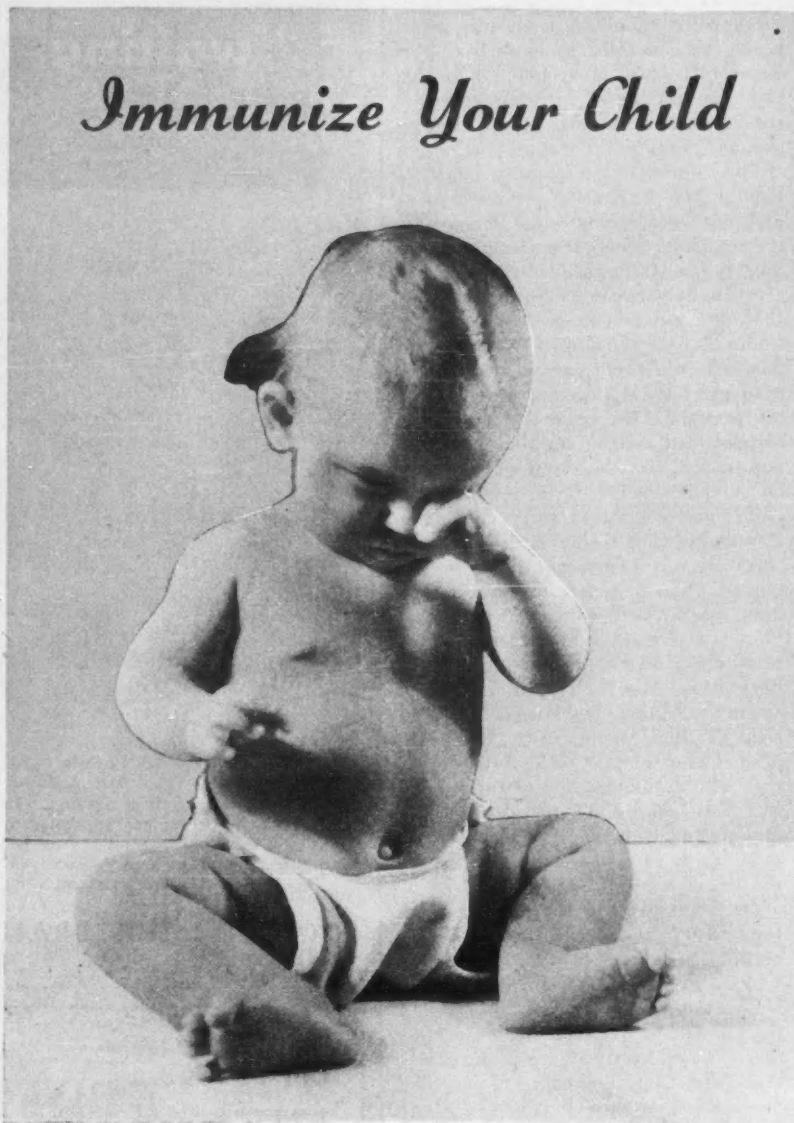
STANDING all day at a machine, working harder at a desk, or giving hours each week to service organization duties, many girls and women now find functional periodic pain a more serious problem. Yet for most of them—those who have no organic disorder calling for special care—there's an easy, effective answer. *Midol!*

Midol does more than merely relieve "dreaded days headache," for three ingredients contribute to your comfort! One eases the muscular suffering, another prolongs the relief, while the third acts to offset that miserable feeling of depression. Get Midol now; it contains no opiates. Any drugstore.

MIDOL
MADE IN CANADA
RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

Child Health Clinic...

Immunize Your Child



By Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

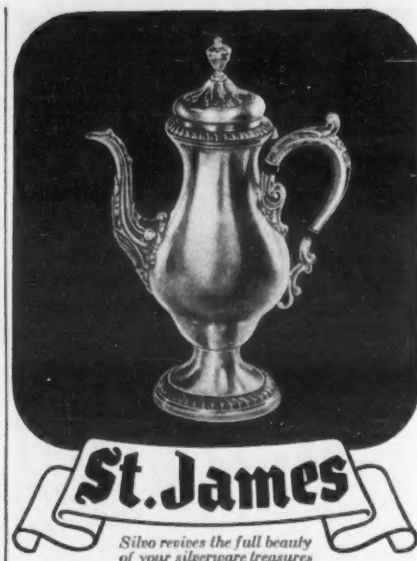
NATIONAL IMMUNIZATION Week comes this month and we should all take stock. Have your children been toxoided against diphtheria, vaccinated against smallpox and immunized against whooping cough? If they haven't, you should have this started at once for all those over six months of age.

When we mothers were young, diphtheria was a much more common disease than it is nowadays, and many a youngster died of it or was left with a crippled heart. Did it ever occur to you that the only reason why we have less diphtheria now is because many of our children have been toxoided? But each year thousands of babies are born in Canada and they are all candidates for diphtheria, unless they are given toxoid. In fighting diphtheria we have to keep constantly on the alert—the job is never done. We must keep on toxoiding the babies as they come along. If we were so foolish as to stop using toxoid, a diphtheria epidemic could break out right here in Canada. Last year there were 3,000 cases of diphtheria in Canada because not enough of our citizens had been protected by toxoid. One hundred and sixty-eight of these patients died. All of this illness and all these deaths could have been prevented.

In fact diphtheria could be stamped out entirely if toxoid was used consistently.

Toxoid is absolutely safe—it is completely sterilized. There is not a single, solitary germ in it. It is true that once in a while a baby's arm becomes a little red around the site where the injection has been given, and he occasionally feels a little out of sorts for a day or so, but any upset is slight and of short duration. Toxoid cannot do your baby or child the slightest harm, and it has been used with entire success for many years.

When this harmless toxoid is injected into your child's arm, it stimulates him to produce antibodies which will be ready to act against (anti) or neutralize the effects of any diphtheria germs that he may later come in contact with. In order to build up enough of these protective antibodies, three injections at three or four weekly intervals are usually given. After a few years in some individuals the amount of antibodies gradually falls and for this reason another fortifying or booster dose is now given three or four years after the first series of injections. This raises the antibody level promptly. It is amusing to watch one of these little preschool youngsters marching up to the doctor, rolling up his sleeve as he goes. A well-



St. James

Silvo revives the full beauty of your silverware treasures

Who knows nowadays when, or if, you will be able to replace such lovely silverware as this example of International Silver's art? All the more reason, therefore, to renew its lustrous sheen and bring out the full grace of its design by following the maker's advice to polish it with Silvo—safe, gentle and reviving as a breath of spring.



Silvo
LIQUID SILVER POLISH



Mother's Standby since 1870

Grandmother relied on 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly to relieve cuts, bruises, burns, chapped skin. Today 'Vaseline' Jelly is still the favourite remedy in thousands of Canadian homes. To be sure of getting the genuine product—scientifically refined and purified—look for the name 'Vaseline' on the jar or tube.

Made by
Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., Cons'd.

Vaseline
TRADE MARK
PETROLEUM JELLY

Don't Throw It Out!

By Carolyn Damon

HALF the art of making over depends on your ability to "see" a smart new outfit in an old discarded garment. Now that you're finding it harder and harder to get warm suitable clothes for the children at school, how about taking another good look through the family stock pile of discards, and concentrating on what can be done with the things you find? Old overcoats, for instance, especially those that have started to go at pockets, collars and sleeve edges, make dandy mackinaws—favorite winter outdoor wear for the six to fourteen-year-olds. Greatest care should be taken in ripping and cleaning the old material thoroughly and properly.

Rip the overcoat entirely apart. Worn spots can be easily avoided in recutting smaller garments from large ones, as you'll be doing here.

If your material is very shiny it is advisable to turn it and use the wrong side for the right side before you start



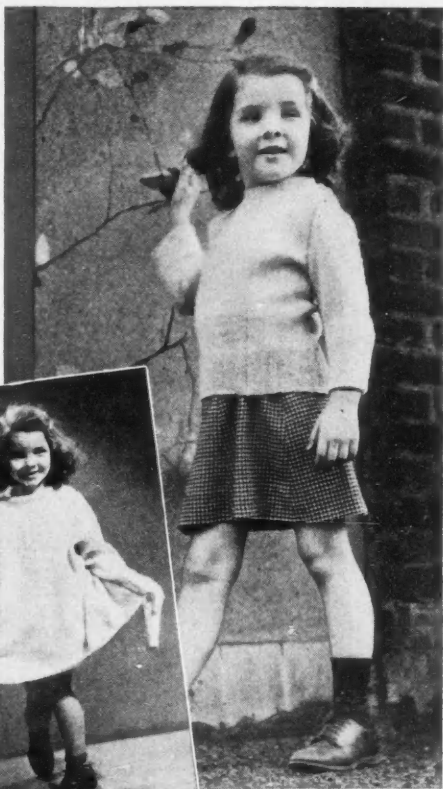
cutting. Be sure to do a thorough job of pressing and cleaning on all your fabric pieces.

The mackinaw pattern for the above is Simplicity 4350; comes in sizes 6 to 14 years. Price 20 cents.

IT'S QUITE simple to remake a sweater. Don't be frightened to cut into a knitted garment. Most sweaters that have been worn have been cleaned or washed, and you'll find that this will prevent the stitches from ravelling. The thing to do is to treat the sweater as you would a piece of fabric. Be sure it's clean before you start to remake it. Then take your blouse pattern and lay it on the sweater.

After you have cut out, stitch all around the cut edges. The rest is easy. You merely seam all the pieces together from this point on. The skirt is a simple little flare one, salvaged from a bigger skirt.

Simplicity Pattern 4508 was used for sweater; sizes 4-10 years; price 15 cents. Simplicity Pattern 4562 for the skirt; sizes 6 to 14 years; price 15 cents.



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the states that were not protected by compulsory vaccination. We are all much safer when everyone is vaccinated.

ANYONE who has had anything to do with whooping cough knows what a distressing and dangerous disease it is. It is especially serious in children under two, because they are liable to develop complications such as pneumonia following it. We now have a method of practically preventing this disease—and in the odd cases where the immunization is not entirely effective, the disease is much milder. Here again the material that is injected is sterile and harmless. In order to protect the child in the especially dangerous period these injections should be given between the ages of six and twelve months. Don't take any chances with whooping cough. Have your children protected at once by these injections.

Answers to Quiz Test

1. The head. It's a bee that stings with its tail.
2. Quebec.
3. The sash.
4. Irene Castle.
5. To make it melt, so that the cold will be driven inward toward the cream.
6. All the same. In total darkness it's impossible to see at all.
7. Flying. An airman speaks of "hitting the silk" when he's forced to take to his parachute.
8. Rubbing its face over its paws.
9. Seventy.
10. Canaries.
11. Yellow and blue.
12. A quart of milk. There's more fat in cream which makes it lighter.
13. The end nearest the vine.
14. The red.
15. A thick glass. The thin glass expands more quickly and so won't crack as easily.
16. No. In the last war soldiers found by the time the third man had lit his smoke, enemy snipers would get the range—with fatal results.
17. Moncton.
18. North America—The Great Lakes.
19. Rice.
20. Venus.

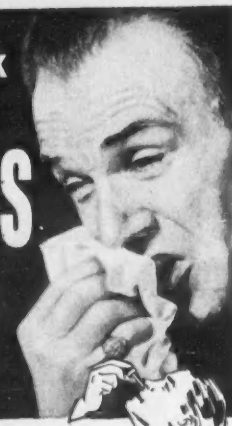
It is also possible to protect many children from scarlet fever by other injections. Ask a physician about these.

Lockjaw is fortunately not a common disease, but it is a very serious one when it does occur. We can prevent this disease too by the use of an anti-lockjaw toxoid. You would be wise to have your child protected against this disease also. This is especially important if your child is subject to any allergic troubles, such as eczema, hives, hay fever or asthma, because it is usually very difficult to treat lockjaw in these children. Very large numbers of soldiers, sailors and airmen have been given this anti-lockjaw toxoid.

All the protective measures that have been advocated here are entirely harmless. They are real safeguards to your child's health. Do not delay in taking advantage of them.

If you have any questions on child health or training, write to Dr. Robertson, c/o Child Health Clinic, Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. +

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There are some things we must talk over...*with our conscience!*

LET me speak to you this once.

You know me well. For I am your *conscience* . . . that voice which speaks from within.

I will not let you forget those dark, fear-some days of this war. Those were days of despair for you. You prayed for a miracle to save your world. You promised anything—everything—in return.

Well . . . you have had your miracle. Now what of your promises?

Money, you once said, had no value if you were enslaved. At that time nothing was of any value compared with the freedom you might lose.

So you gave of your time and your talents to help fight slavery. And you took your money and sent it to war.

That was good. That helped. But that was yesterday.

Today you are able to see victory in sight. Are you going to be as strong and

determined while *winning* as you were while *losing*?

It's your decision. It's your war. And it's *your* money that is needed now in this Victory Loan. You gladly loaned your money to help fight off slavery. You must do it again. This time to smash and banish the enemy from the face of the earth.

The money will help to pay for the greatest destructive might ever amassed by armed forces. It takes lots of money. **MORE MONEY** than we've ever spent before!

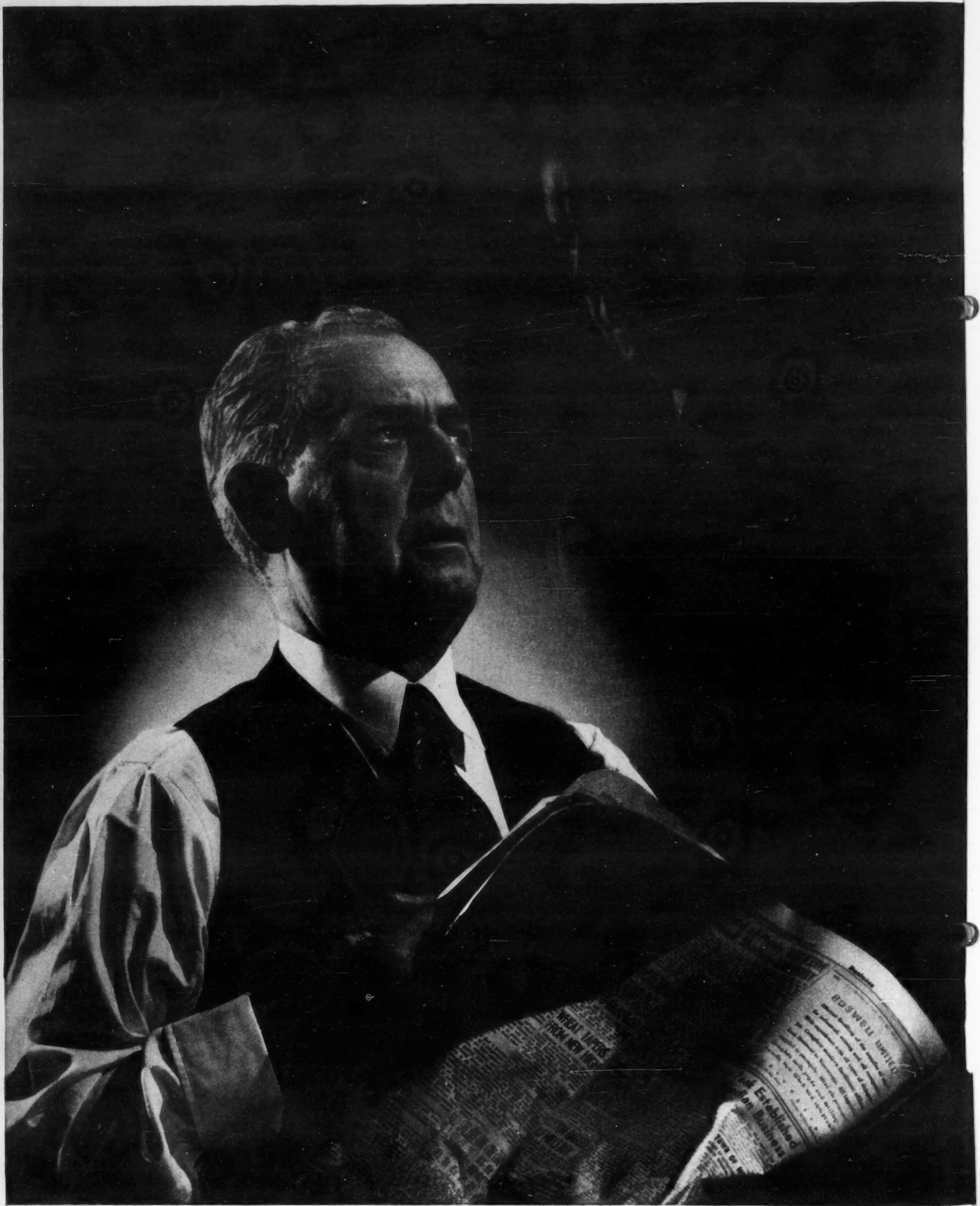
This is why I—your conscience—speak to you. You *must* buy Victory Bonds to help speed the victory.

You know that it *is* possible for this war to go on and on. But you also know that buying Victory Bonds now . . . buying and buying and buying them as you never did before . . . is the best way you can help to bring the boys back home *sooner*. Don't let it be on your conscience!



Speed the Victory
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which you will be assigned in the C.W.A.C. will allow you to make the most of these. You will be happy in your work, find it pleasant and easy, and you will also find the path to promotions.

It's a great life for a girl, great in every way you look at it. You can't leave the task of winning the war all to the men . . . join up today.

This is Our Battle, Too!



**BUY
VICTORY BONDS**

CANADIAN WOMEN'S ARMY CORPS

Chatelaine

As the Editor Sees It

IT WAS 1.45 p.m., and the crowd at the restaurant counter was beginning to thin out. The girl from the office building across the street, who had eaten her sandwiches at her desk while taking the noon phone calls, slid onto a stool and ordered a cup of coffee. Eventually it came—in a cup with a cracked and gouged rim and a smear of lipstick.

The girl with the tired face, knowing that these were difficult times for lunch counters as for business offices, made a valiant effort and got the cup halfway to her mouth, but no farther. "I can't drink coffee out of a cup like this," she said.

"I suppose you want me to bring you another cup and throw this out," snapped the waitress.

"No, thanks," the customer replied, having a sudden vision of the dishwashing arrangements. "Just give me my check; I'm willing to pay for what I ordered but at least I don't have to drink it."

"Some people," muttered the waitress meaningfully as she scribbled on her check pad, "don't care a darn about wasting things; some people don't know how lucky they are to get a cup of coffee; some people don't know there's a war on."

There it was again—that familiar, unhappy alibi for slovenliness. "There's a war on," therefore disorder becomes the norm, and the small decencies of life are ignored, or, what is even more frightening to contemplate, are in danger of being permanently scrapped. For the habit of care and courtesy and gentle dealing, which took humanity so long to acquire, can't be tossed aside, like an old shoe, for a few years, and then picked up and taken into wear at some future date when we decide it's time once again to be civilized. Habit is something we use, consciously or not, every day of our lives, and if we displace a good habit by a bad one we are likely to be stuck with the new one forever and a day.

A great deal of discussion is now taking place concerning the postwar world. Already we know the broad outlines—new materials and improved techniques for building, new textiles, increased travel facilities, a more scientific diet, greater leisure, health insurance and some measure of social security. But among all these plans we have yet to find one that seriously concerns itself with the Problem Personality of the postwar era. The sloppy worker who got by during the labor shortage, the shoppers who hoarded, the wives and husbands who forgot their vows, the parents who neglected their children, and all the other cheats who took their own special advantage of a difficult situation: they will still be with us, and it is too much to expect that they will change overnight into fine responsible citizens, adhering to a high code of ethics and public manners. Plastics and vitamins will help us in many ways, but they can't do an overhaul job on character.

Thank heaven there aren't many of these saboteurs, but there are just enough, and scattered in just such a way through our economic and social strata as to serve as a warning signal to all who care about the decent life.

In times of extraordinary stress it is a good and wholesome thing to reaffirm one's faith. It is important that one should have a standard of behavior and keep to it. In spite of the war tension, indeed because of it, it is essential that members of our common society deal fairly and courteously with each other. Manners are no longer something to be stored on ice, between special drawing-room occasions; they are a daily requisite in the home and the shop and in front of the washroom mirror at the office. The job in hand is the one that needs doing well, whether it's the washing of a coffee cup, the tending of a furnace, the filing of a letter. "By such carefulness life survives," Rebecca West wrote. We can't afford to gamble with the future by losing that carefulness.

Mary. Etta Macpherson

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